

MARVEL

COMICS

NO. 48

OCTOBER

MYSTERY

10¢



**ALL THIS
IN ONE
MARVELOUS
BOOK**

**17 COMPLETE
SECTIONS**

**How To Handle
A ROPE**



You can easily do these Tricks and Stunts with a Cowboy Rope!

**Playing Winning
PING-PONG**



Illustrated lessons to show you form, standard shots and tricks.

**How To Train
YOUR DOG**



Dogs, their care and training; teaching tricks and stunts.

**It's Fun To
BUILD THINGS**



Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles.

**Building Model
PLANES**



Full instructions on building a Glider, Solid Model and Flying Model!

**Spotting
Planes**



Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.

FUN-SPORT-THRILLS-GAMES For You to Enjoy!

Here for the first time in one book, are all the zestful activities—sports—hobbies—games—magic—art—jokes—puzzles—stunts—tricks—money-making hints—craftsmanship—Commando tactics—etc., which are part of every red-blooded, intelligent, energetic boy. Imagine—you can become a whiz at ping-pong; a champ at wrestling; you'll teach your dog tricks; you'll learn a "tumbling" routine and perform a "magic" show; you'll have a million things to do!

A WHOLE COLLECTION OF FASCINATING FACTS, FUN & FROLICS!

No longer will it be a question of "what to do"—but rather what to do first, and then, and then. You can become the best player, a crack athlete and strong-man; you can earn money; you can build useful things. You can learn to "Spot" airplanes. You can train to become a real, tough Junior Commando or Ranger. There are innumerable suggestions for things to do and fun to enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—summer or winter—alone or with your crowd.

FREE

**Tremendous Surprise
GAME KIT**

With every order, we will include without extra charge—a complete assortment kit of new and old games, which can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE! But order now.

**The Science of
BOXING**



A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a skilled, powerful boxer.

**The Science of
WRESTLING**



Wrestle your weight in wildcats after learning these holds and techniques.

**How To Be A
Ventriloquist**



It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.

**The Secrets of
CARTOONING**



8 lesson course on drawing Cartoons, Art and Caricatures.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.

116 Greenwich St., Dept. B991, N.Y.C.

Rush me copy of FUN FOR BOYS plus the Free GAME KIT! I am enclosing \$1.00 herewith in full payment. If it isn't a riot of fun, I can return book and get my money back at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

☐ Check here if you desire book to come c.o.d. and will pay \$1.20 on delivery!

**MONEY
MAKING
PLANS**



101 Spare and Full Time money making plans, to fit the abilities of every boy.

**Physical
Development**



Keeping strong and healthy; plus exercises for developing powerful muscles.

**Tumbling and
Pyramids**



A program to give you skill and dexterity in this difficult art.

Nothing like these 17 WONDER BOOKS IN ONE has ever been attempted before. Fully 256 pages—packed with descriptions, secrets, ideas, suggestions, thrills, surprises, —hundreds of illustrations, pictures, drawings, cartoons, etc. There is no end to the zippy, sparkling contents.

ACT NOW!

Never before such a wonderful book for boys. Never before such a remarkable value. Honestly, years of jolly times and activities in this one book. Send only \$1.00 (stamps, money order, check or cash) for your copy of FUN FOR BOYS (or C.O.D. plus 20c postage charges. Do it now!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.

116 Greenwich St., Dept. B991, N.Y.C.

Ilu Jitsu Secrets



Fear no man, if you'll learn these amazing grips and holds in physical combat.

**Indoor & Outdoor
GAMES**



A large selection of humorous and athletic games and contests.

**Tricks, Puzzles
Brain-teasers!**



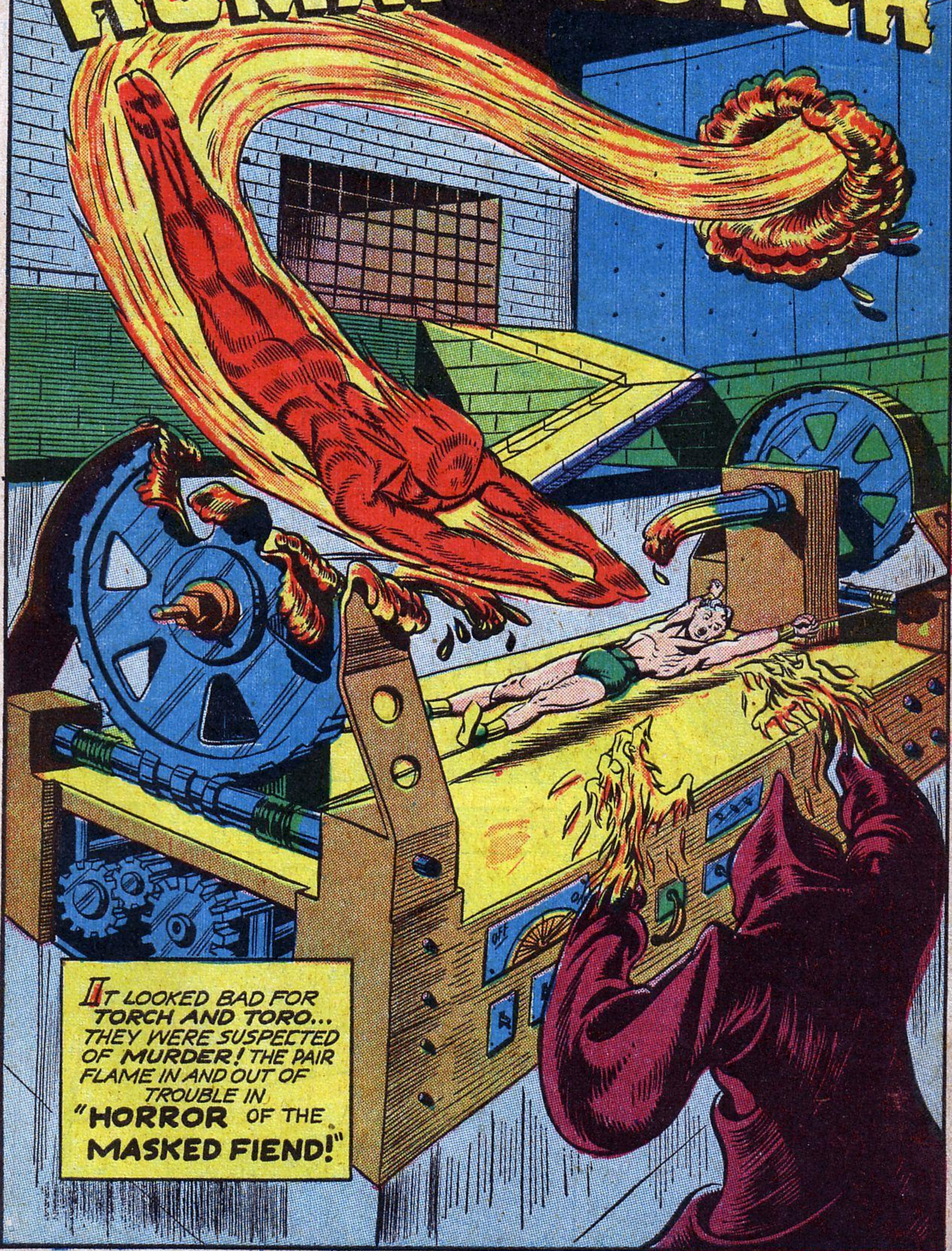
A collection of most interesting, bewildering puzzles and tricks.

**Short Stories
for Boys**



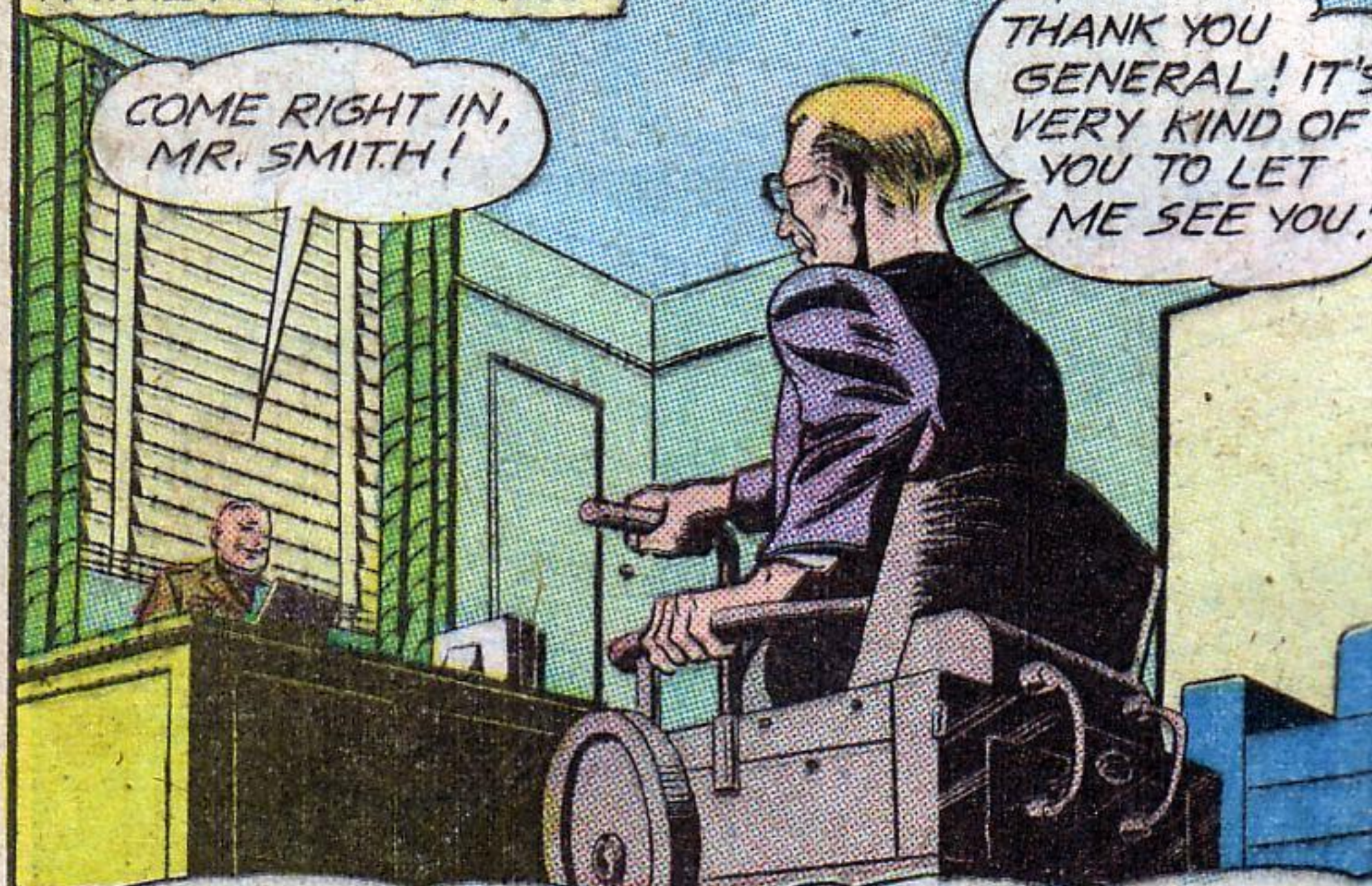
A collection of famous stories for boys, for every mood.

THE HUMAN TORCH



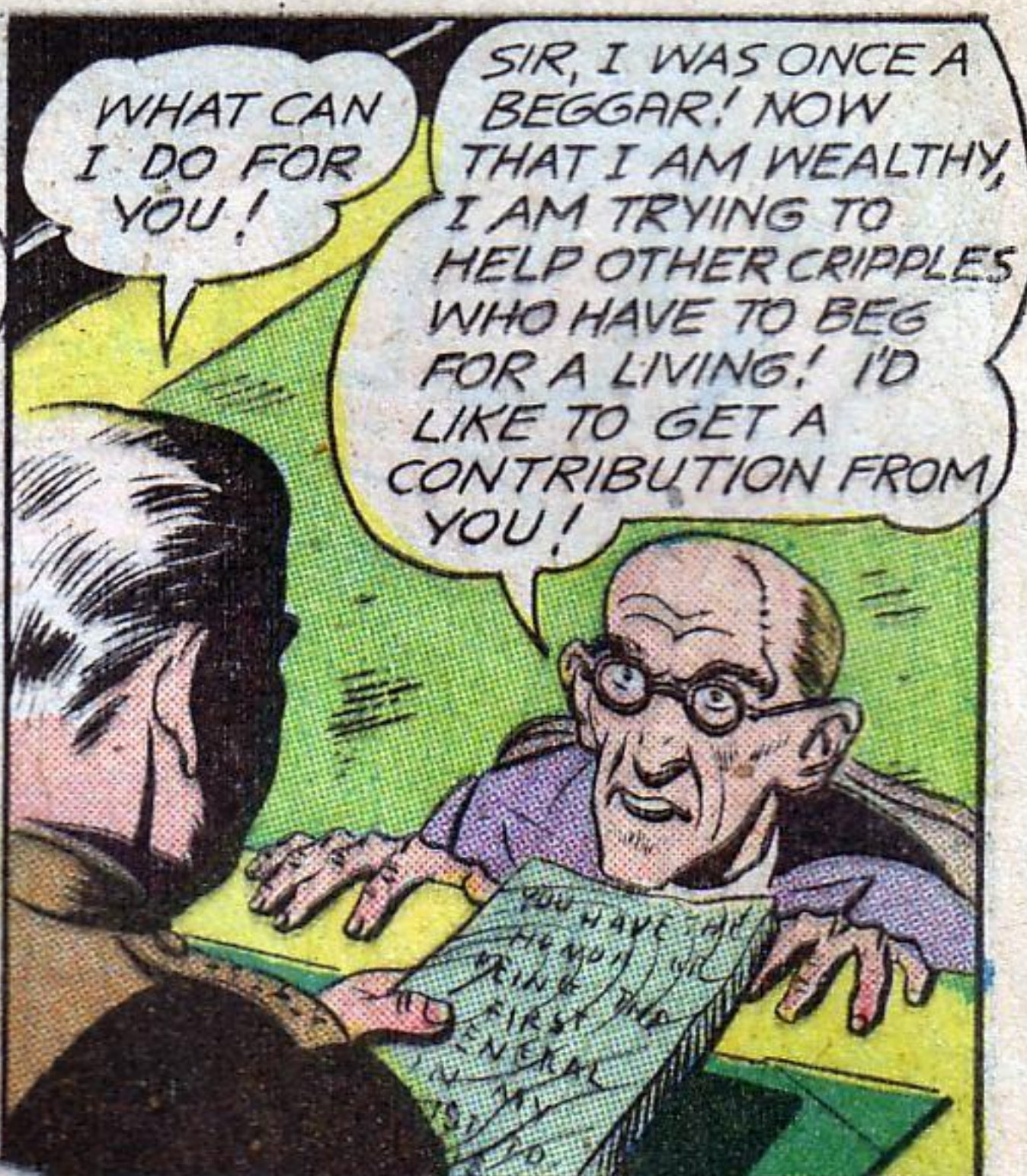
IT LOOKED BAD FOR
TORCH AND TORO...
THEY WERE SUSPECTED
OF MURDER! THE PAIR
FLAME IN AND OUT OF
TROUBLE IN
"HORROR OF THE
MASKED FIEND!"

AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, GENERAL McCULLOUGH PAUSES BRIEFLY TO RECEIVE A PATHETIC VISITOR...



COME RIGHT IN, MR. SMITH!

THANK YOU GENERAL! IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO LET ME SEE YOU!

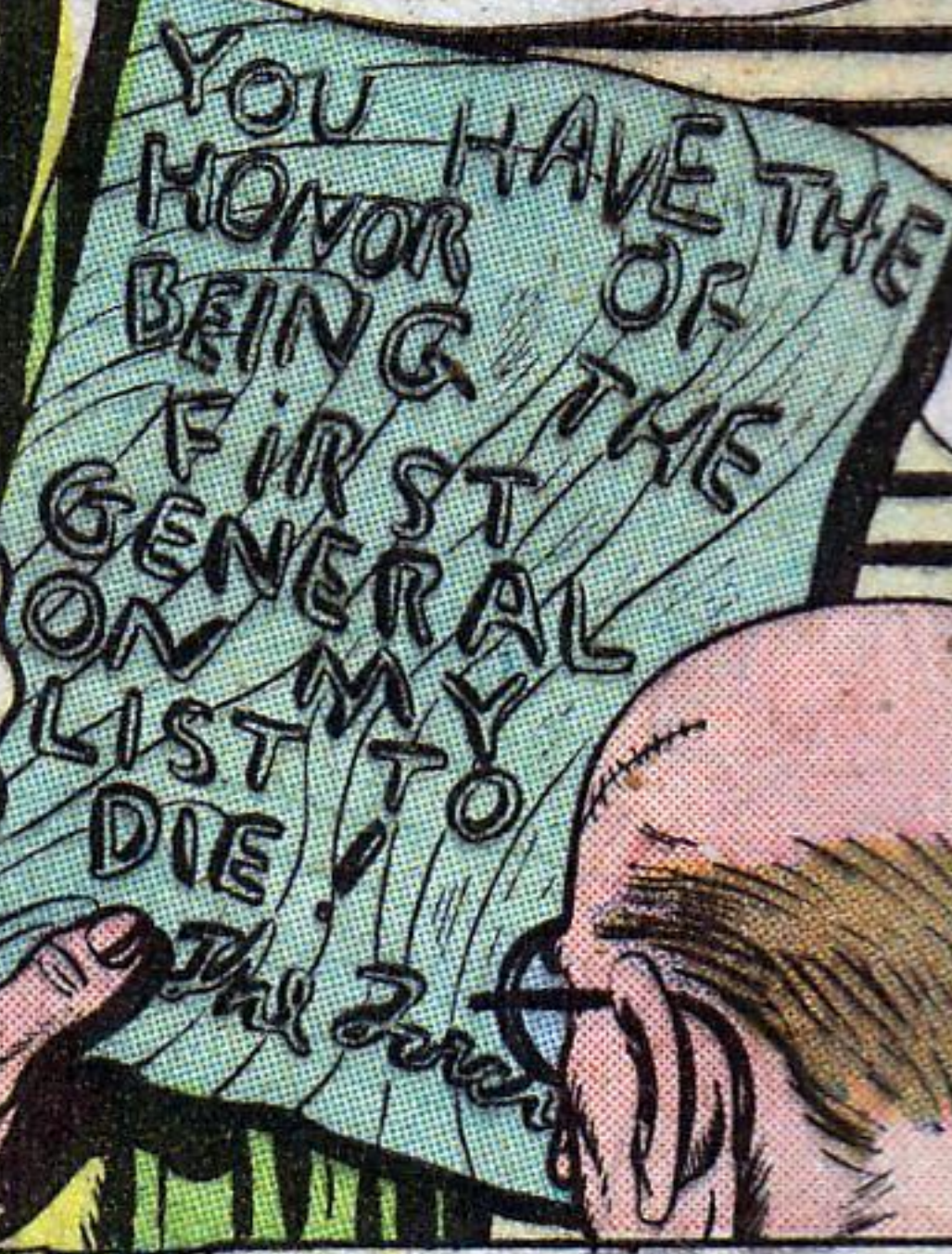


WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU!

SIR, I WAS ONCE A BEGGAR! NOW THAT I AM WEALTHY, I AM TRYING TO HELP OTHER CRIPPLES WHO HAVE TO BEG FOR A LIVING! I'D LIKE TO GET A CONTRIBUTION FROM YOU!

GLAD TO, MR. SMITH! I'M MENTIONING YOUR CAUSE IN MY WILL... AND YOU MAY BE COLLECTING IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS WARNING!

OBVIOUSLY A FAKE! TORCH HAS DONE TOO MUCH FOR HIS COUNTRY TO SUDDENLY TURN TRAITOR!



YES, HE CERTAINLY HAS!

THANK YOU, SIR... I HOPE THE OTHER OFFICERS WILL BE AS GENEROUS!



WE GET THESE CRANK NOTES ALL THE TIME... HERE'S MY CHECK!

AS THE RICH EX-BEGGAR PAUSES IN THE OUTER OFFICE TO APPROACH THE STAFF OFFICERS...

A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES WHEN THEY BURST INTO THE OFFICE.....

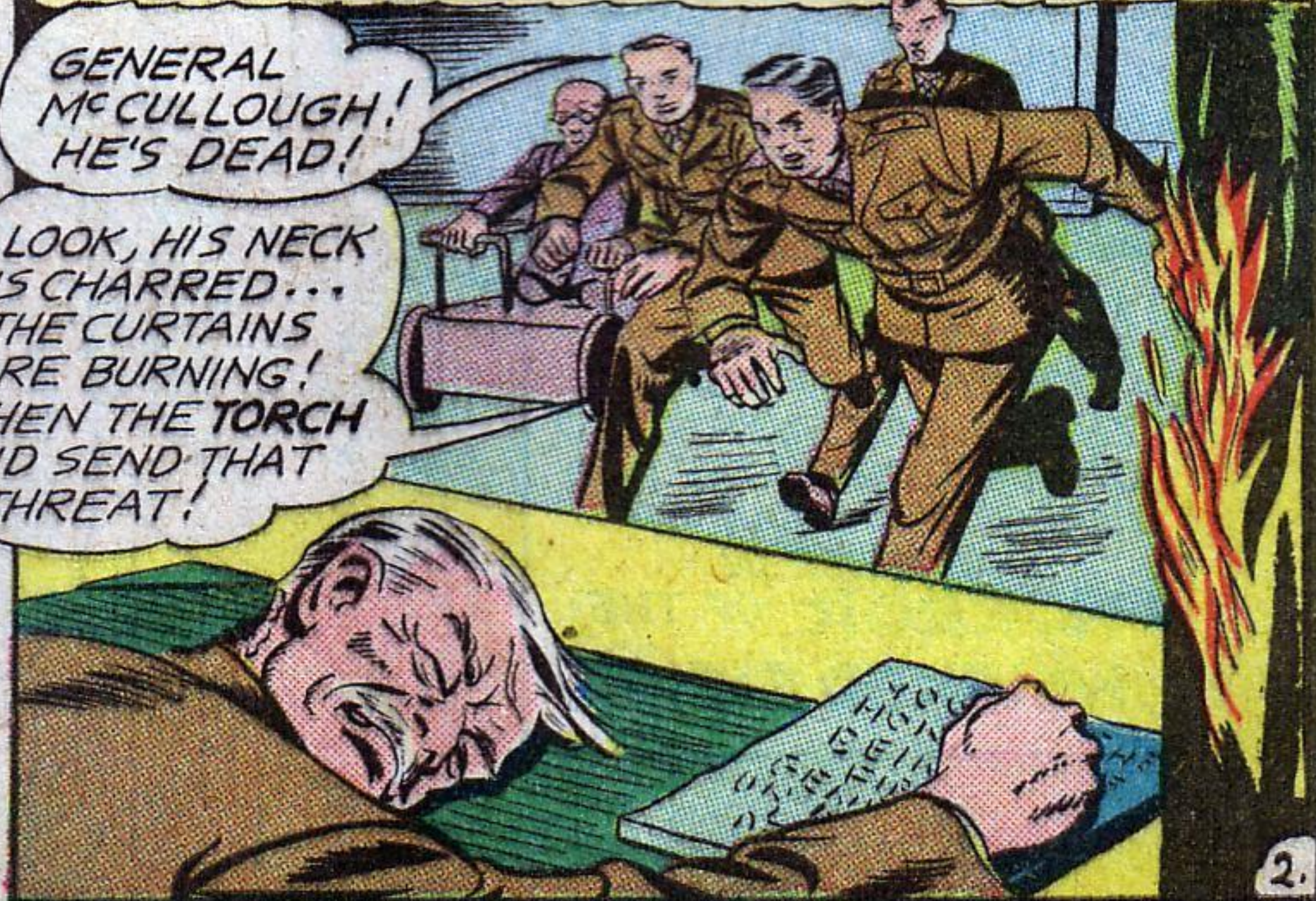


AAAHHHH... IT CAME FROM THE CHIEF'S OFFICE!

WHAT'S THAT?

GENERAL McCULLOUGH! HE'S DEAD!

LOOK, HIS NECK IS CHARRED... THE CURTAINS ARE BURNING! THEN THE TORCH DID SEND THAT THREAT!

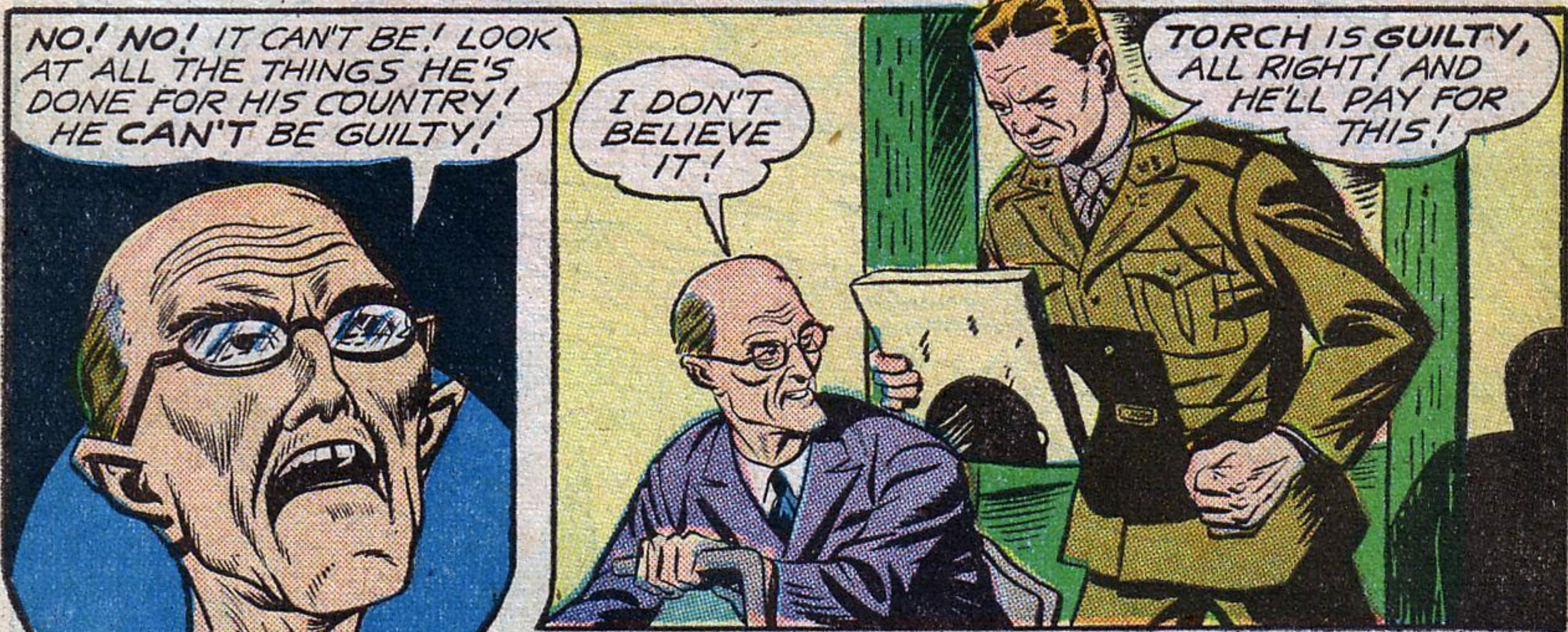




THE MURDERER HAD TO FLY OUT TO ESCAPE SO QUICKLY! HE MUST HAVE TOUCHED THE CURTAINS ACCIDENTLY AND THAT SPELLS THE TORCH TO ME!

IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THE TORCH WOULD DO THIS!

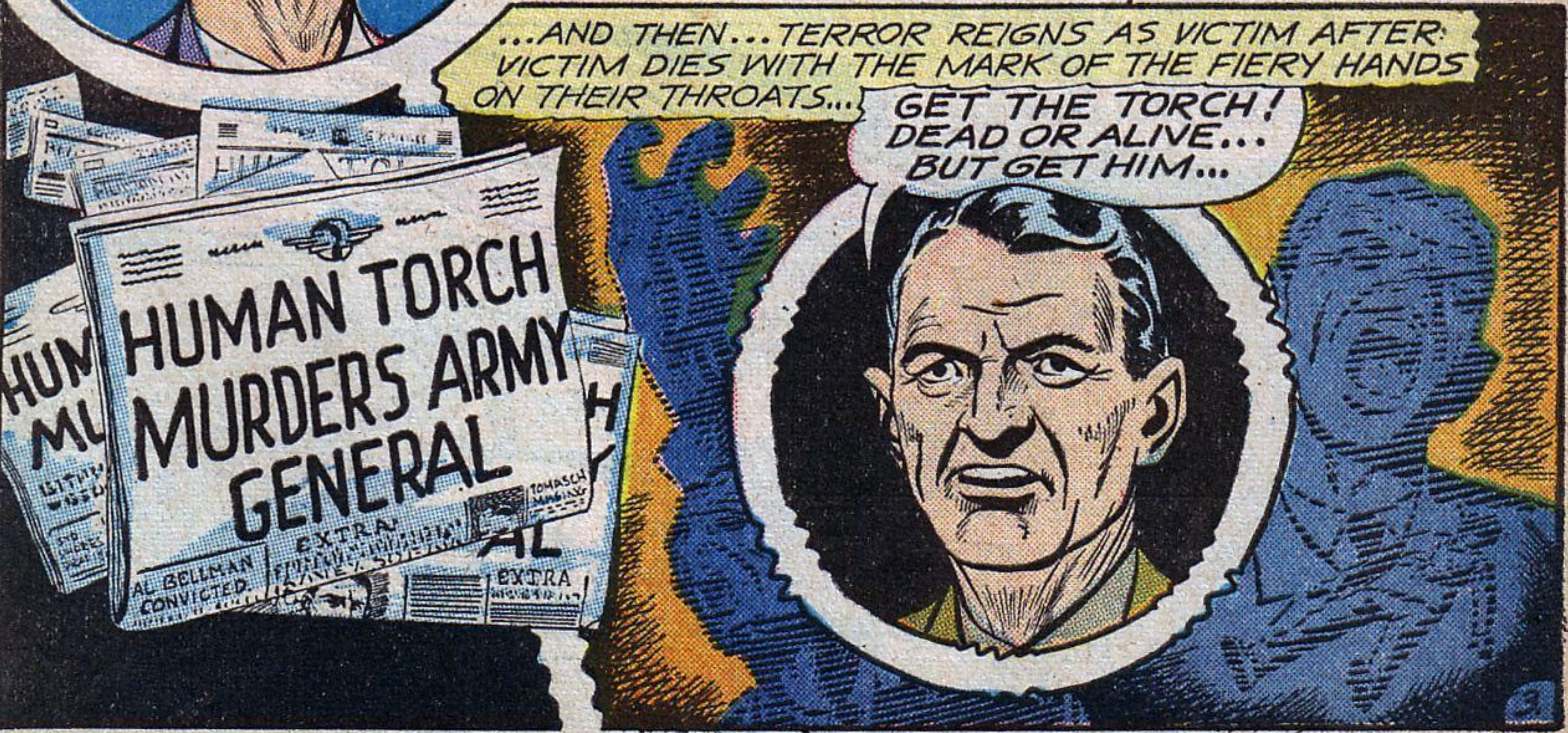
AND LOOK AT THE MARKS OF THE FLAMING HANDS ON HIS THROAT! THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD DO THAT IS THE TORCH!



NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! LOOK AT ALL THE THINGS HE'S DONE FOR HIS COUNTRY! HE CAN'T BE GUILTY!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

TORCH IS GUILTY, ALL RIGHT! AND HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!



...AND THEN...TERROR REIGNS AS VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES WITH THE MARK OF THE FIERY HANDS ON THEIR THROATS...

GET THE TORCH! DEAD OR ALIVE... BUT GET HIM...

HUMAN TORCH MURDERS ARMY GENERAL

IN ANOTHER CITY...NOT FAR FROM THE TRAGIC SCENE
...TWO STARTLED FIGURES HALT AS THEY GLIMPSE
AT THE HEADLINES!

WHAT'S THIS?
"HUMAN TORCH
MURDERS!"

THEY'RE
CRAZY!

FLAMING FIREFLIES, WHAT
A FIX TO BE IN! WE'D BETTER
DO SOMETHING!

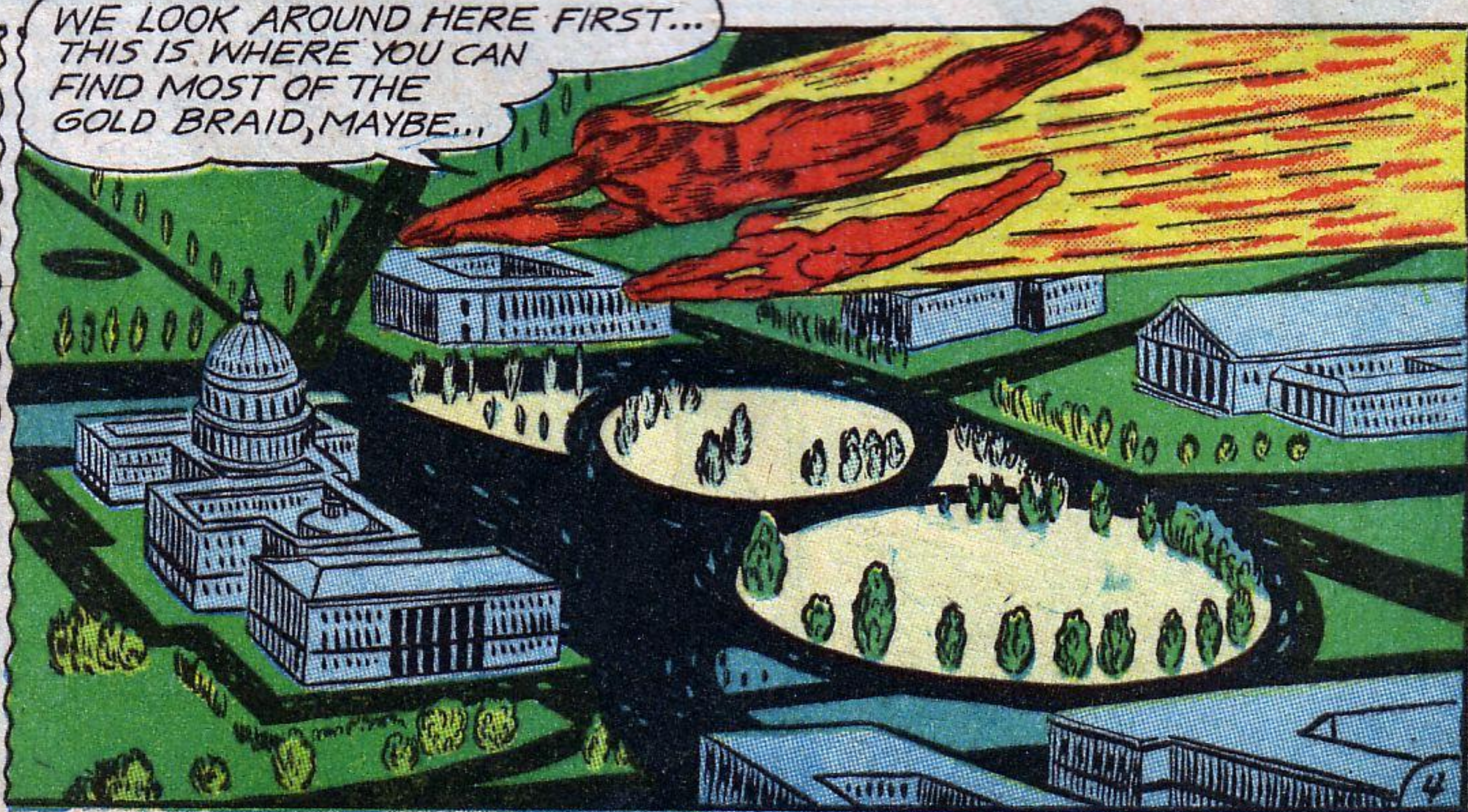
BUT
QUICK!

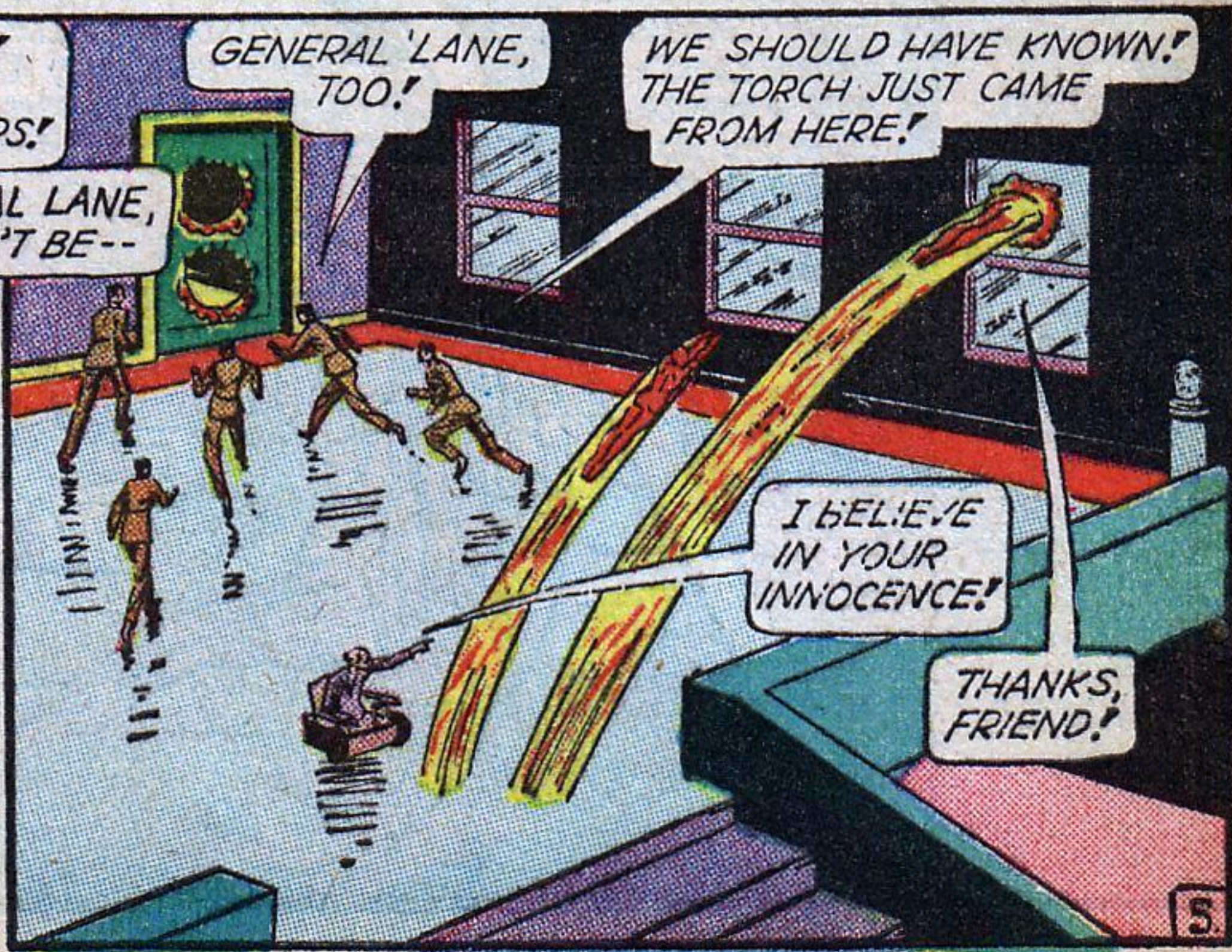
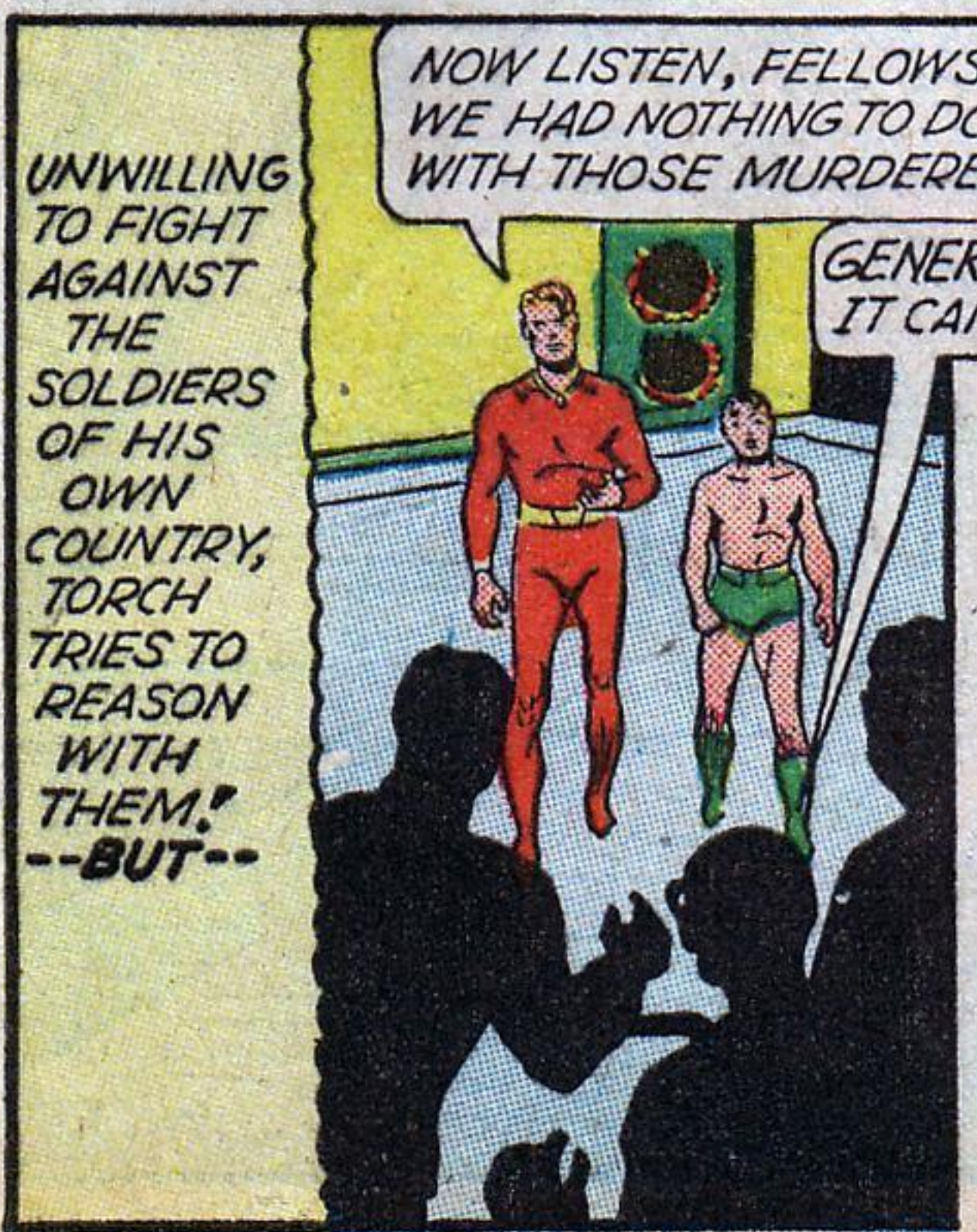
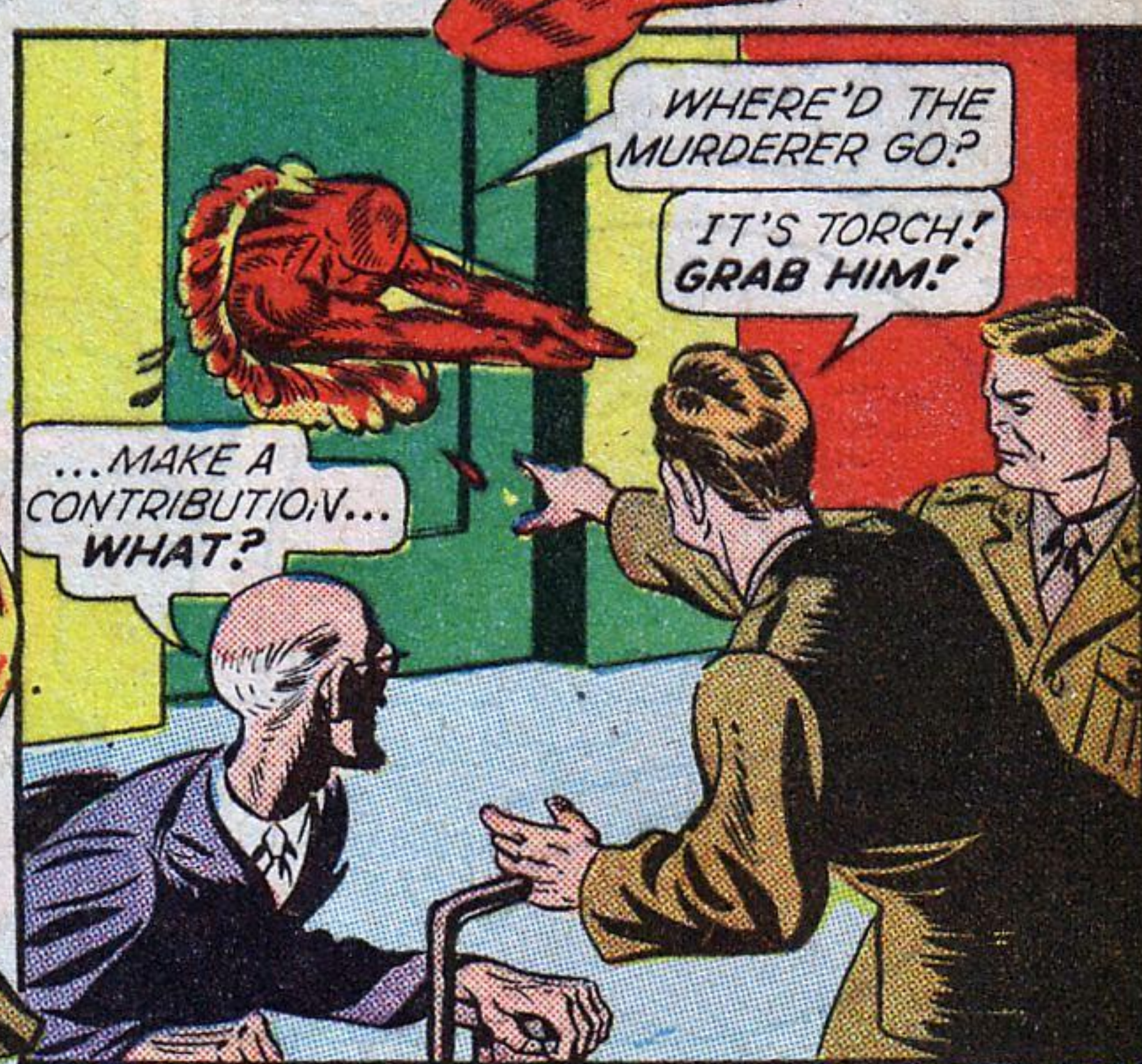
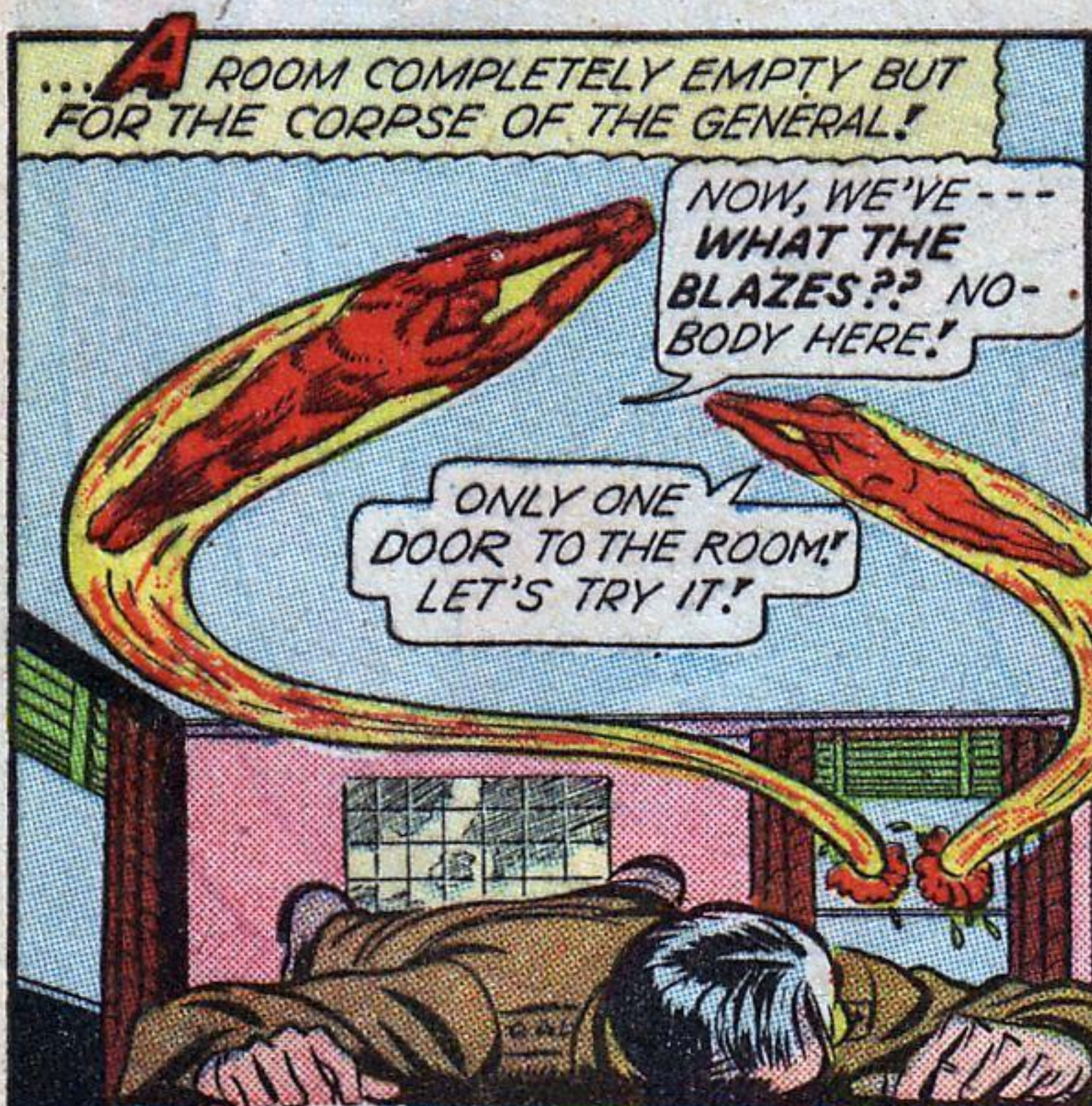
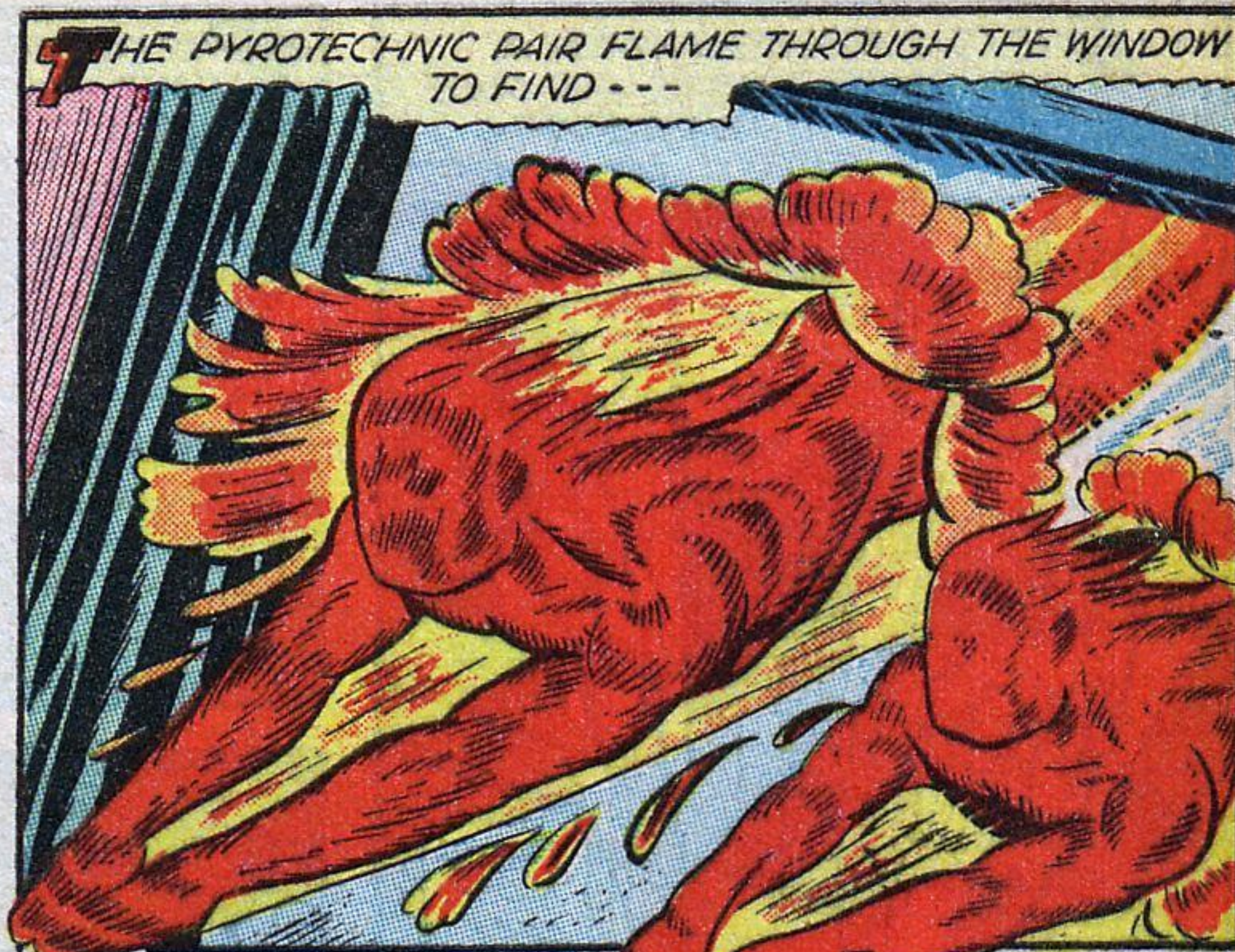
FIRST STOP IS
WASHINGTON!
MAYBE WE
CAN FIND
OUT WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT!

WE'D
BETTER
OR ELSE!

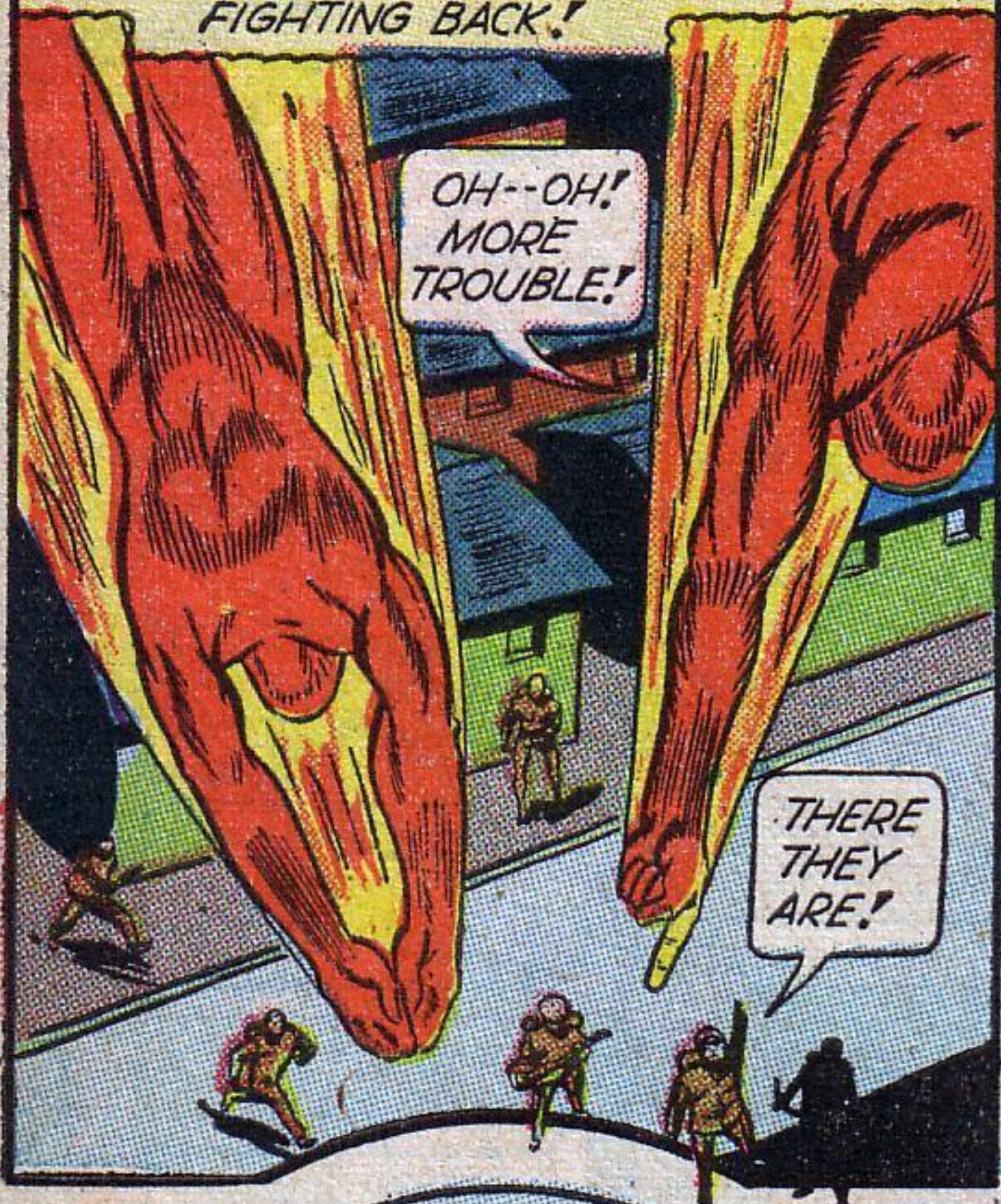
WE LOOK AROUND HERE FIRST...
THIS IS WHERE YOU CAN
FIND MOST OF THE
GOLD BRAID, MAYBE...

MINUTES
LATER
THEY
ZOOM
DOWN
TO
THE
NATIONS
CAPITOL!





--- **B**UT IT IS FREEDOM WHICH IS SOON THREATENED -- AND ONCE MORE THEY HAVE NO CHANCE OF FIGHTING BACK!



OH--OH!
MORE
TROUBLE!

THERE
THEY
ARE!

THE CHEMICAL SPRAY JUST FALLS SHORT OF IT'S MARK!



NOW, WHAT DO
WE DO?

BEAT IT
BEFORE WE
HURT
SOME OF
THOSE
BOYS!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS UP, TORO!
THEY AREN'T WEARING OXYGEN
MASKS SO MAYBE WE CAN
OUTDISTANCE THEM!



THIS IS A
PRETTY SCUTTLE
OF COALS WE'RE
IN!

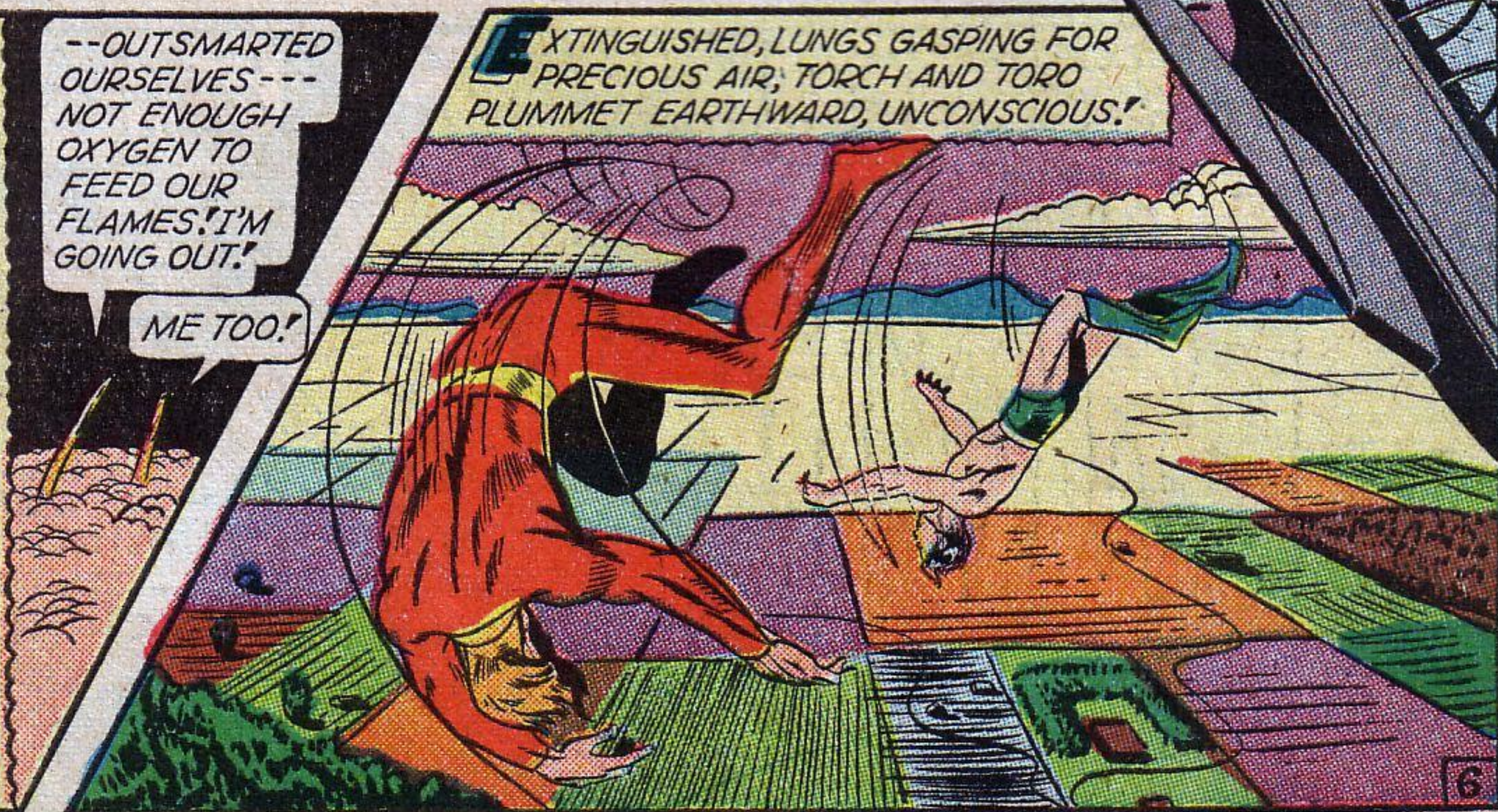
AND IT'S ONLY
THE BEGINNING!
**LOOK, WE'RE
GETTING MORE
COMPANY!**

TWISTING AND TURNING USING EVERY BIT OF FLYING LORE IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE TORRID TWOSOME CLIMB HIGH ABOVE THE PLANES-- ONLY TO MEET A **NEW DANGER!**

--OUTSMARTED OURSELVES---
NOT ENOUGH
OXYGEN TO
FEED OUR
FLAMES! I'M
GOING OUT!

ME TOO!

EXTINGUISHED, LUNGS GASPING FOR PRECIOUS AIR, TORCH AND TORO PLUMMET EARTHWARD, UNCONSCIOUS!

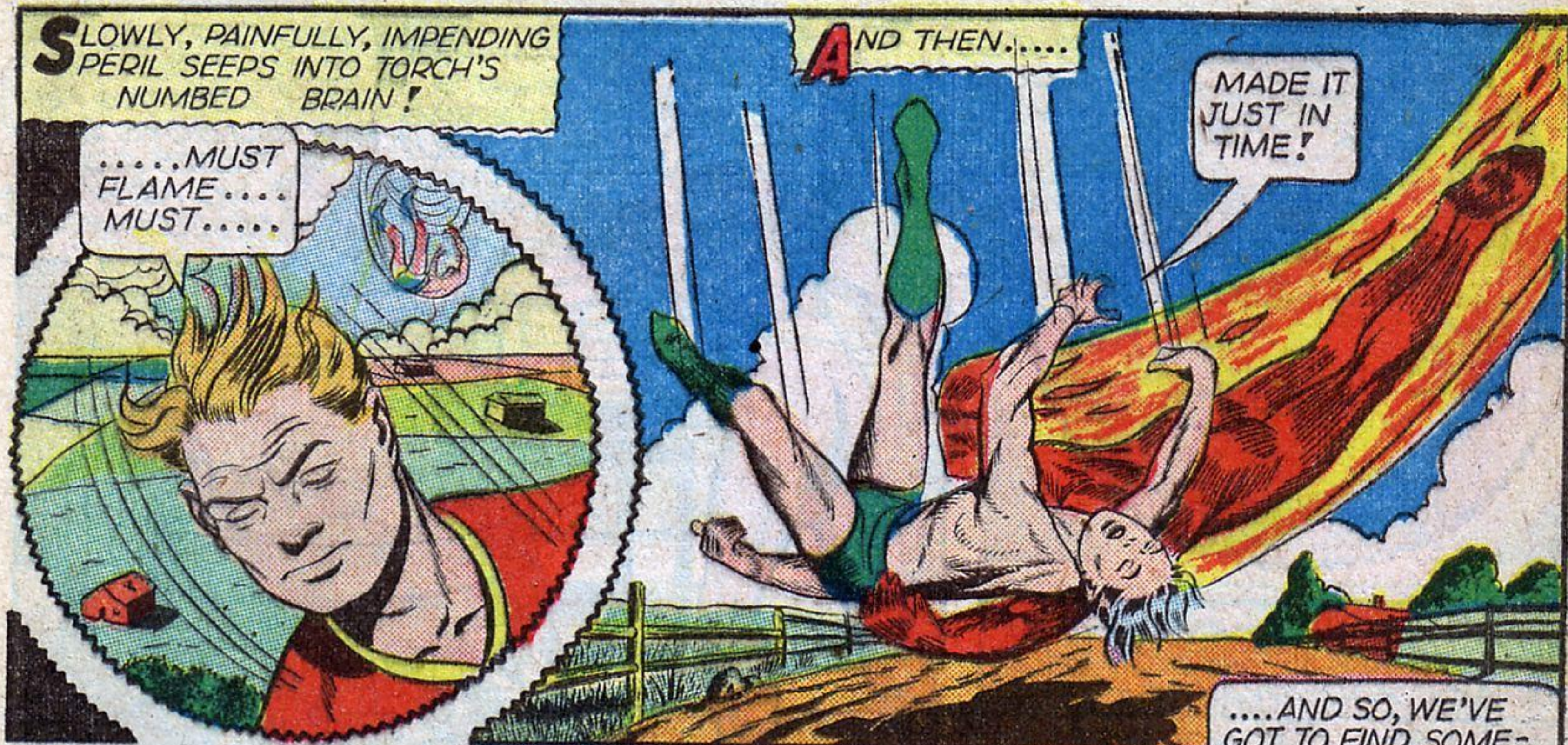


SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, IMPENDING PERIL SEEPS INTO TORCH'S NUMBED BRAIN!

.....MUST FLAME.... MUST.....

AND THEN.....

MADE IT JUST IN TIME!



A SHORT TIME LATER.... TWO DISCONSOLATE FIGURES TRUDGE DOWN A DESERTED ROAD....

WELL, TORO, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!

GUESS THAT MAKES ME NUMBER TWO! WE'D BETTER FIND A HIDEOUT, BUT WHERE?

REMEMBER US?

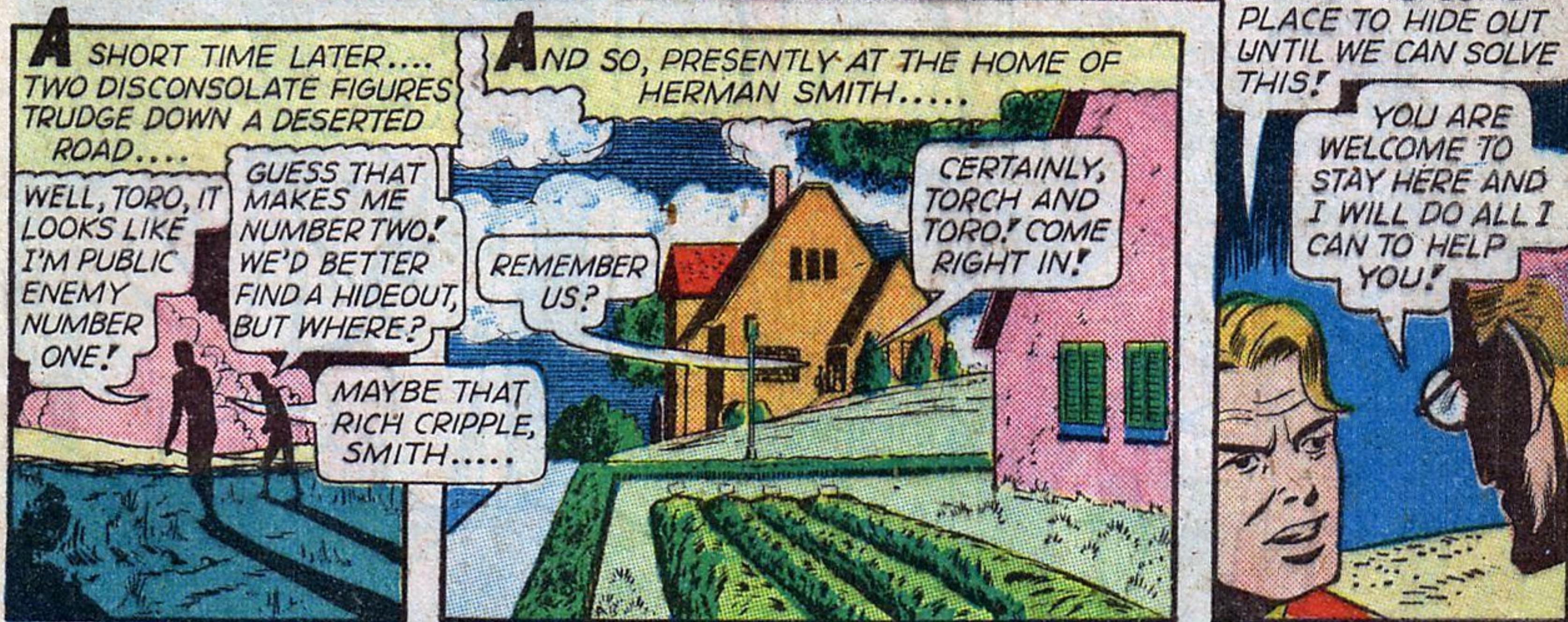
MAYBE THAT RICH CRIPPLE, SMITH.....

AND SO, PRESENTLY AT THE HOME OF HERMAN SMITH.....

CERTAINLY, TORCH AND TORO! COME RIGHT IN!

....AND SO, WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-PLACE TO HIDE OUT UNTIL WE CAN SOLVE THIS!

YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY HERE AND I WILL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU!



BOY--IT SURE IS NICE OF MR. SMITH TO HELP US OUT!

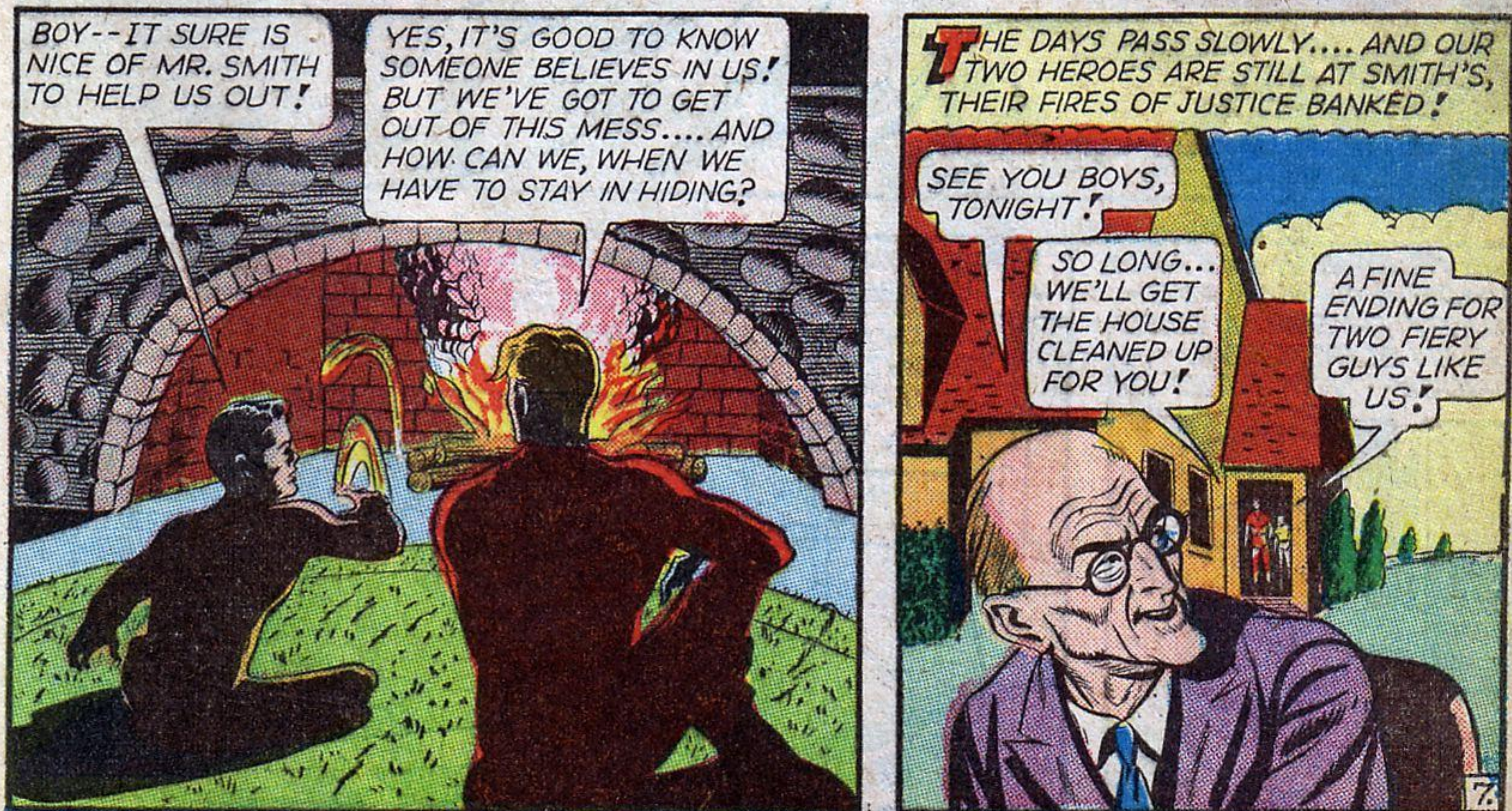
YES, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW SOMEONE BELIEVES IN US! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS.... AND HOW CAN WE, WHEN WE HAVE TO STAY IN HIDING?

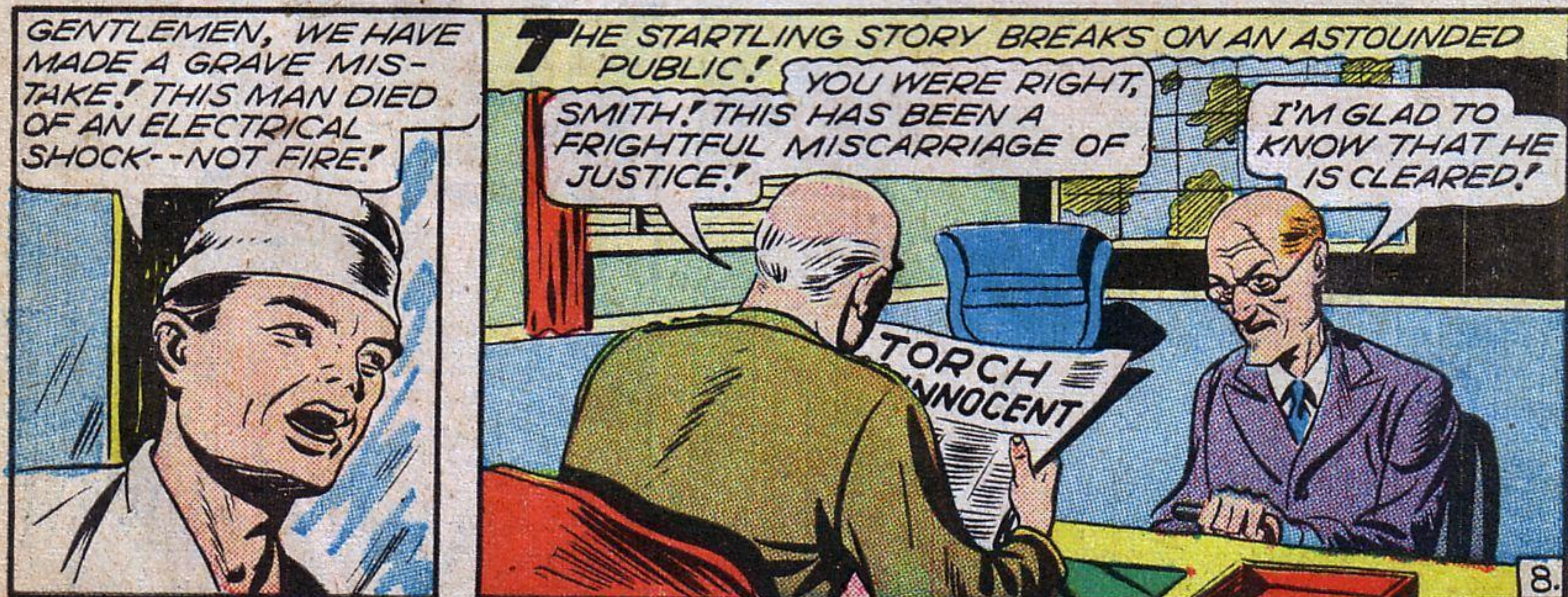
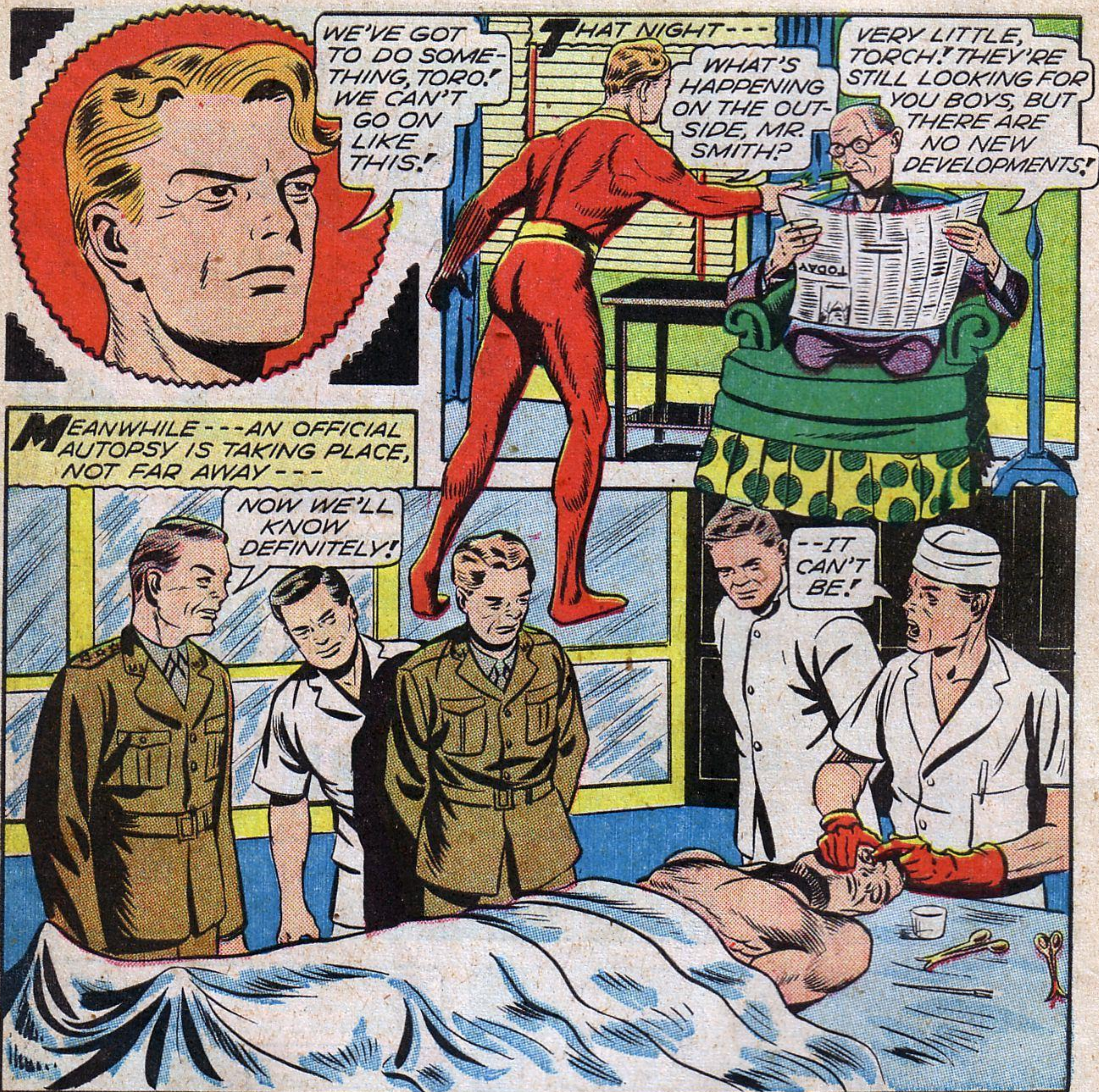
THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY.... AND OUR TWO HEROES ARE STILL AT SMITH'S, THEIR FIRES OF JUSTICE BANKED!

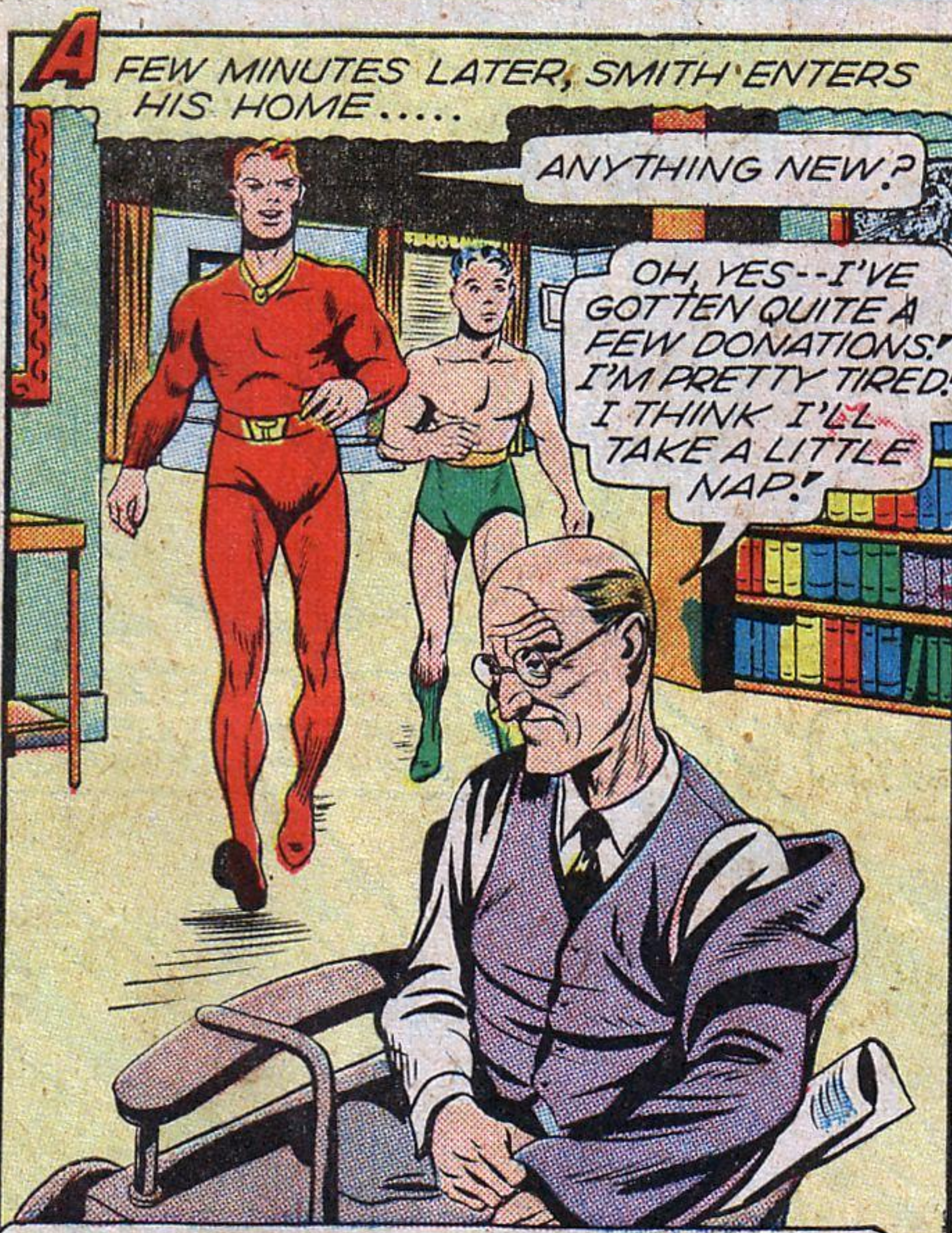
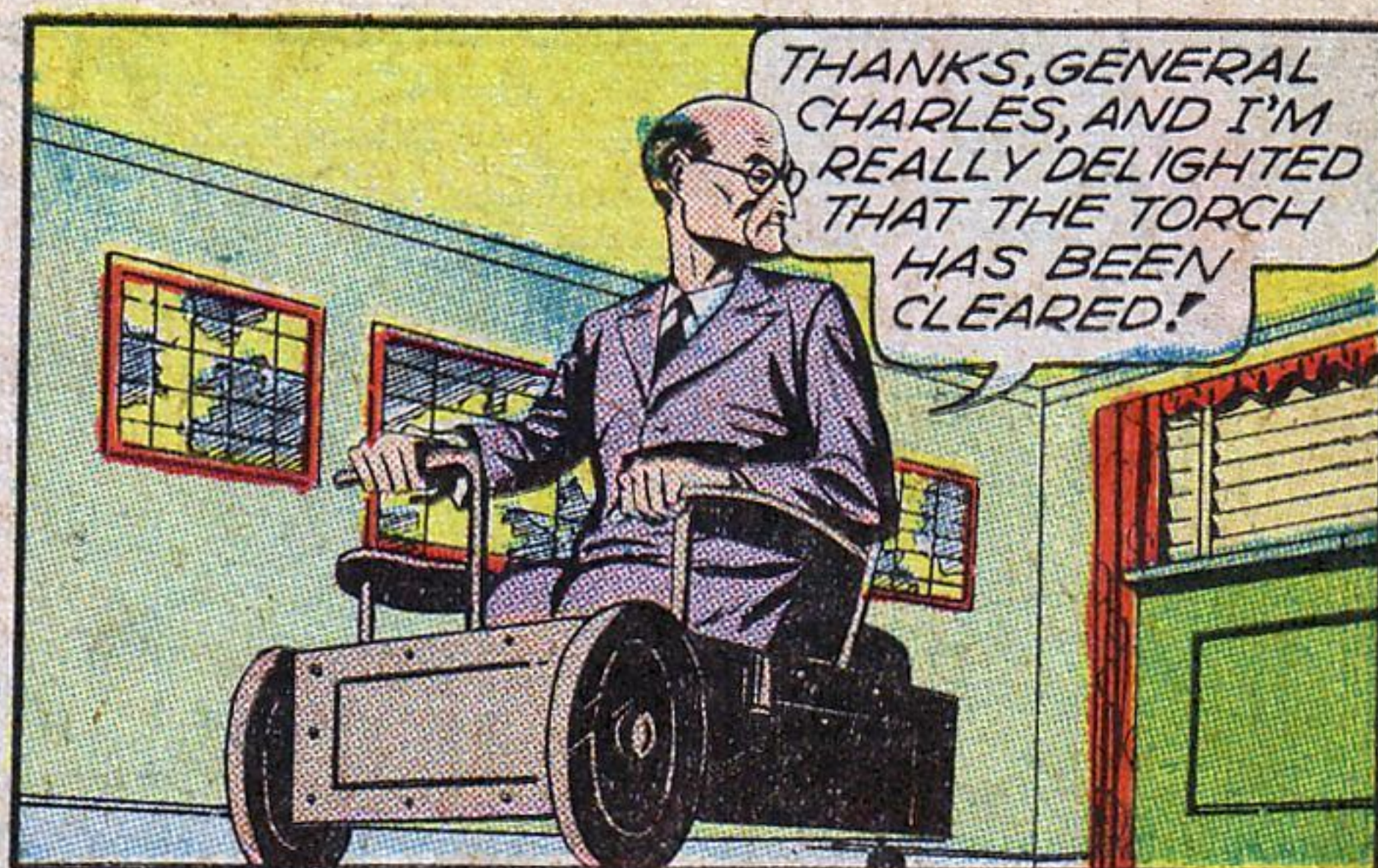
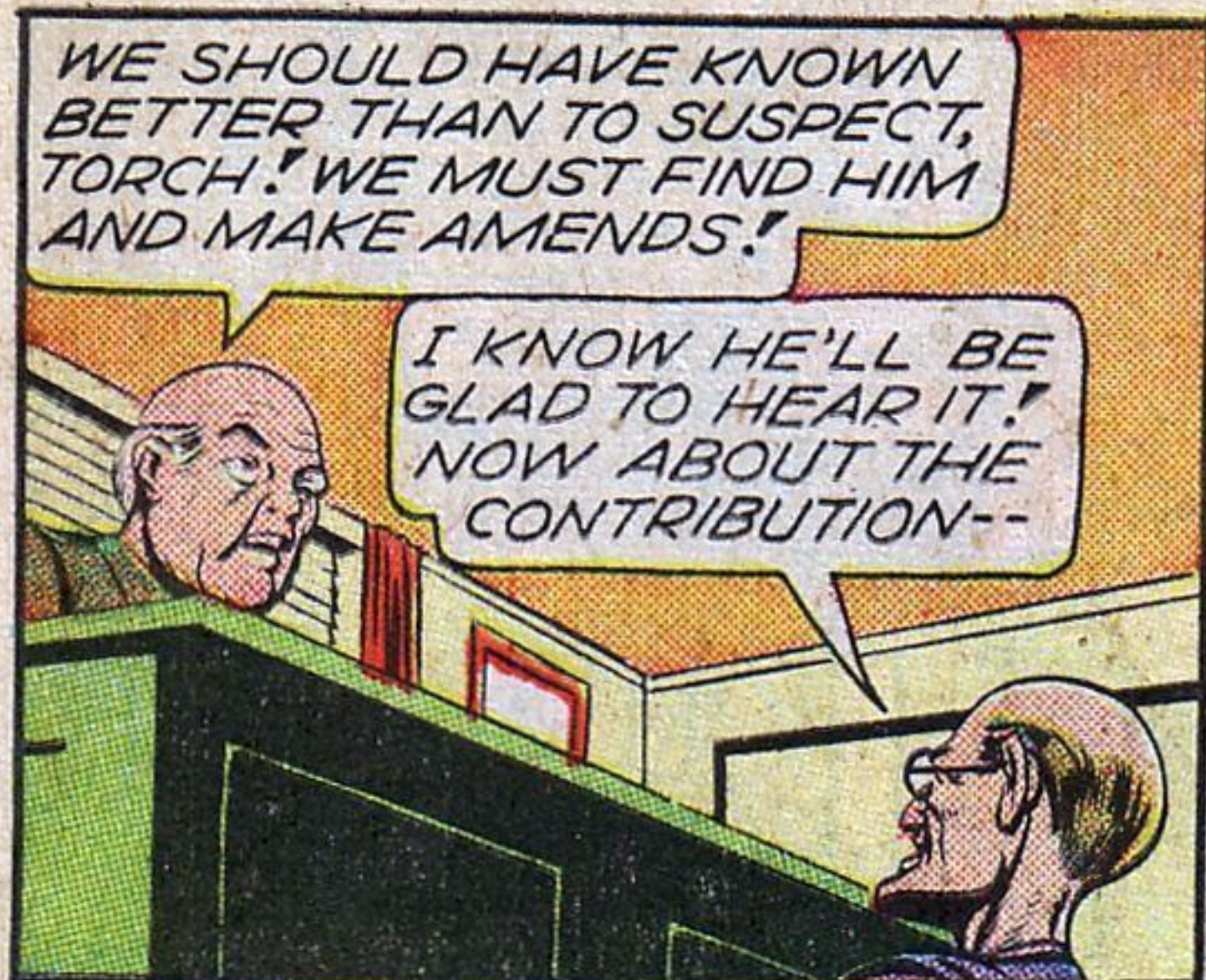
SEE YOU BOYS, TONIGHT!

SO LONG... WE'LL GET THE HOUSE CLEANED UP FOR YOU!

A FINE ENDING FOR TWO FIERY GUYS LIKE US!







SO THAT'S IT! EVERYTHING FITS TOGETHER PERFECTLY NOW! REMEMBER WHEN SMITH SAVED US BY YELLING THAT GENERAL LANE WAS MURDERED? HE COULDN'T SEE INTO THE OFFICE! HE ALREADY KNEW LANE WAS DEAD!

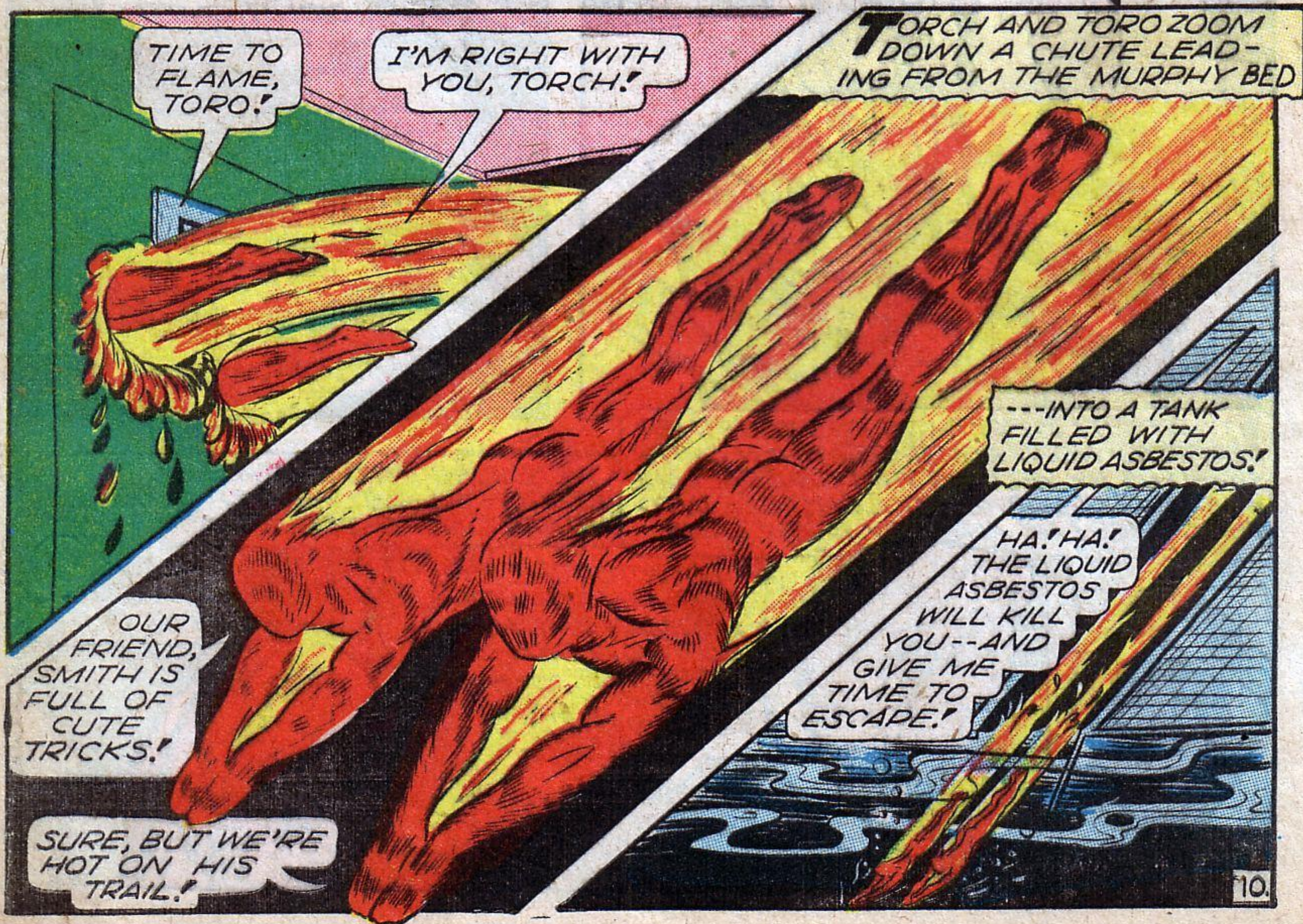
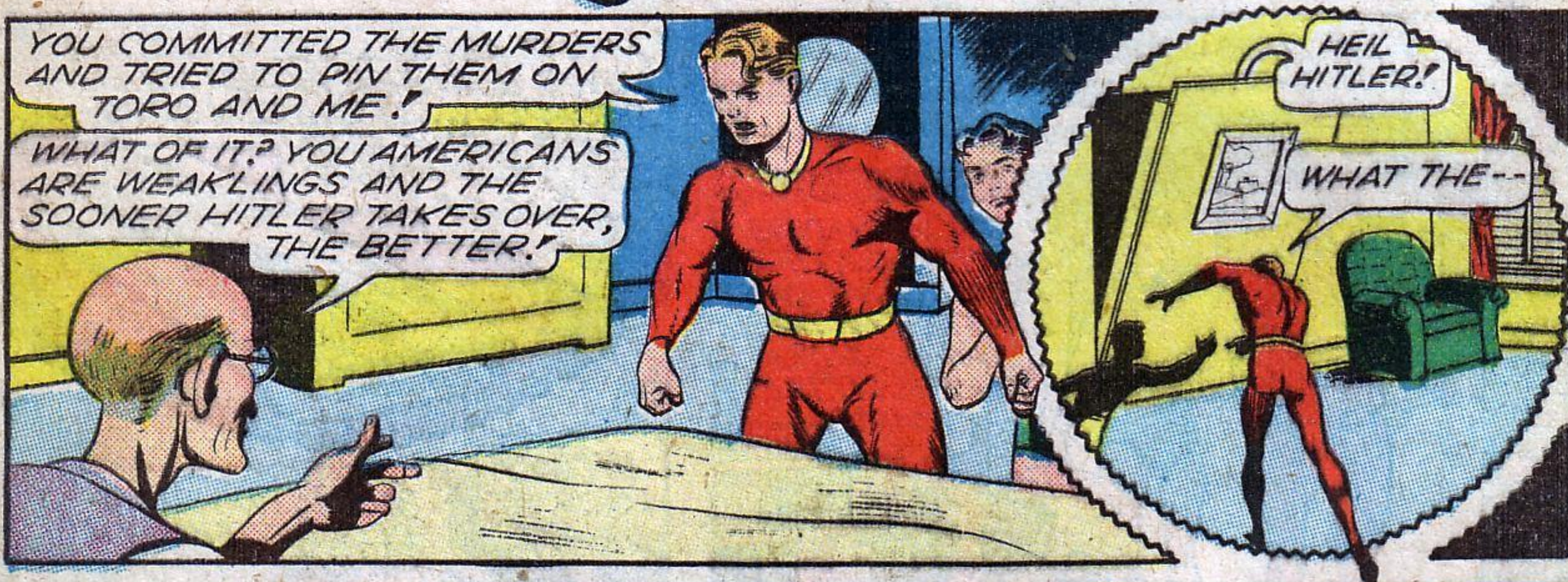
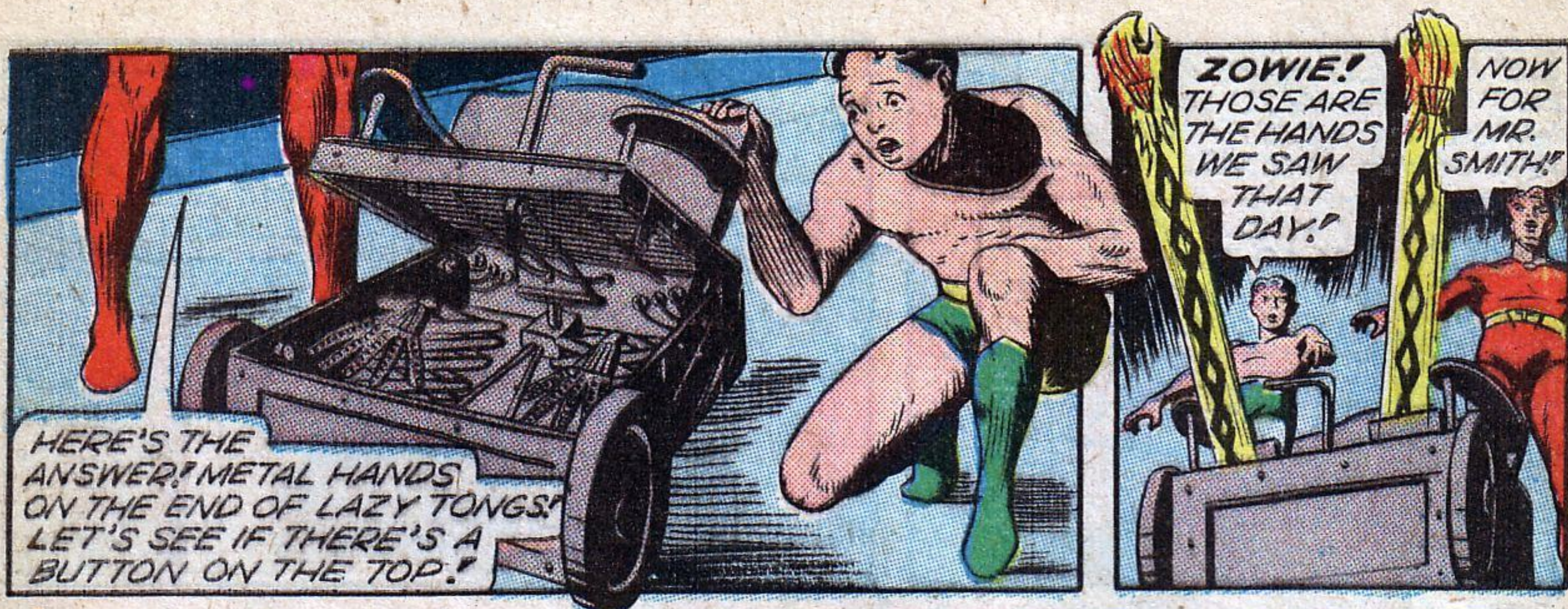
STEALING INTO SMITH'S ROOM, THEY SEARCH SILENTLY--AND MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

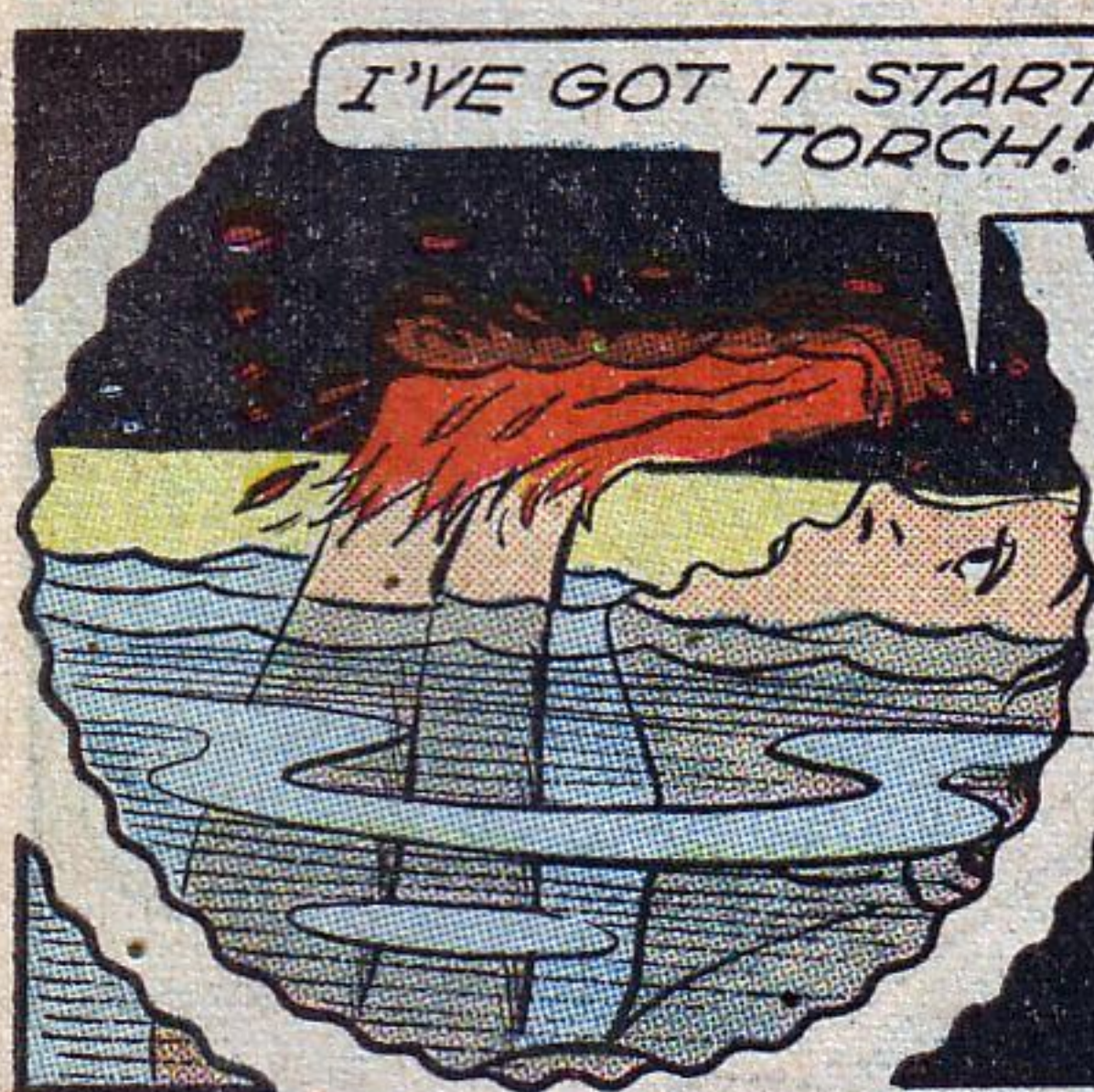
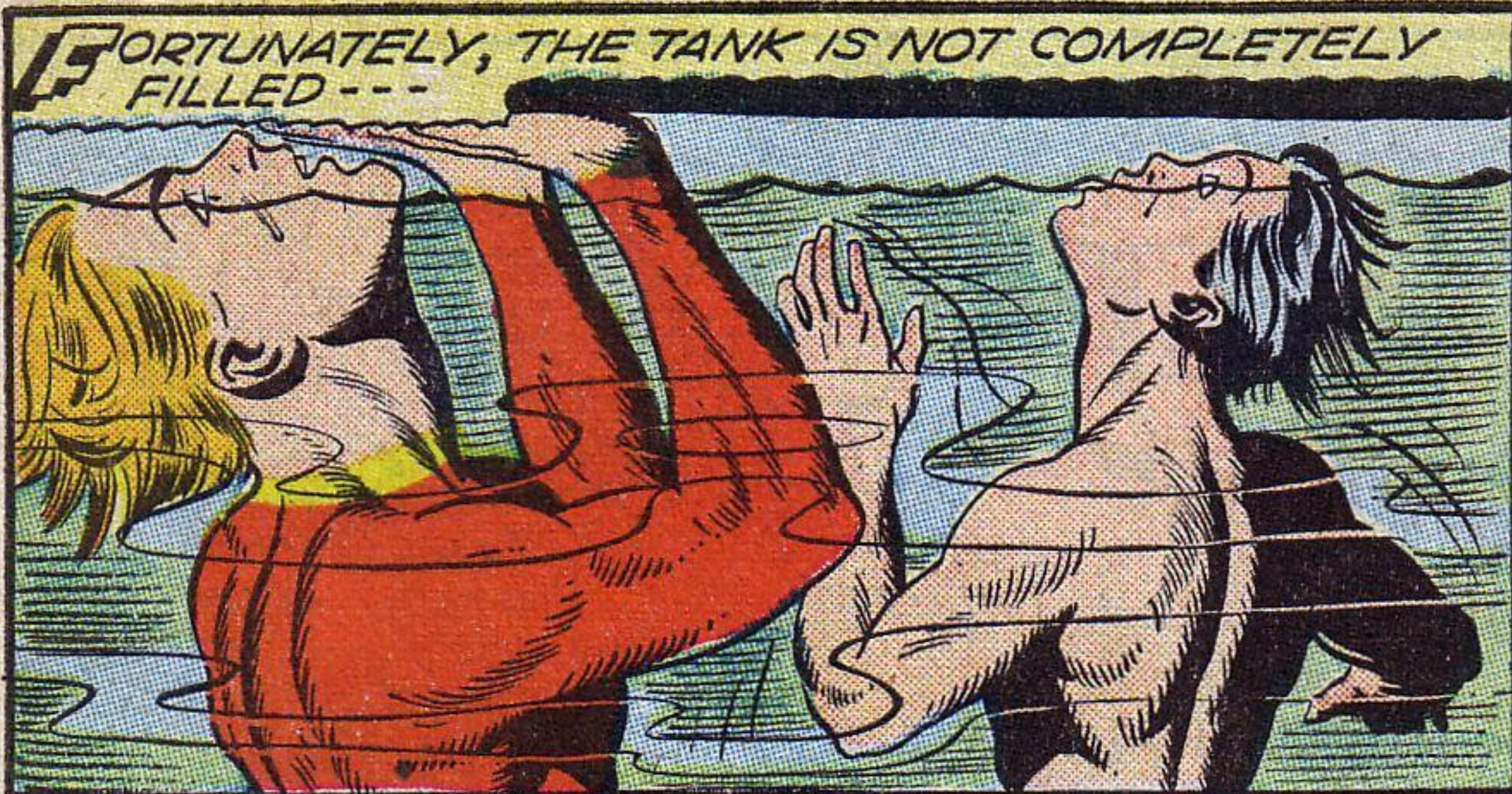


LOOK TORCH! HERMAN SCHMIDT--HERMAN SMITH?! BUT HOW DID HE WORK THE FIERY HANDS?

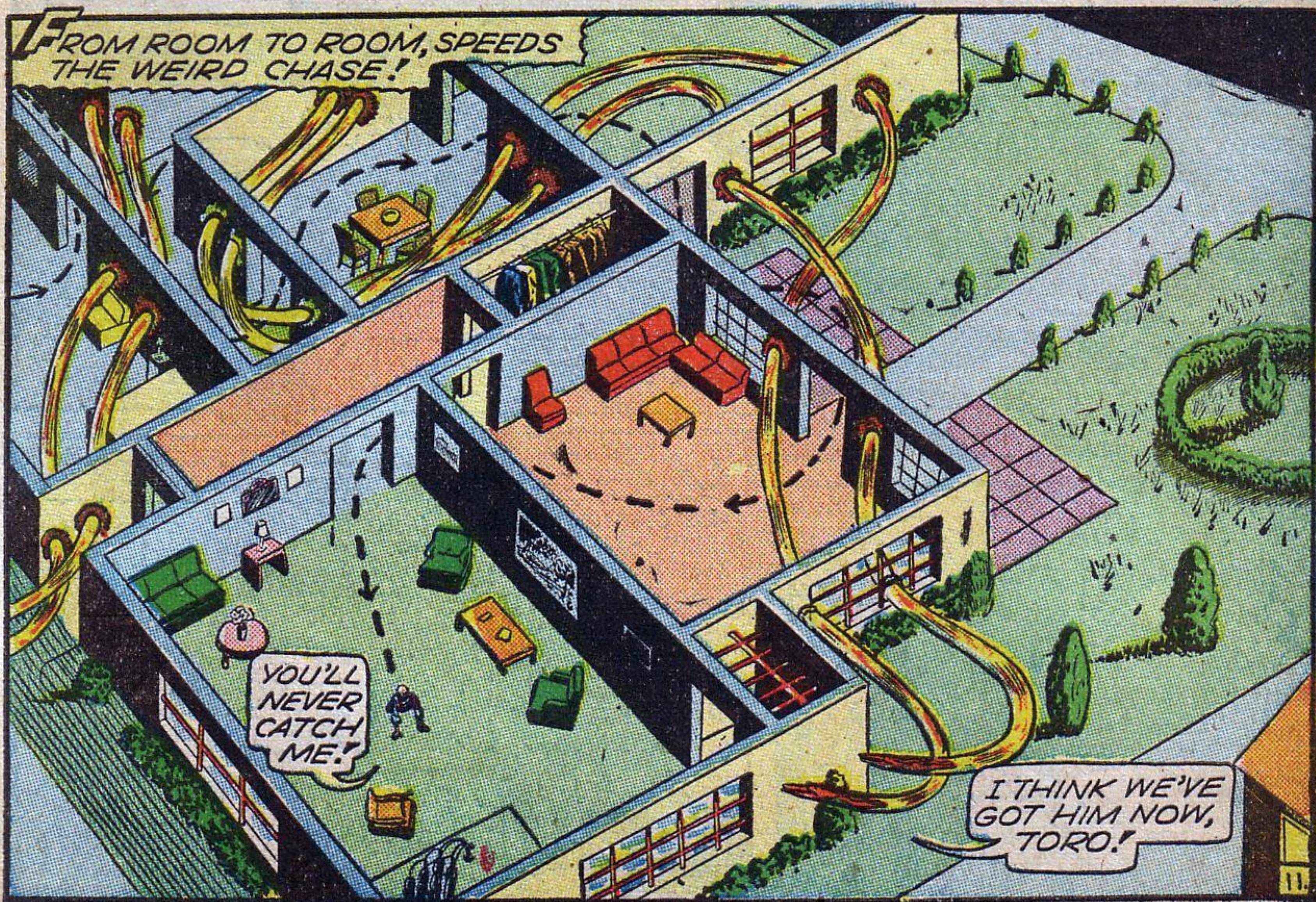
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!

MEMBER
BUND
HERMAN SCHMIDT



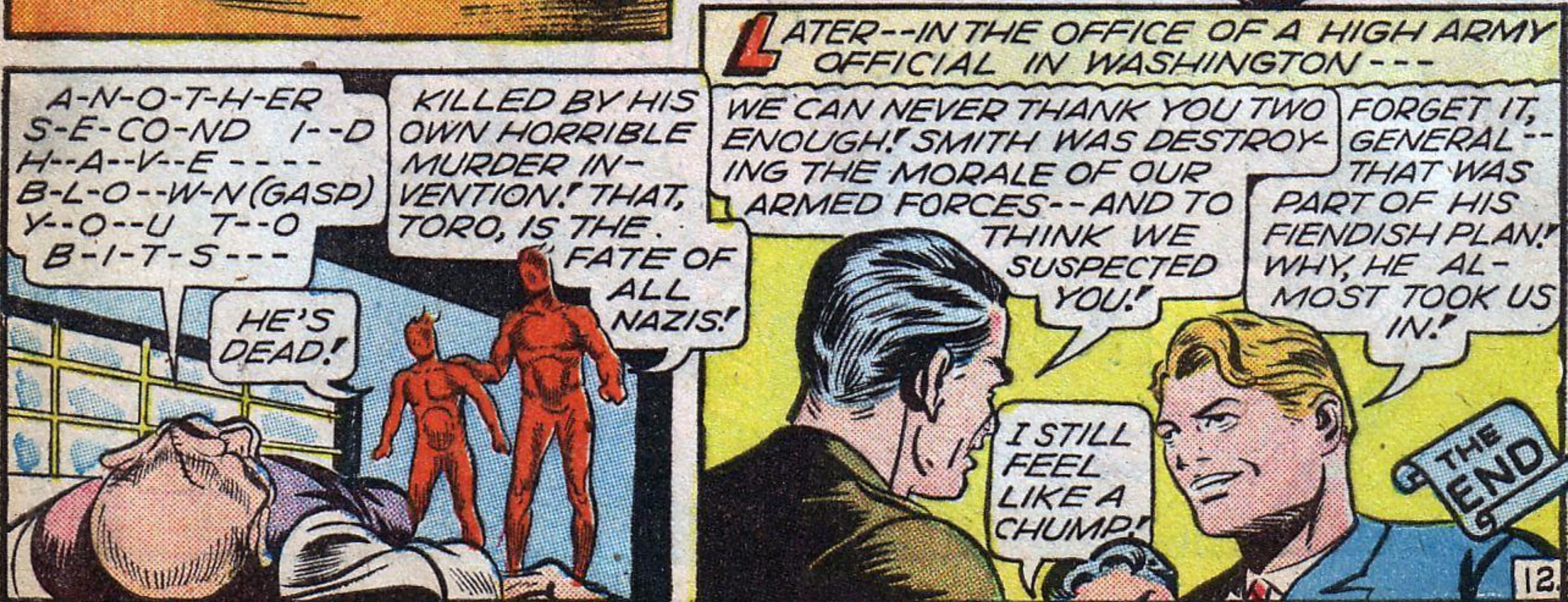
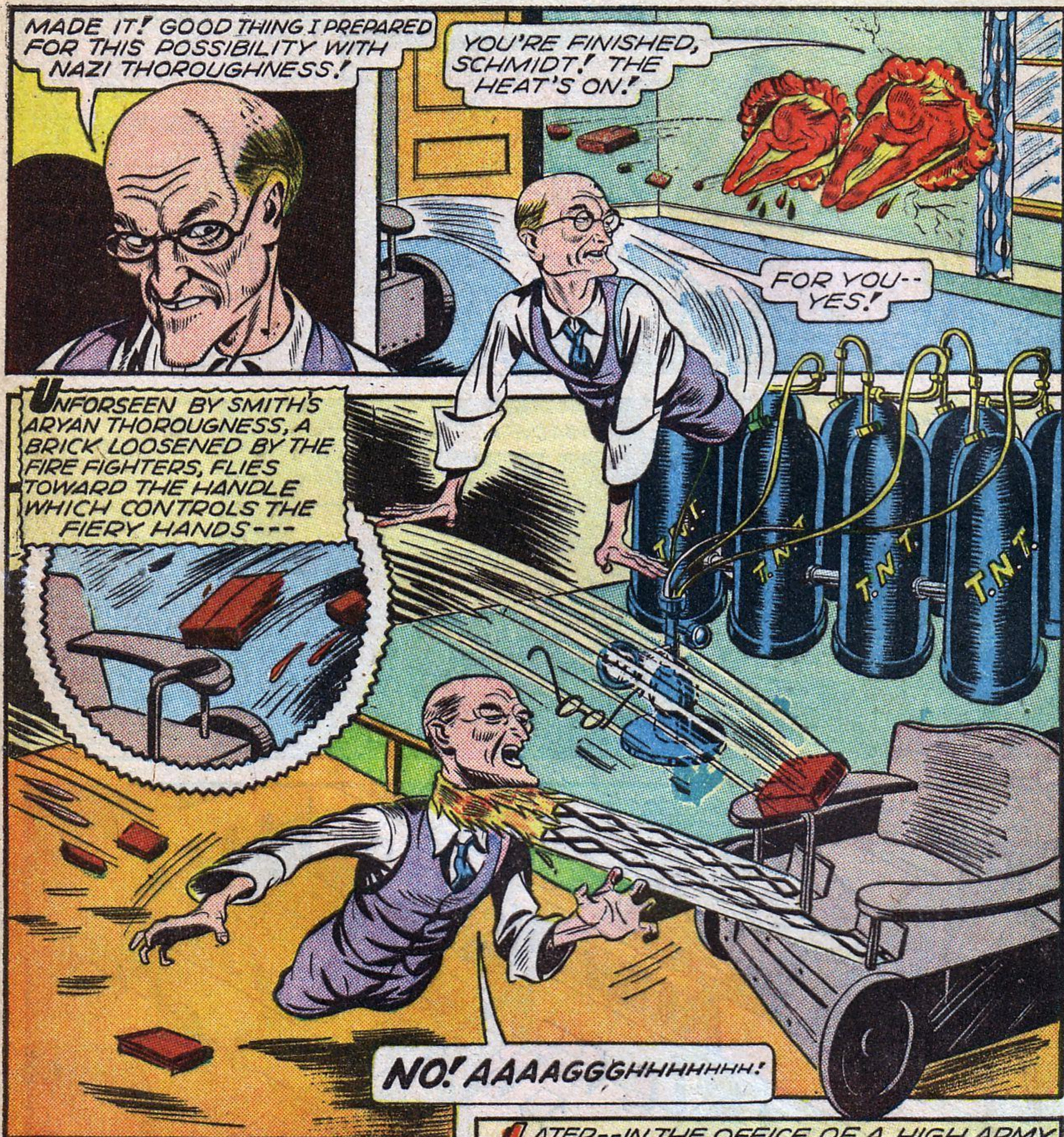


SECONDS LATER... THE FLAMING SLEUTHS ARE FREE... THEIR FLAMES FULLY RESTORED, THE BOYS ONCE MORE PICK UP THE TRAIL OF DANGEROUS HERMAN SMITH!



YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

I THINK WE'VE GOT HIM NOW, TORO!



SUB-MARINER



“DECOY
FOR
DEATH!”

ON AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER JUST DAMAGED BY AN ENEMY AIR ATTACK...

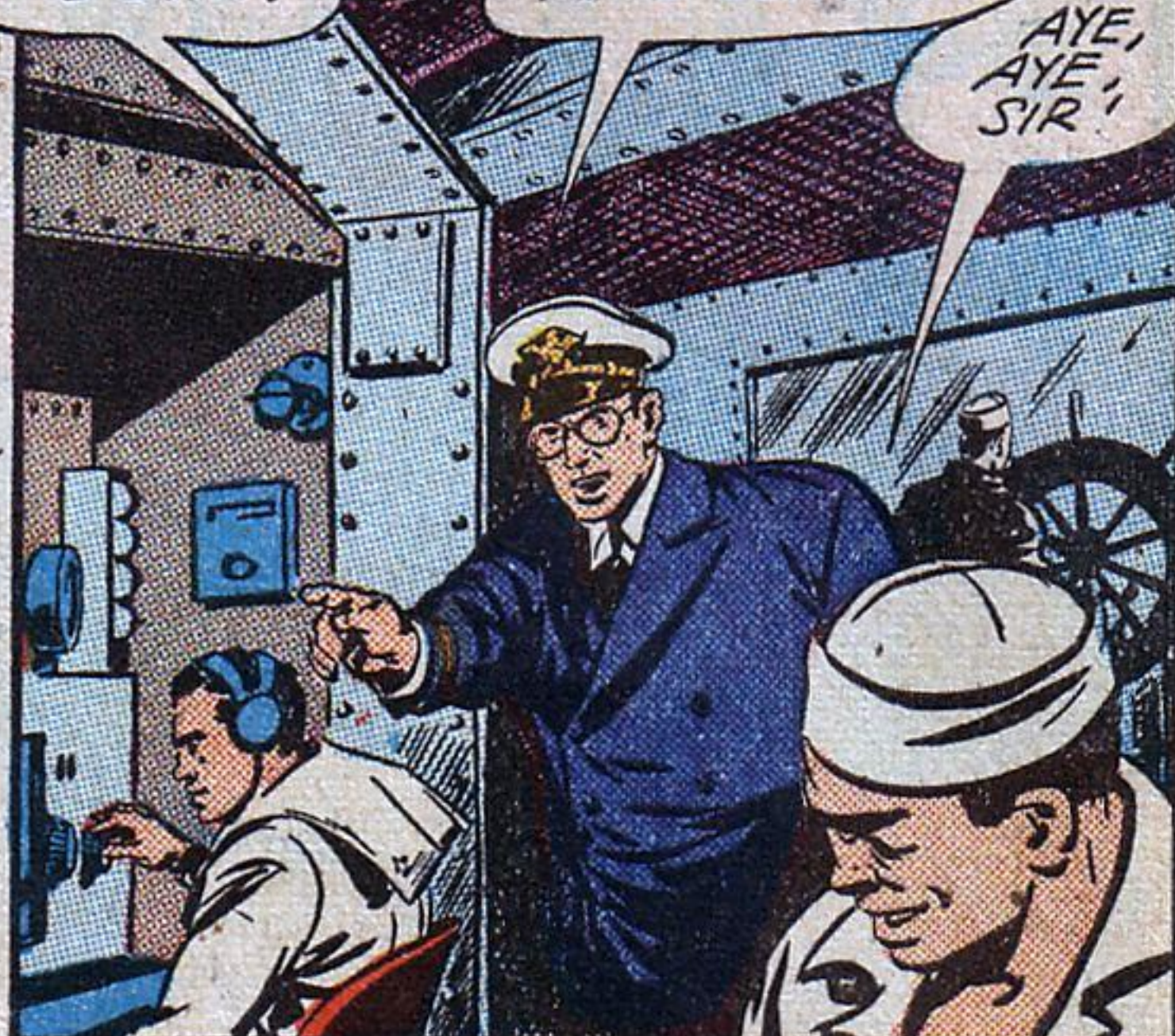
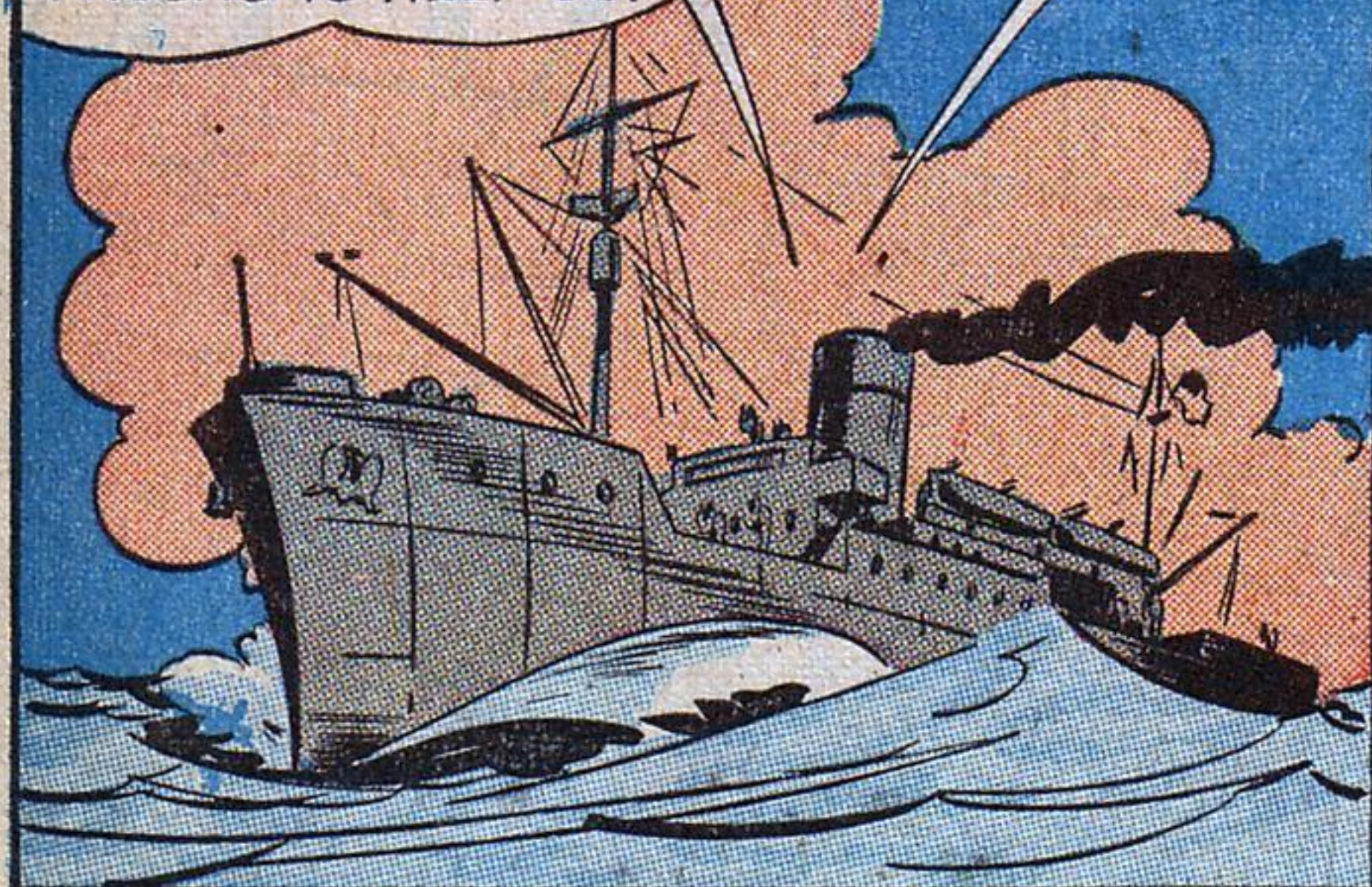
QUICK! SEND AN S.O.S.!
THERE MUST BE SOME
UNITED NATIONS SHIPS
AROUND TO HELP US!

SIR...
WE C-CAN'T!

TH-THE WIRELESS
WENT DEAD
WHEN OUR AERIALS
WERE KNOCKED
DOWN!

GET SOME OF
THE CREW TO
RIG UP NEW
ONES! WE MUST
MAKE CONTACT!

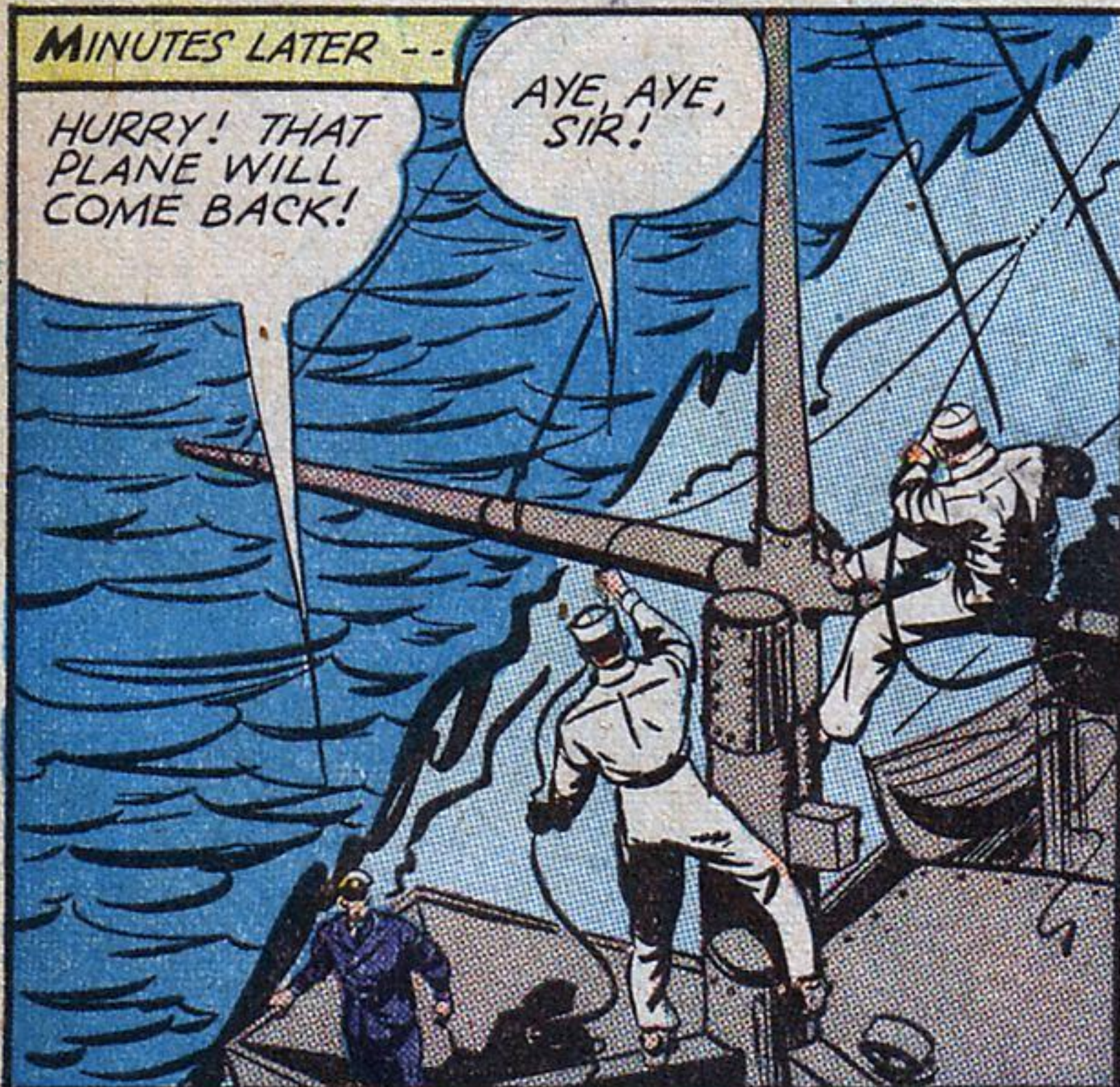
A YE,
A YE,
SIR!



MINUTES LATER --

HURRY! THAT
PLANE WILL
COME BACK!

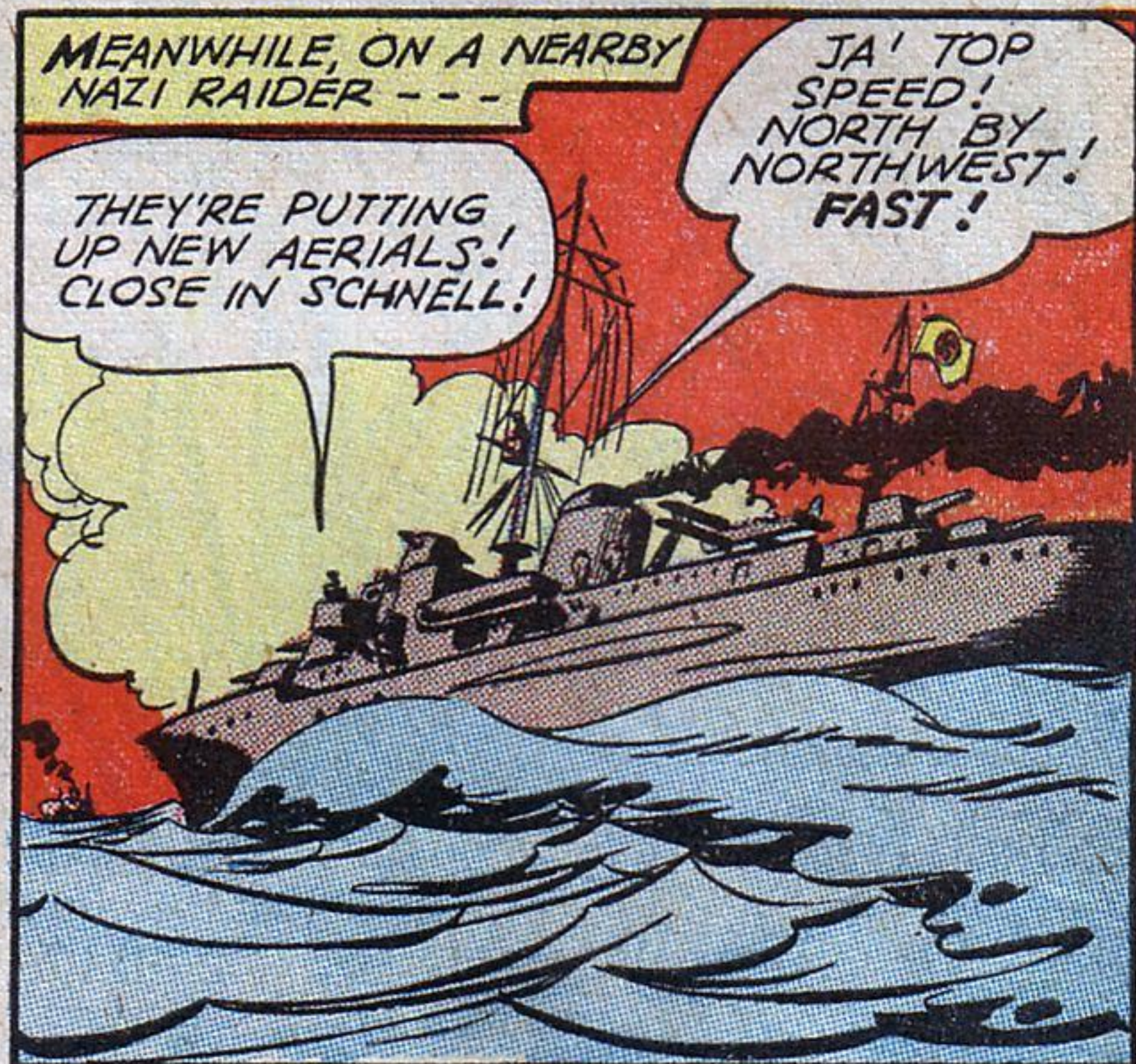
A YE, A YE,
SIR!



MEANWHILE, ON A NEARBY
NAZI RAIDER ---

THEY'RE PUTTING
UP NEW AERIALS!
CLOSE IN SCHNELL!

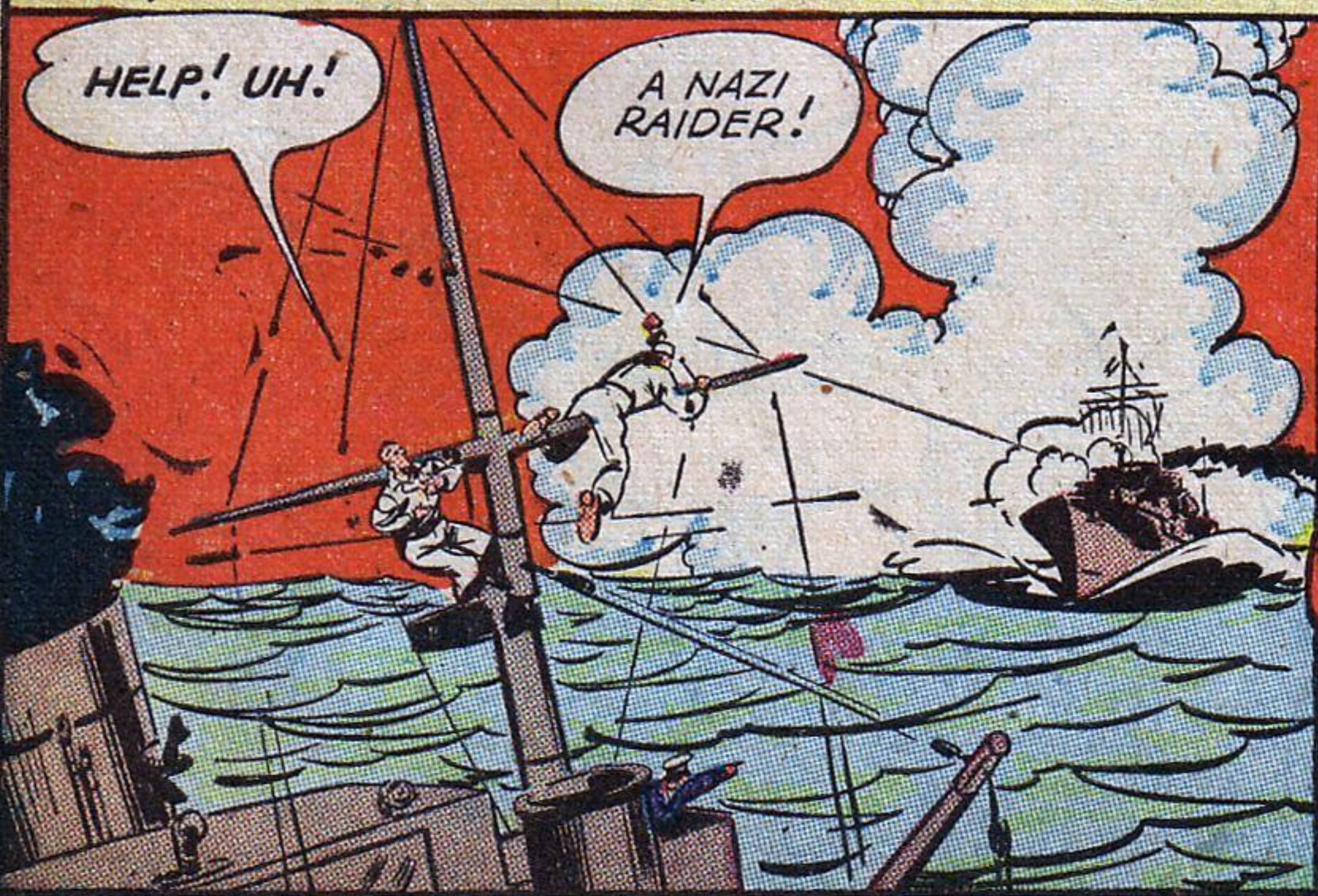
JA! TOP
SPEED!
NORTH BY
NORTHWEST!
FAST!



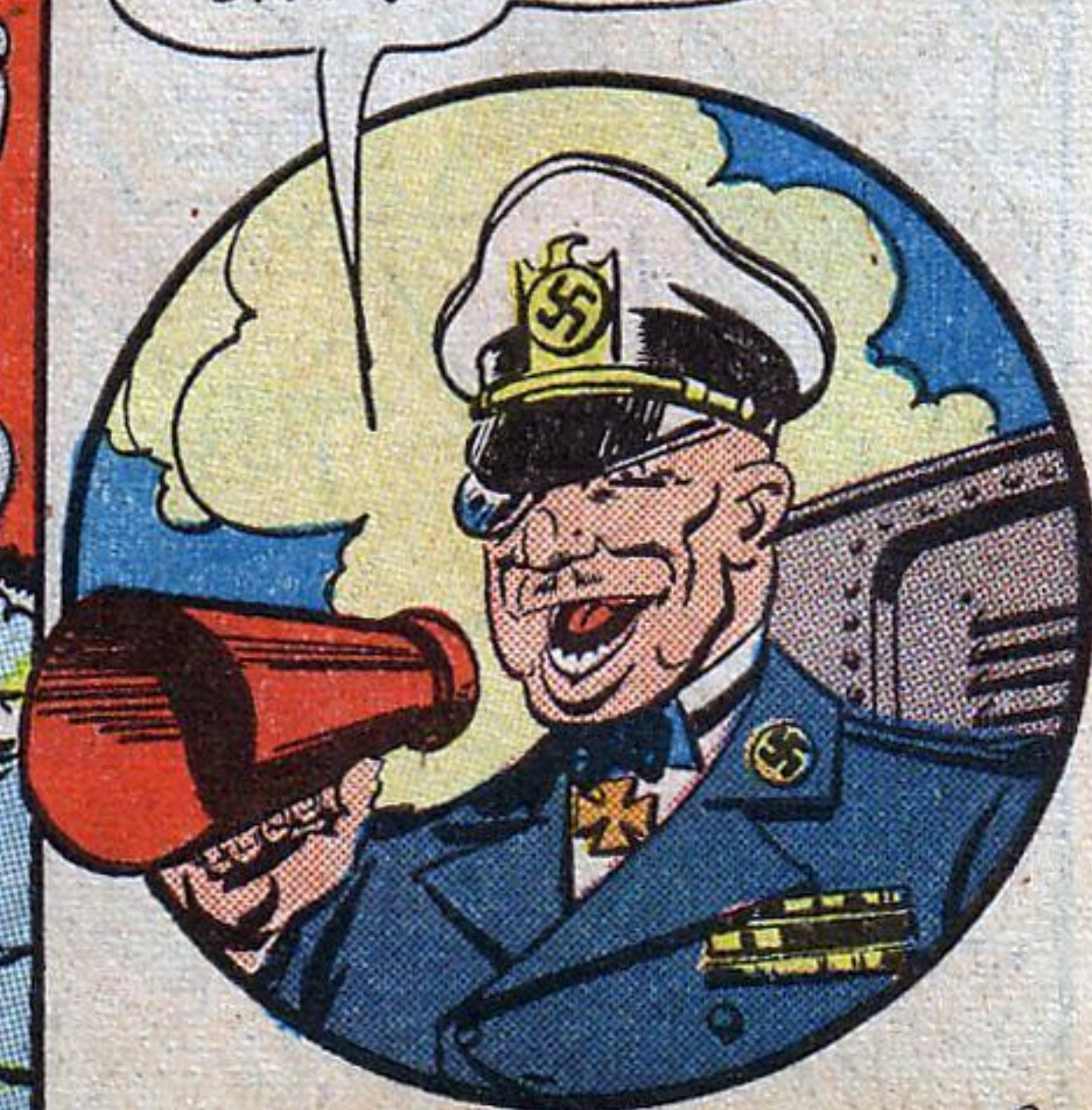
SOON, BEFORE THE FREIGHTER CAN SUMMON HELP ---

HELP! UH!

A NAZI
RAIDER!



GET TO YOUR GUNS
AND SINK THAT
SHIP!

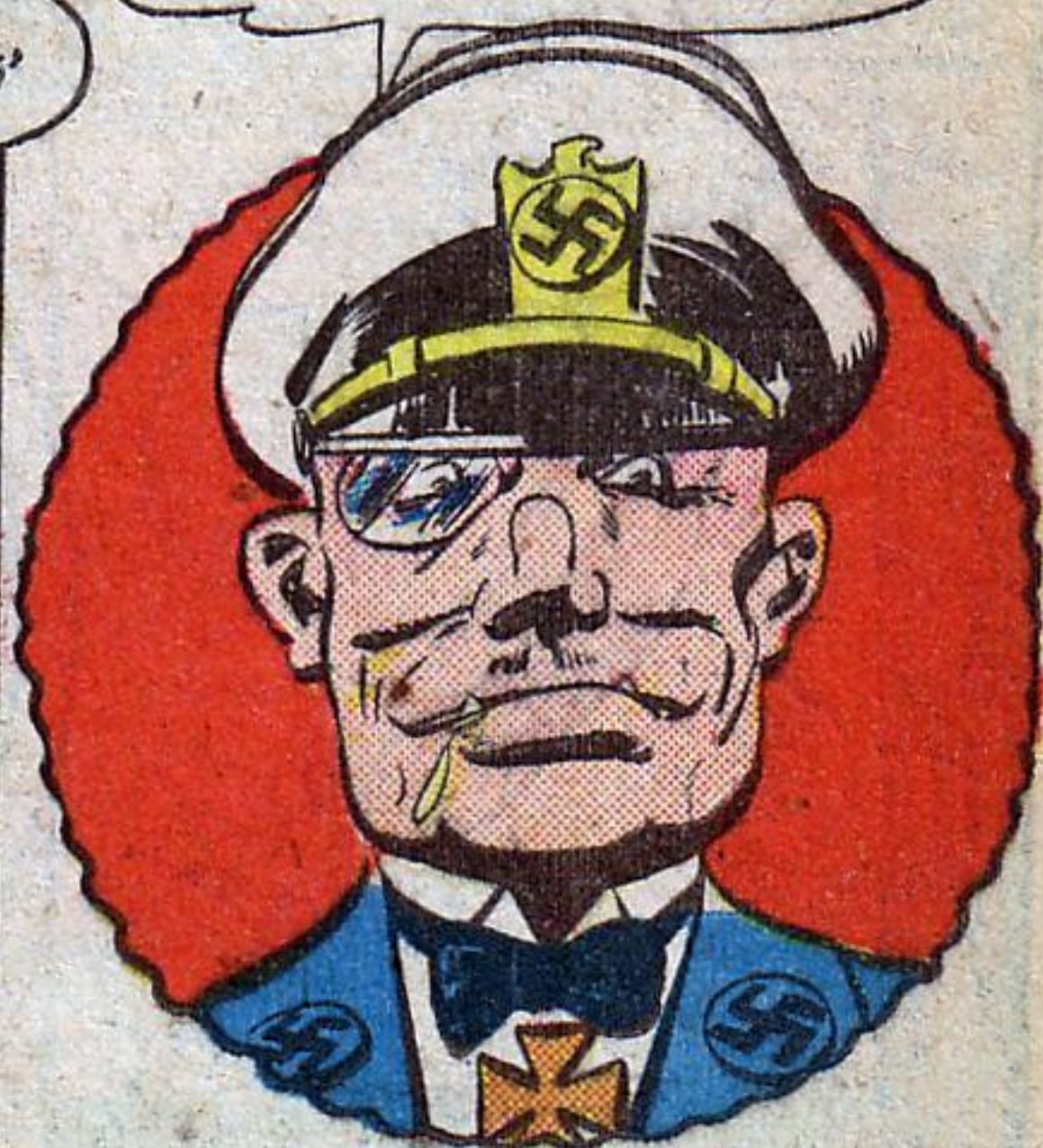
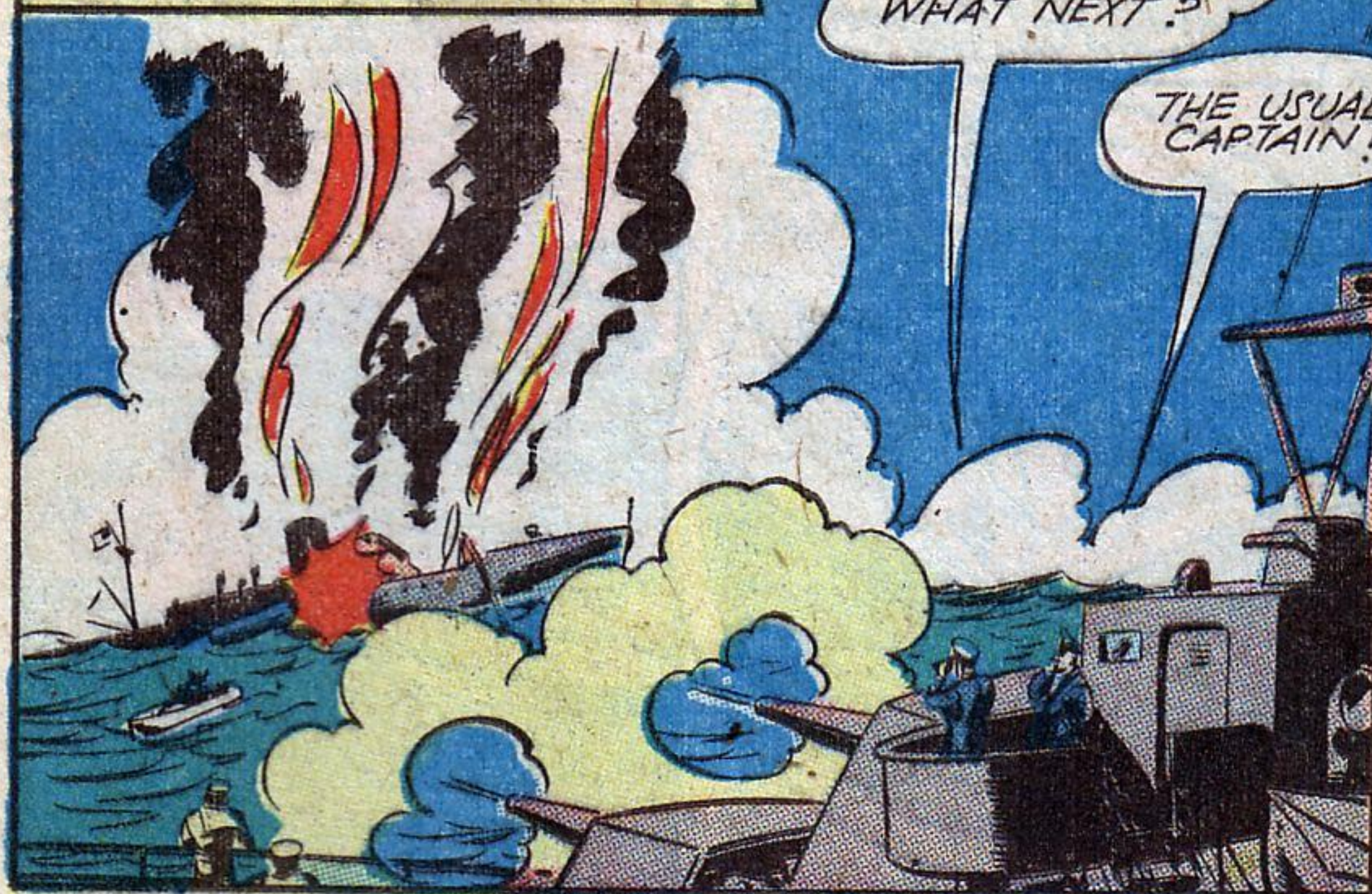


AS THE CREW ROW CLEAR THE FREIGHTER IS SHELLED AND SUNK.

SHE'S SINKING, VON LONTZ -- WHAT NEXT?

THE USUAL, CAPTAIN!

MACHINE GUN THE MEN IN THE LIFE BOATS! DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! NICHT WAHR?



SOON ---

EVERY SURVIVOR DEAD OR DROWNED!

GOOT! IT IS A VONDERFUL SCHEME, VON LONTZ! TWELVE FREIGHTERS IN TWO WEEKS! AN EXCELLENT RECORD! HEIL HITLER!



TWO DAYS LATER, SUBMARINER IS URGENTLY SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF THE MARITIME COMMISSION!

TWELVE FREIGHTERS HAVE DISAPPEARED OR BEEN SUNK! NOT A SURVIVOR --- NOTHING. THIS CAN'T GO ON!

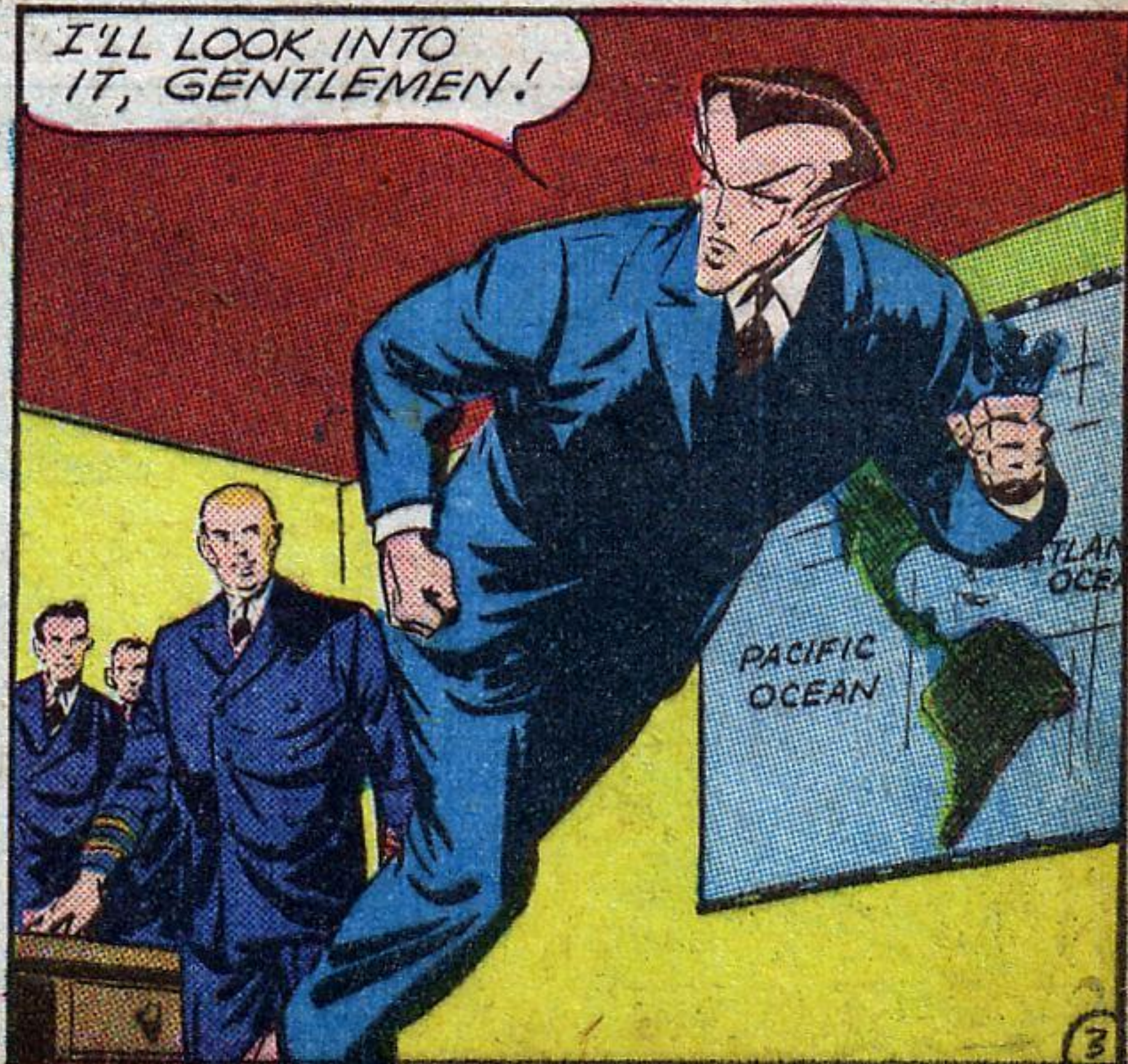


YOU MEAN THAT NOT EVEN ONE SENT AN S.O.S. --- WHY -- A SHIP COULD DO THAT EVEN IF SHE WERE SINKING!

EXACTLY, SUBMARINER! THAT'S WHY THE PROBLEM IS SO PUZZLING!



I'LL LOOK INTO IT, GENTLEMEN!



SECONDS LATER-- SUBMARINER
SETS OUT
TO SOLVE
THE
MYSTERY.

AT LEAST I'VE GOT
ONE CLUE! EVERY
ONE OF THOSE SHIPS
DISAPPEARED WHILE
TRAVELLING THE
SECRET ROUTE
TO ENGLAND!

WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS,
HIS POWERFUL BODY
CLEAVES THE 'CHOPPY
ATLANTIC WATERS'---

OUGHT TO
PICK UP A
FREIGHTER
ANY MINUTE
NOW!

SOON--

THERE'S ONE!
I'LL TRAIL IT
AND WATCH
WHAT HAPPENS!

A HALF HOUR LATER-- JUST OVER THE HORIZON.

ATTACH THE IRON BAR
TO THE PLANE,
QUICK!

U.S. NAVY

JA, JA,
VON LONTZ!

MAYBE I FIND SOME NICE AMERICAN
FREIGHTER TO SHOOT DOWN
TODAY! JA ??

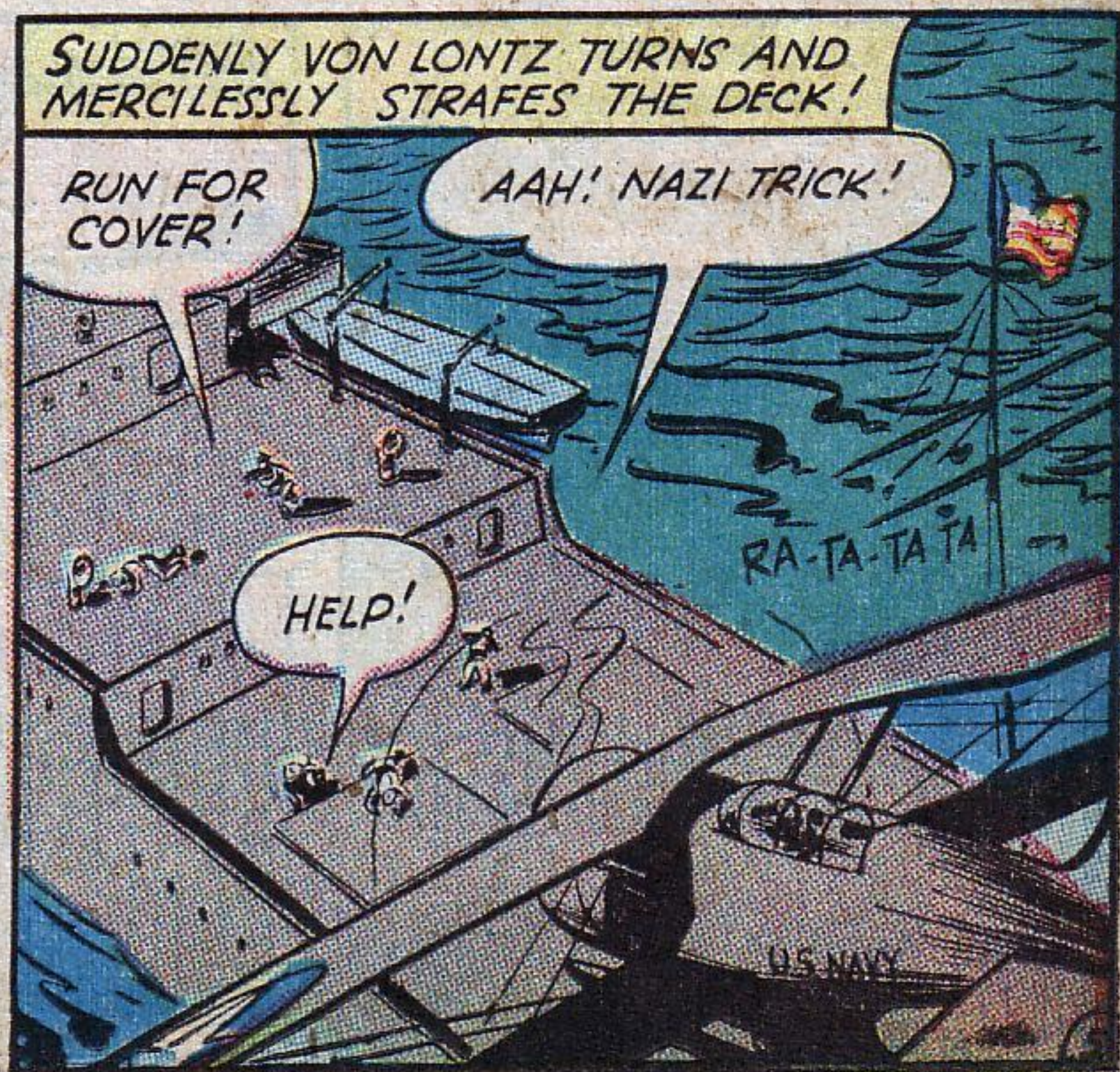
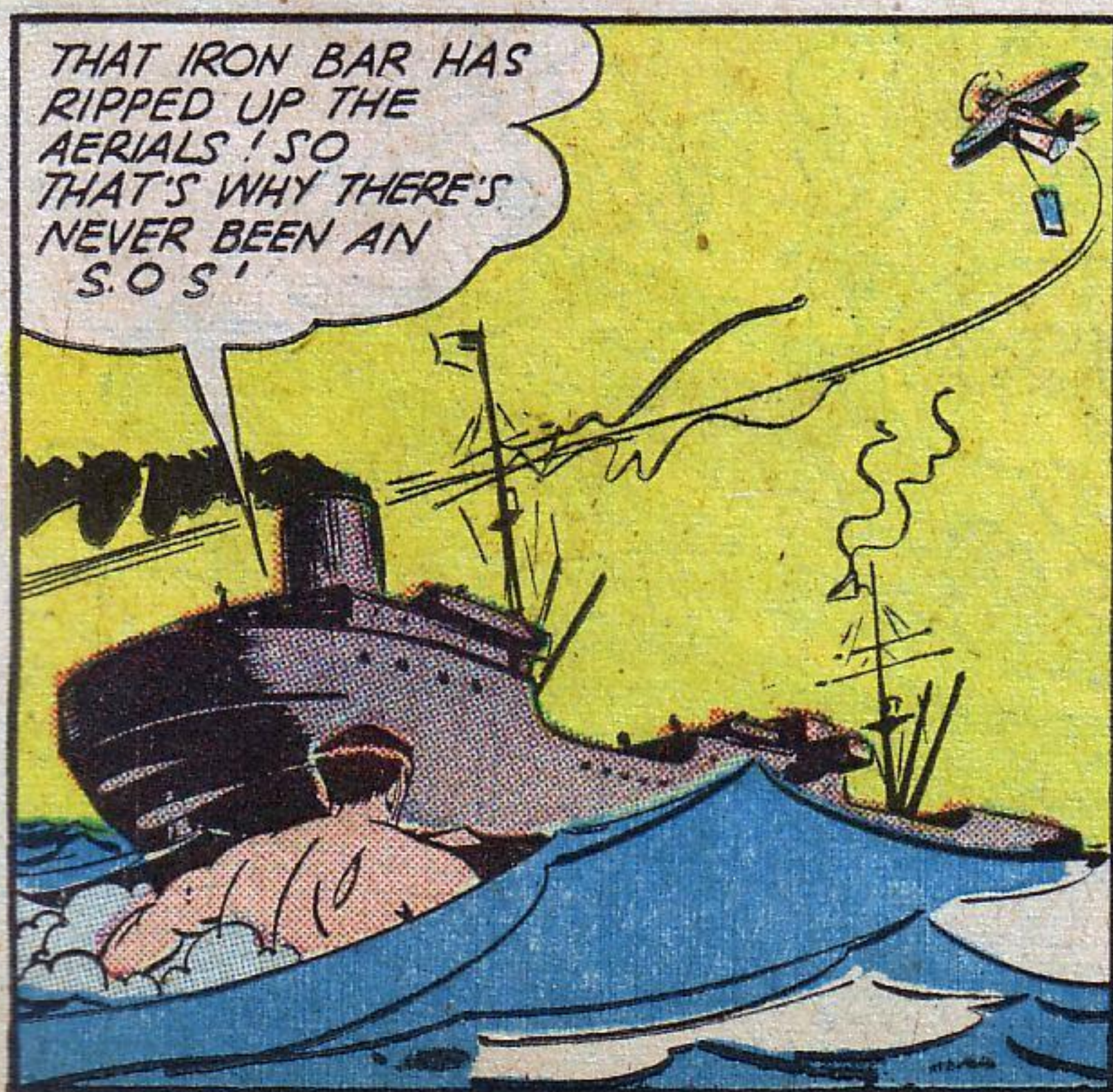
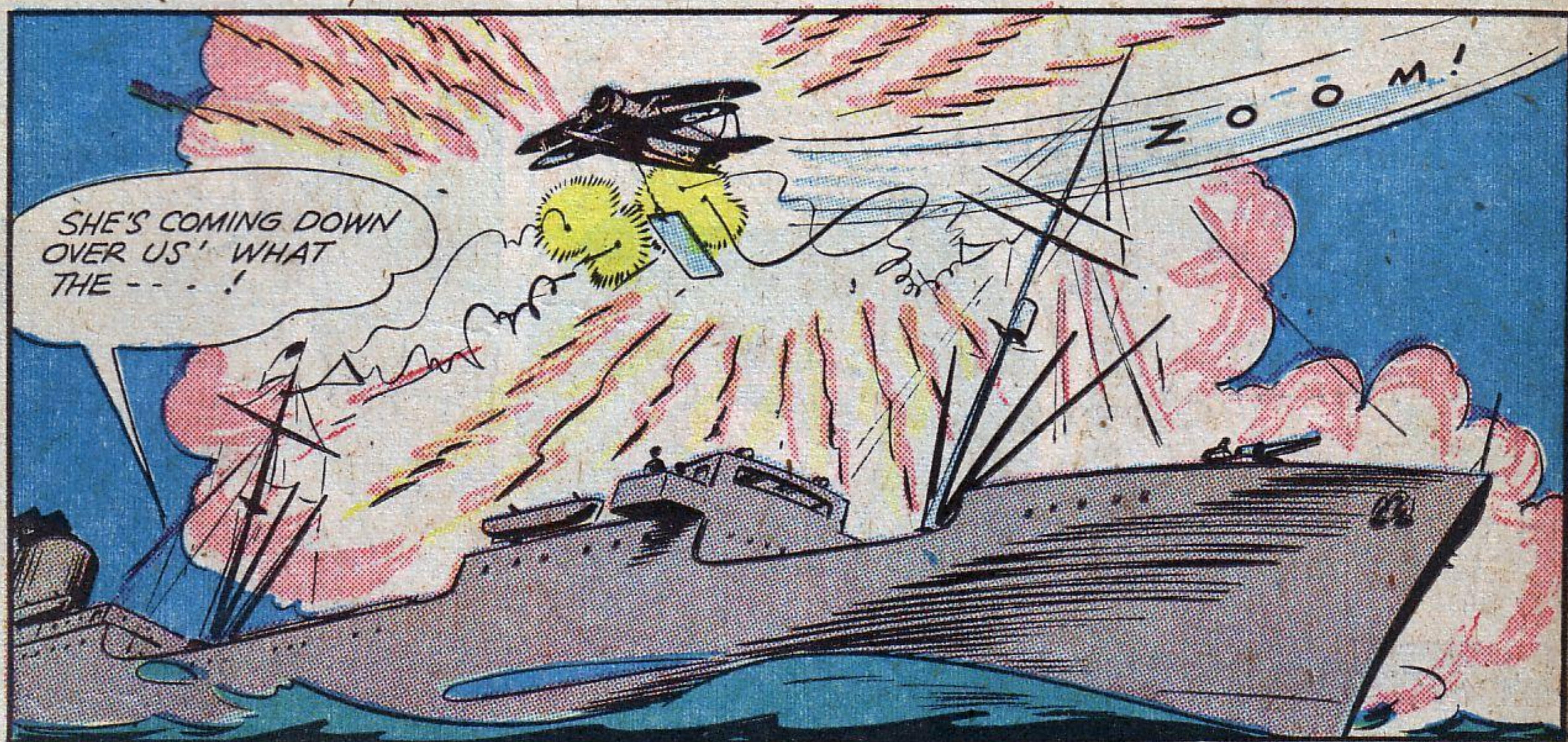
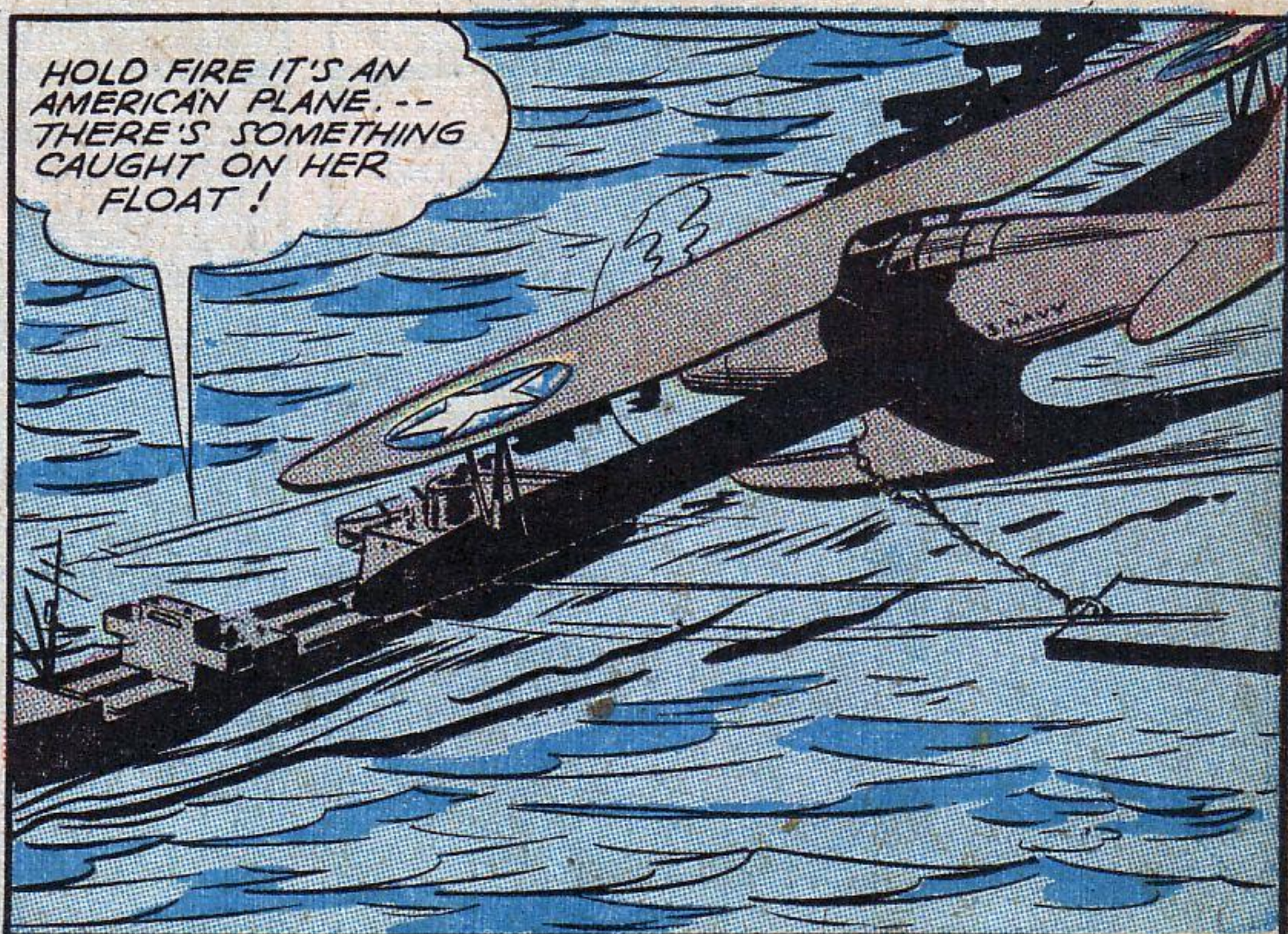
GOOD HUNTING,
VON LONTZ!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE IRON BAR IS ATTACHED, VON LONTZ
TAKES OFF.

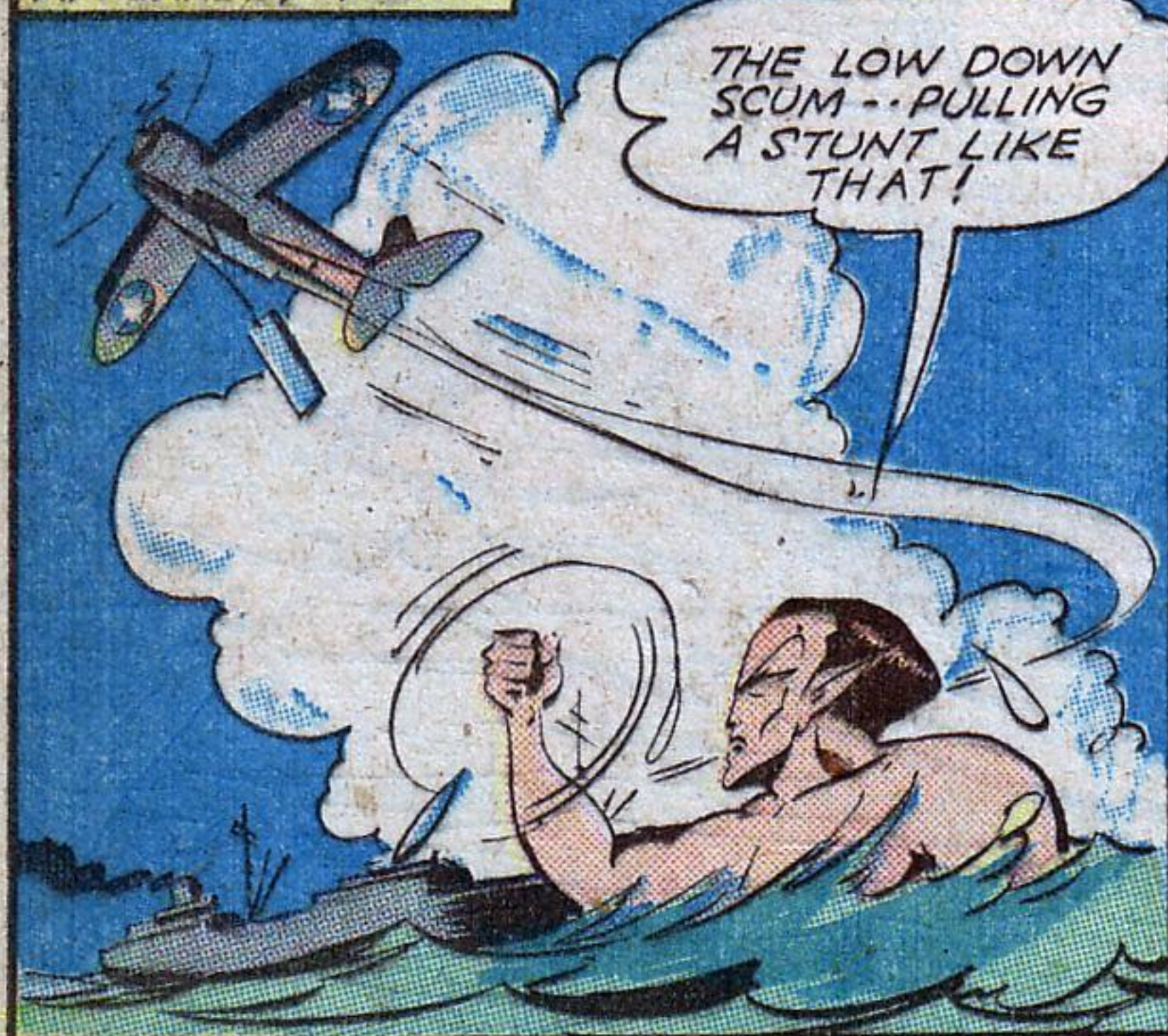
HA! WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY
INSIGNIA ON THIS PLANE, AMERICAN
FREIGHTER CAPTAINS REMAIN
SO **TRUSTING!**

HA, HA, HA, HA!

THE FOOLS! THEY DO
NOT KNOW THE
TRICKS OF WAR!
NEIN!

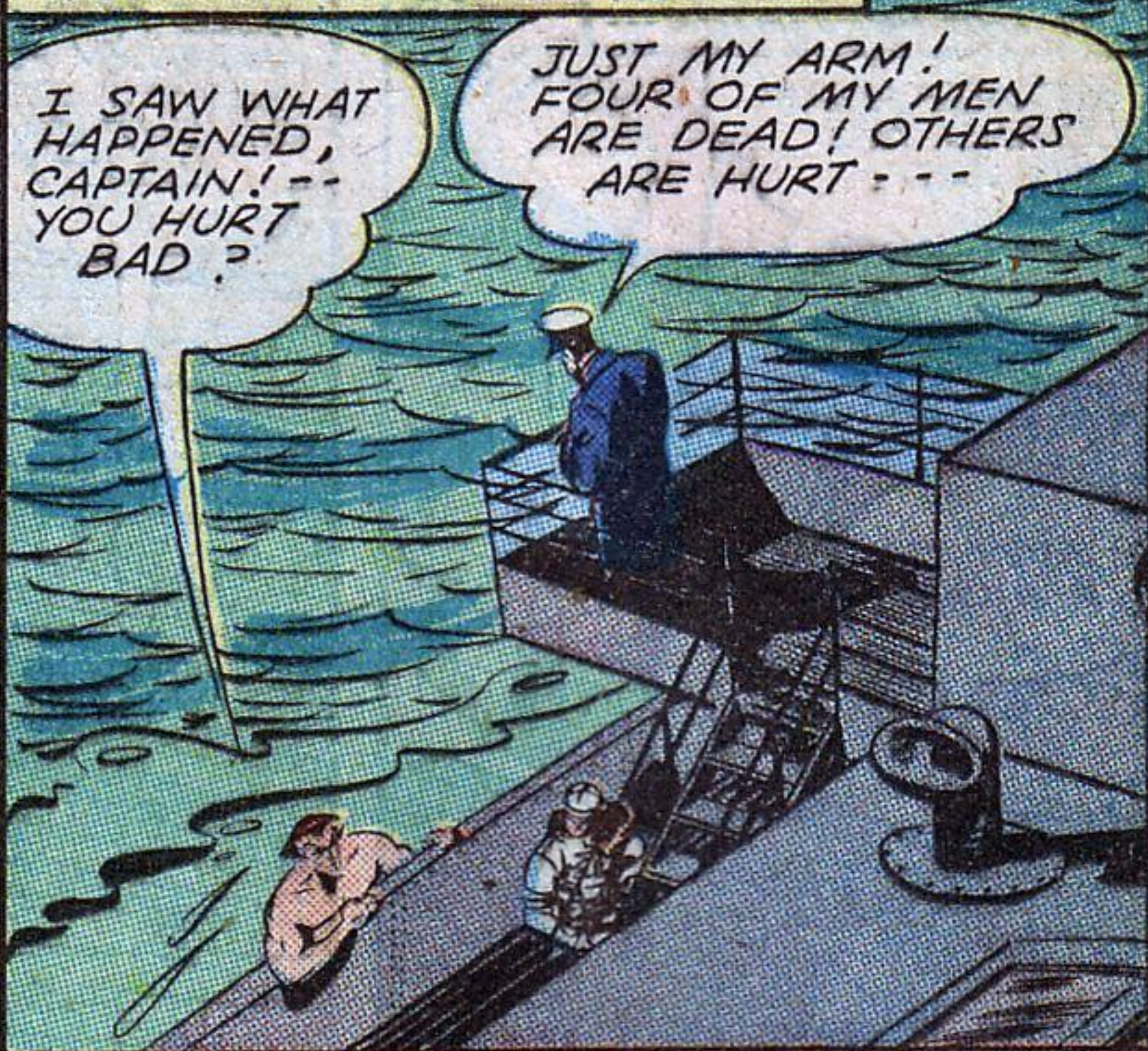


THE PLANE ROARS OFF AS UNEXPECTEDLY AS IT APPEARED, AND ---



THE LOW DOWN SCUM -- PULLING A STUNT LIKE THAT!

-- SUBMARINER CLIMBS ABOARD!



I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN! -- YOU HURT BAD?

JUST MY ARM! FOUR OF MY MEN ARE DEAD! OTHERS ARE HURT --

I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE AERIALS REPAIRED AND SUMMON HELP!



WAIT, CAPTAIN!

THE NAZIS WOULDN'T LET YOU GET HELP SO EASILY! --- THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE NAZIS NEARBY WHO CAN RETURN BEFORE THE WIRELESS IS REPAIRED!



JUST SIT TIGHT WHILE I INVESTIGATE!



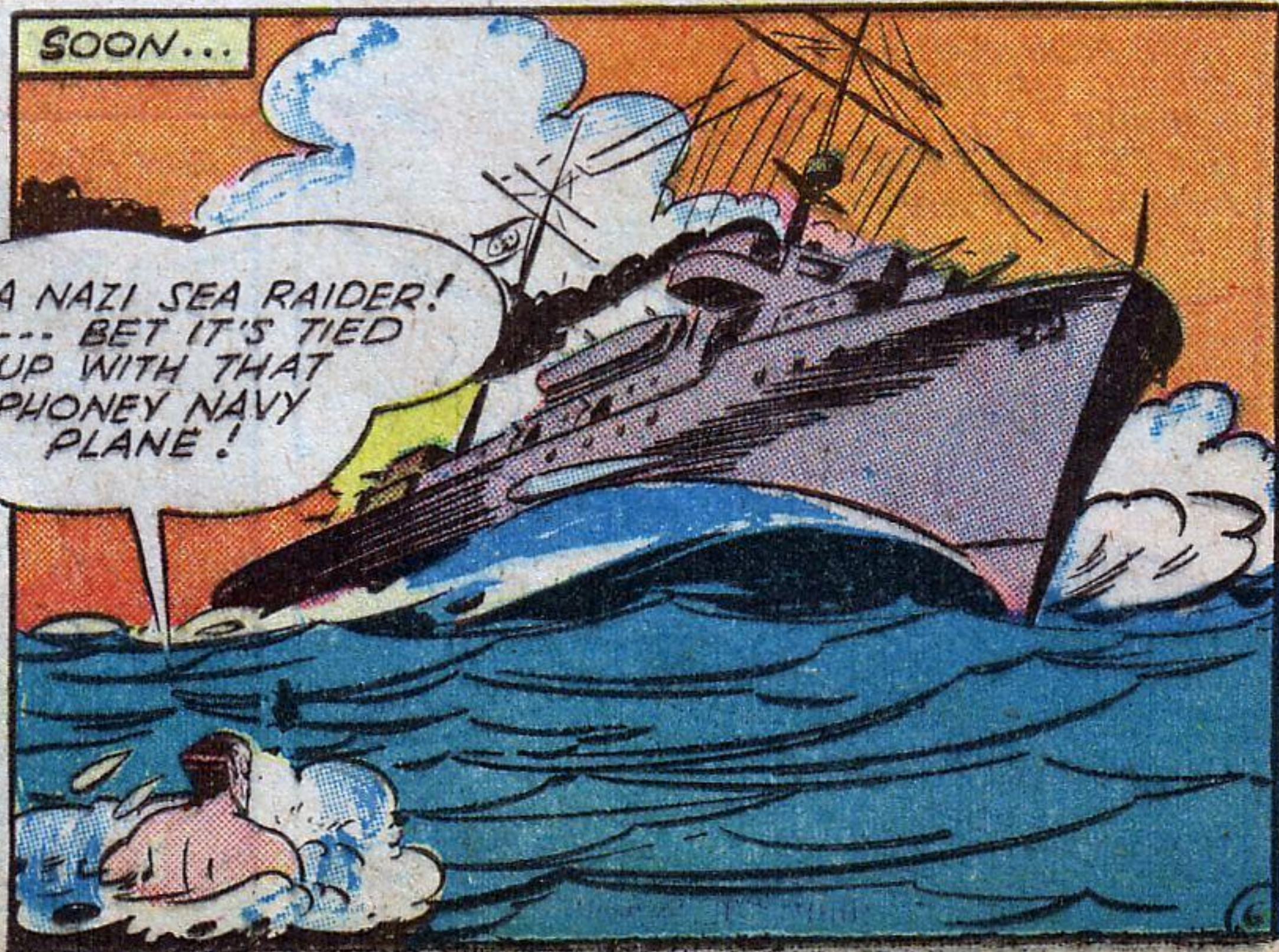
WE'RE WITH YOU, SUBMARINER!

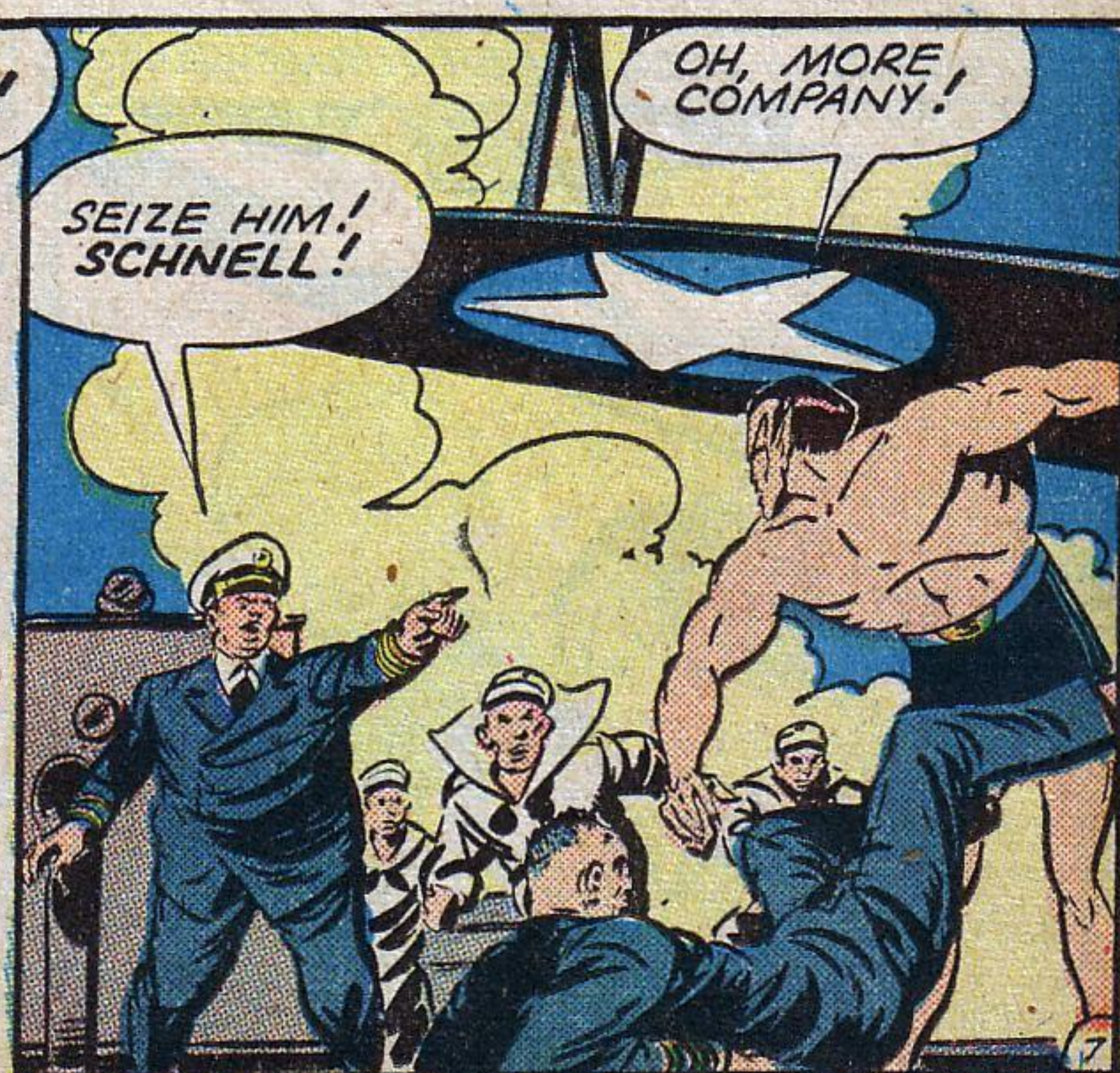
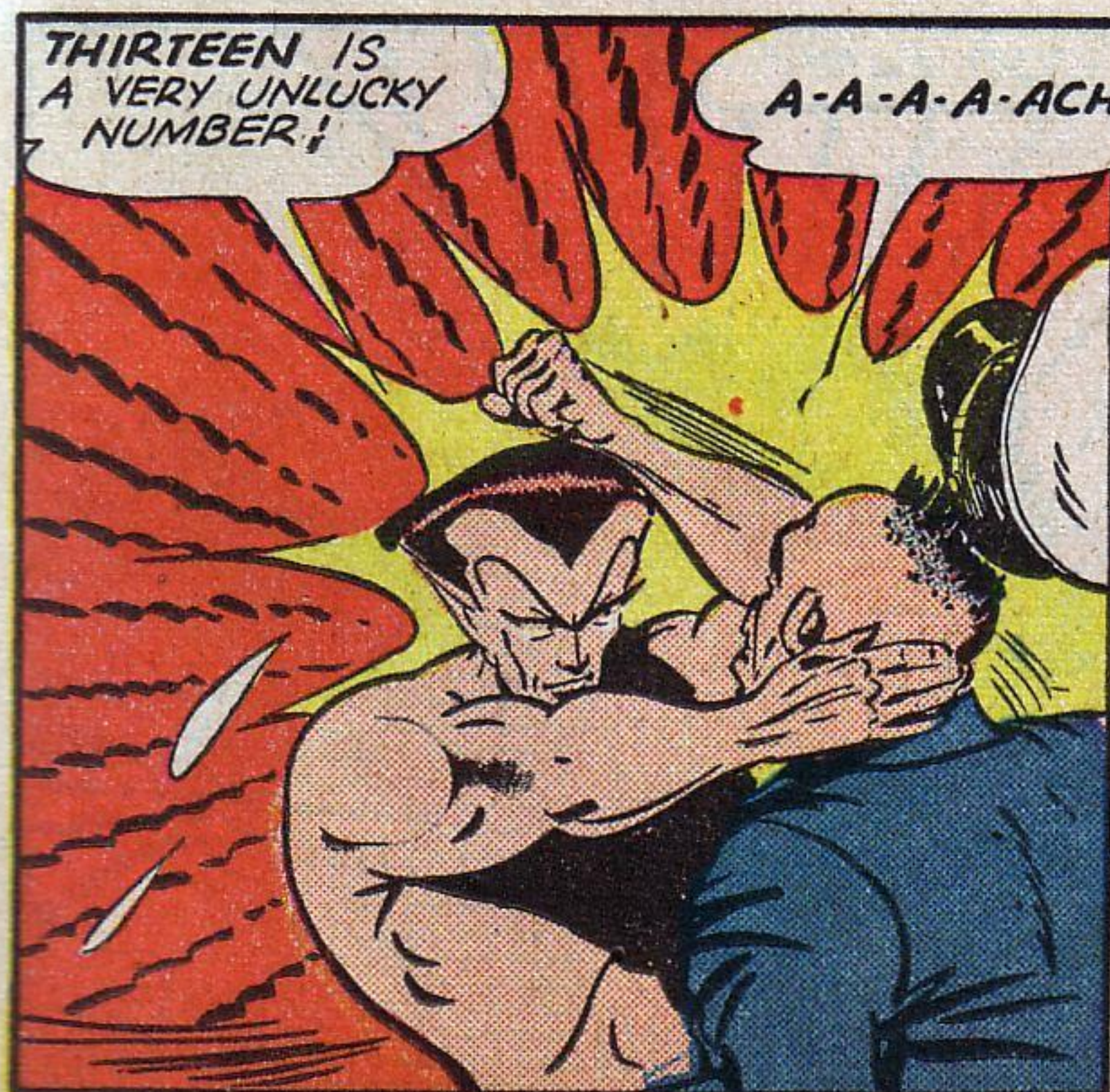
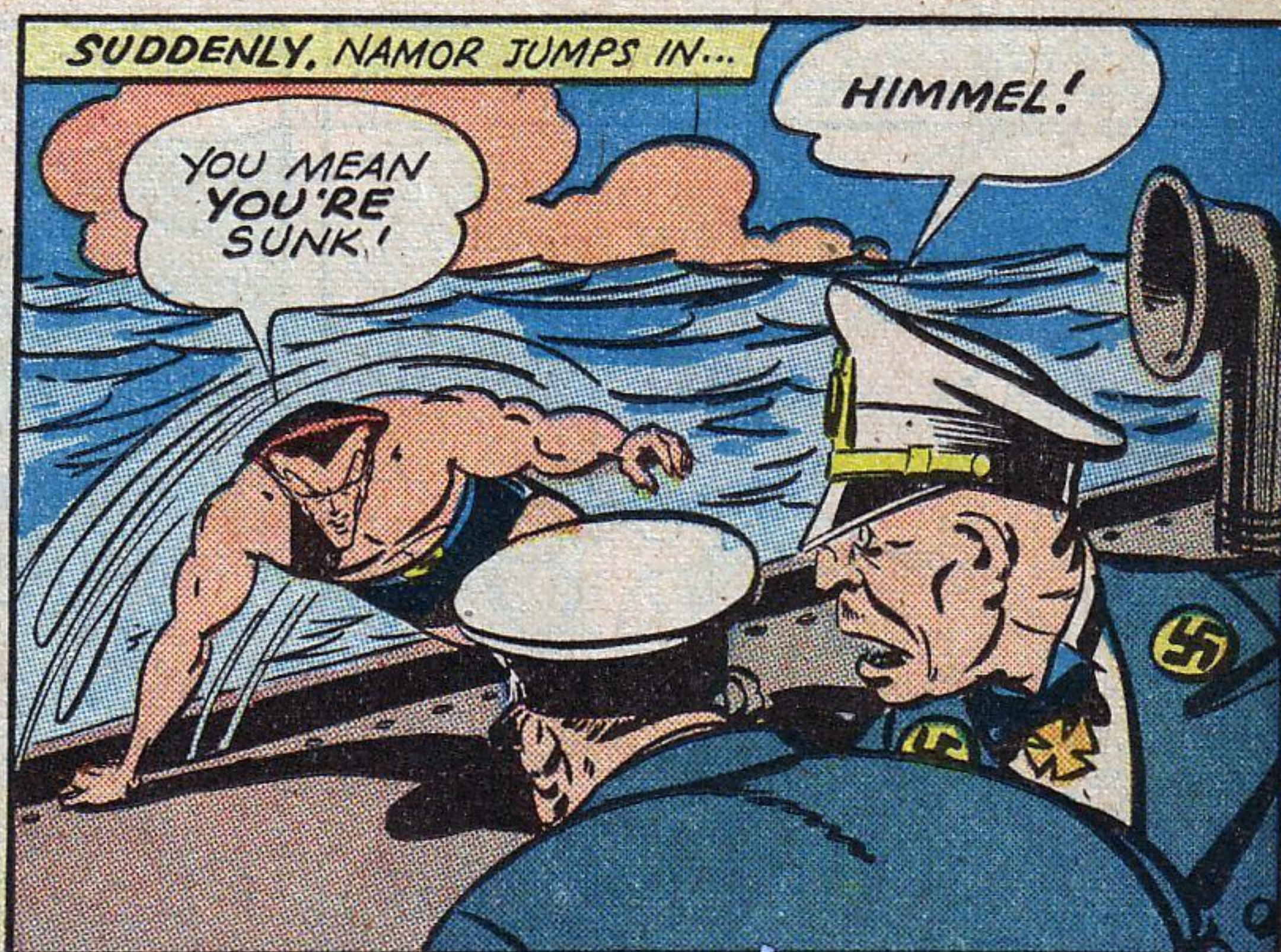
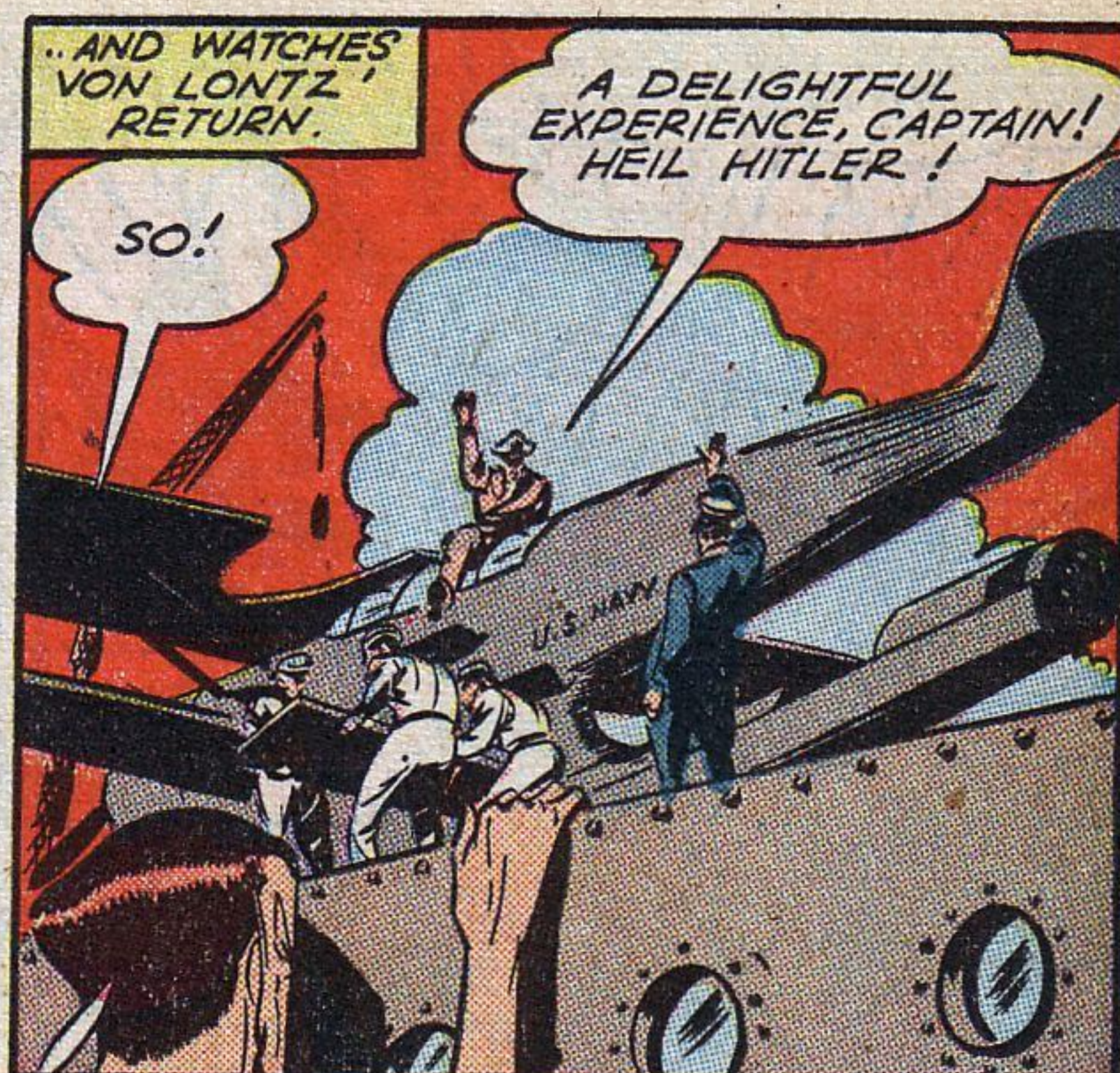
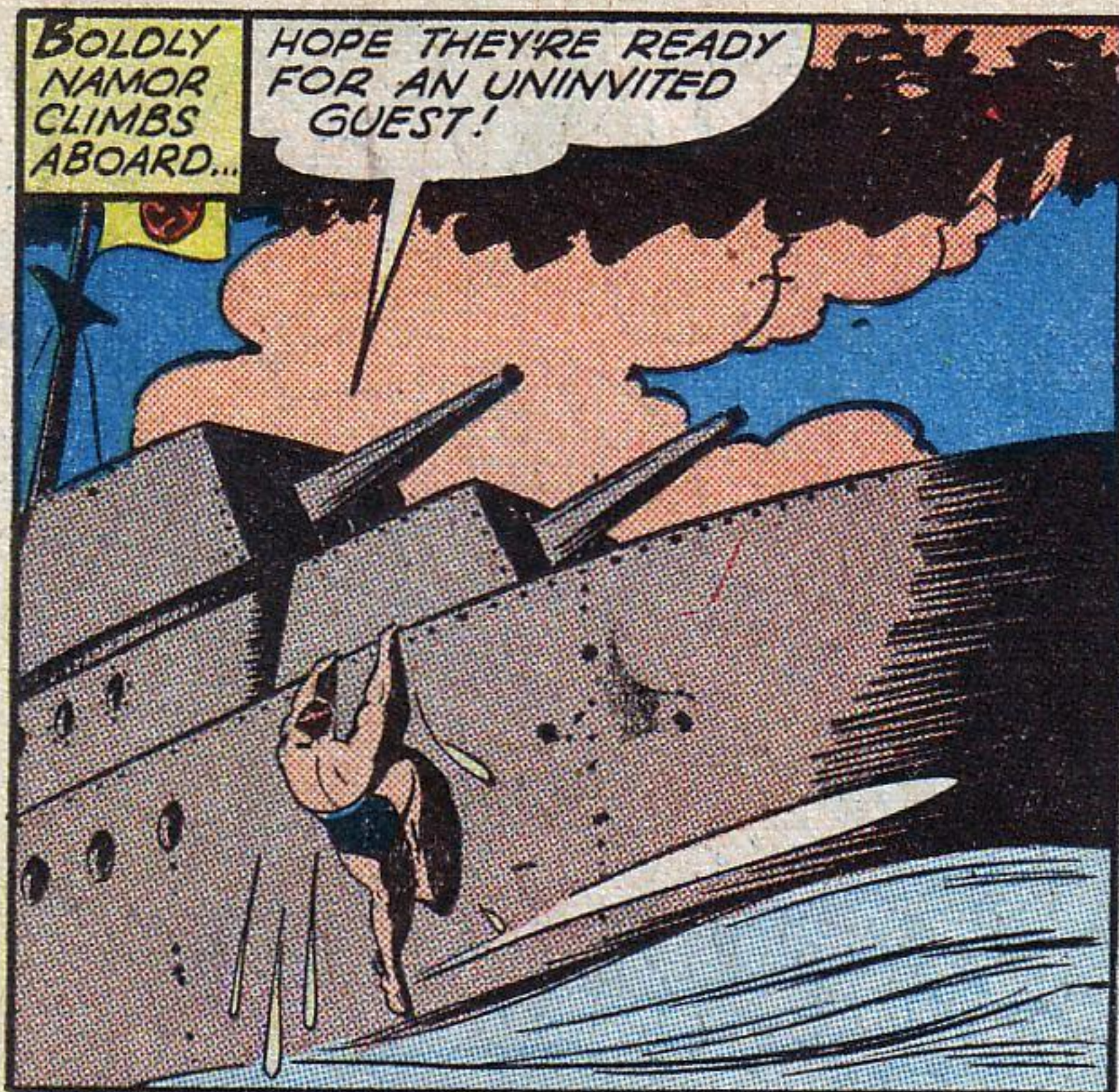
THAT PLANE HASN'T ROOM FOR MUCH OF A FUEL LOAD! IT WENT OFF IN THIS DIRECTION!

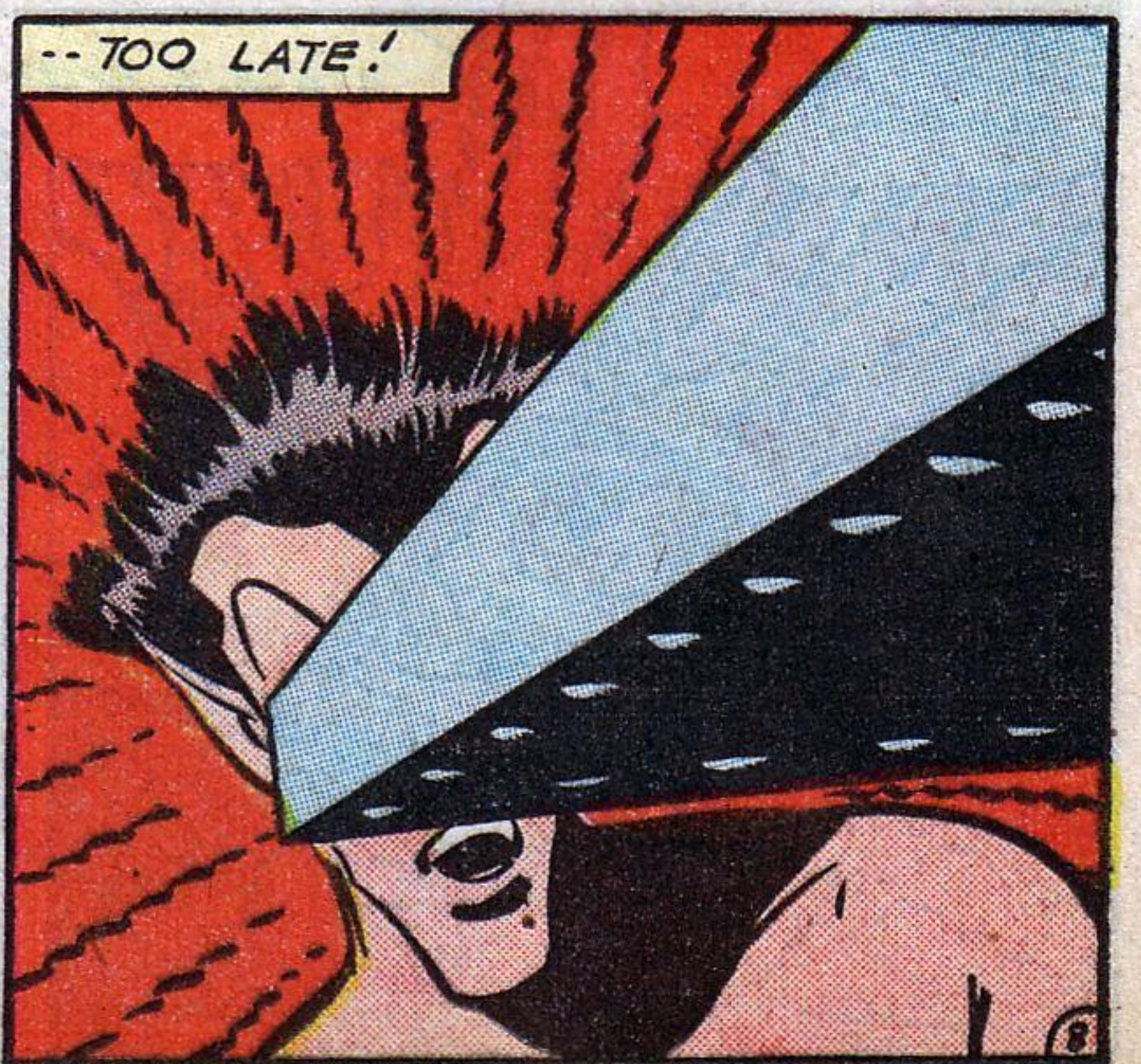
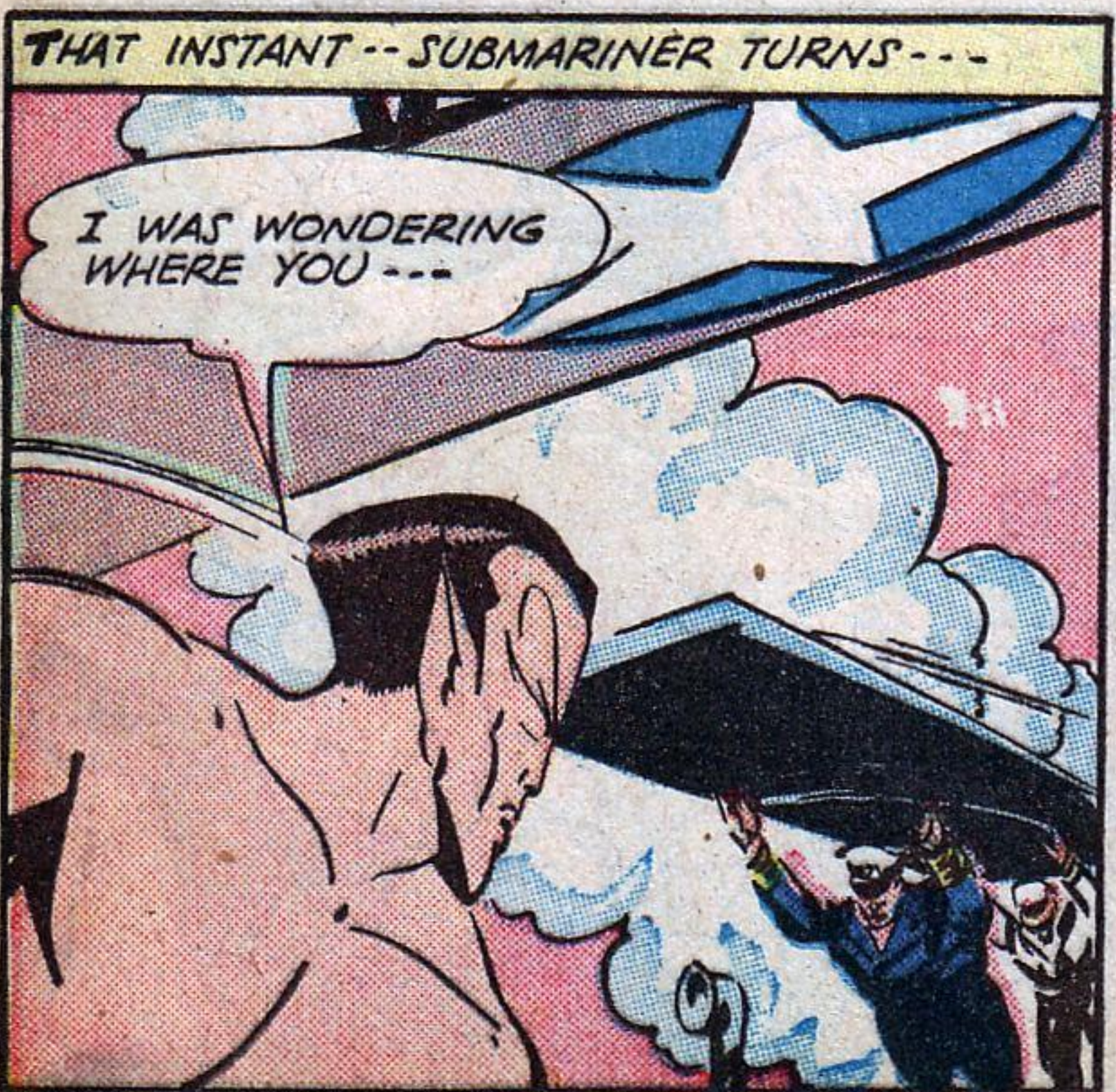
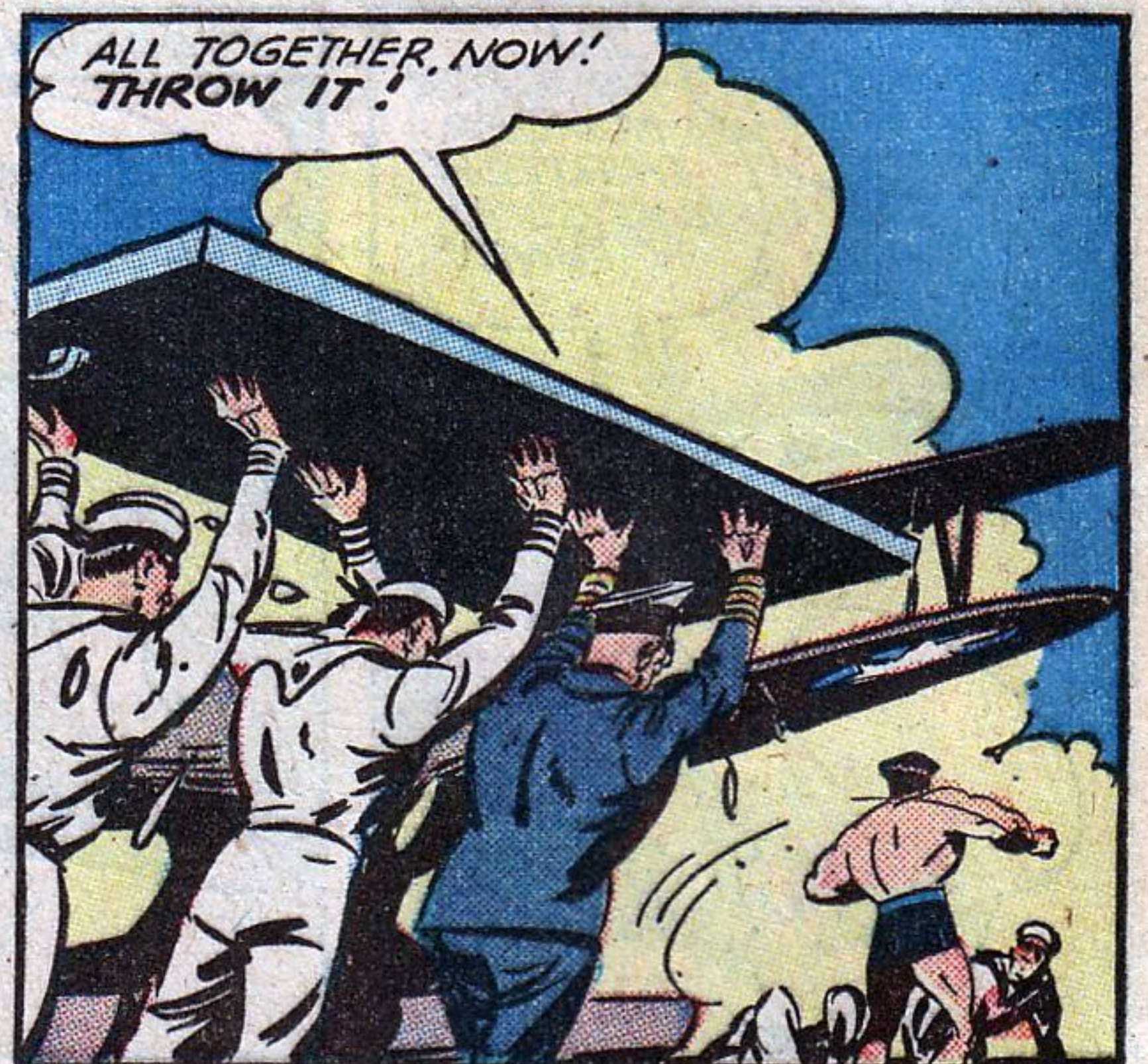
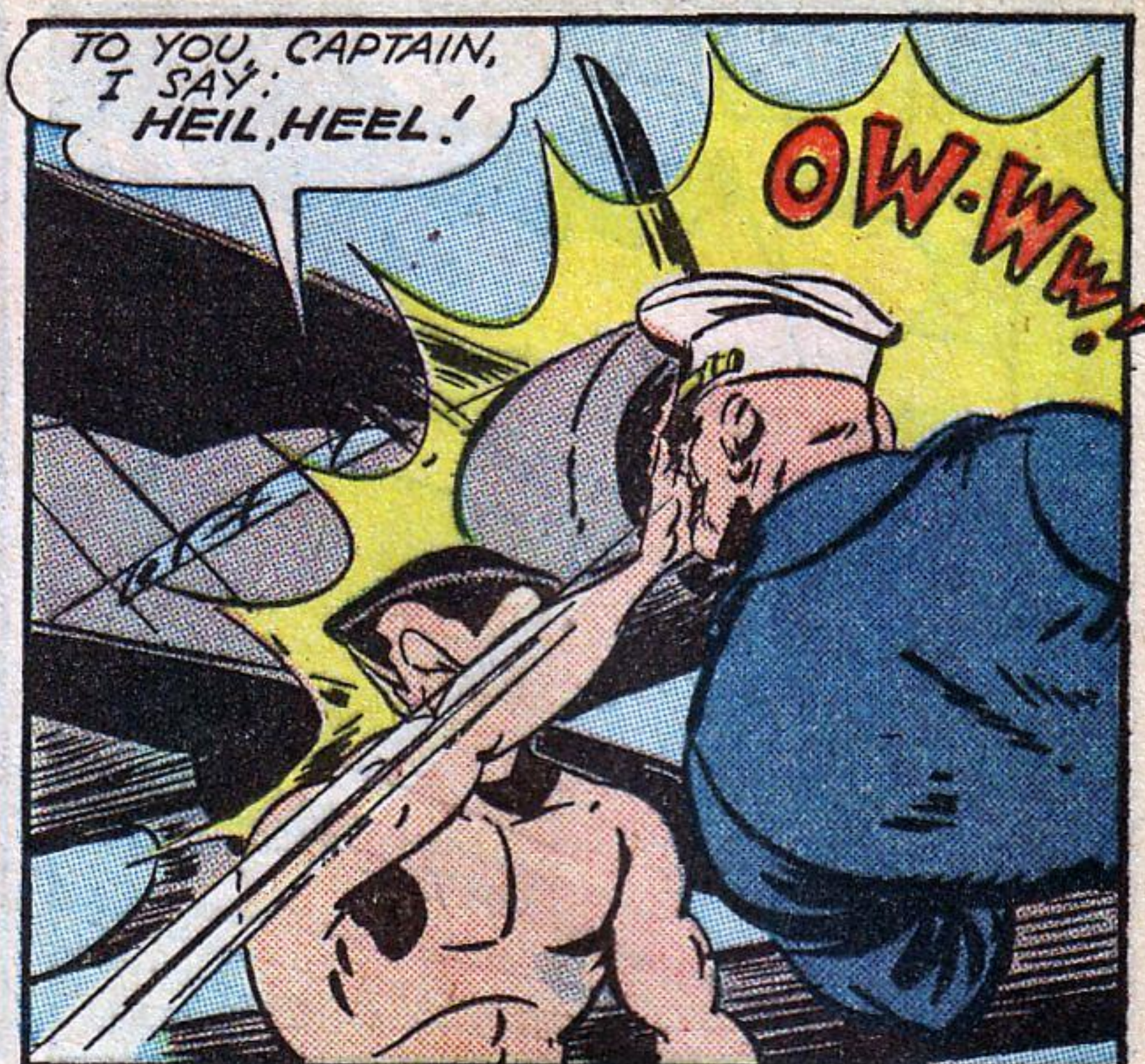


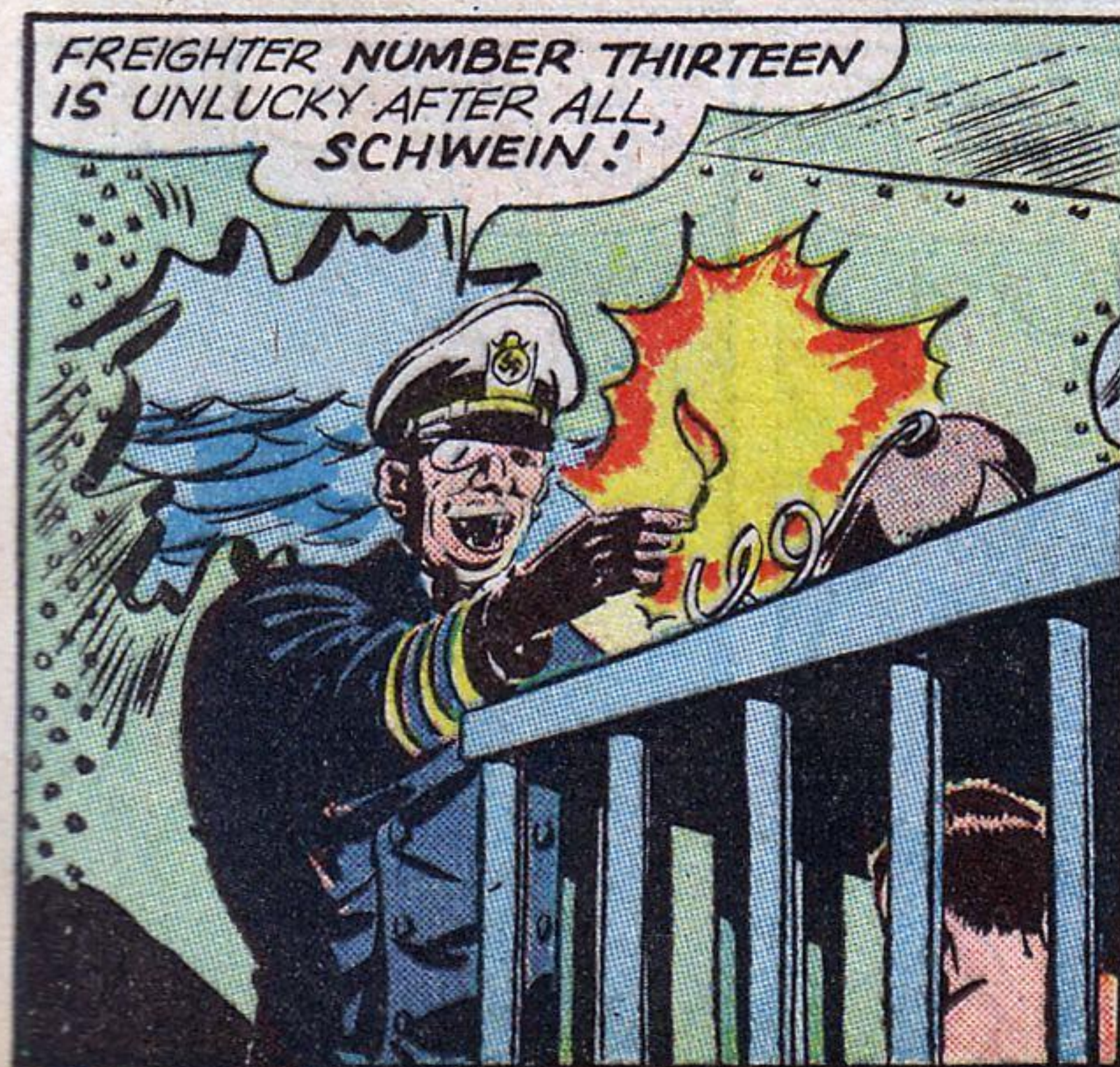
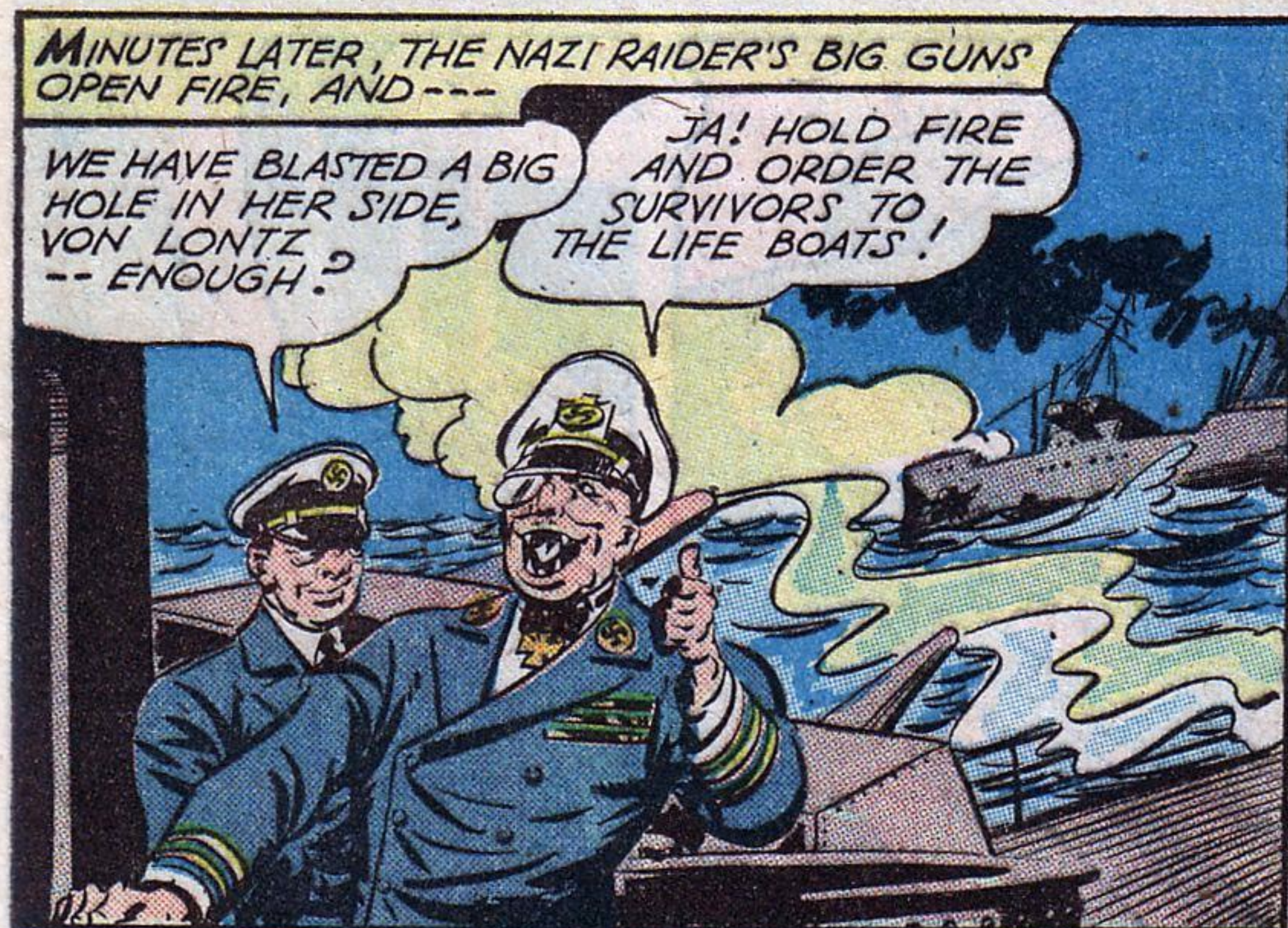
SOON...

A NAZI SEA RAIDER! --- BET IT'S TIED UP WITH THAT PHONEY NAVY PLANE!

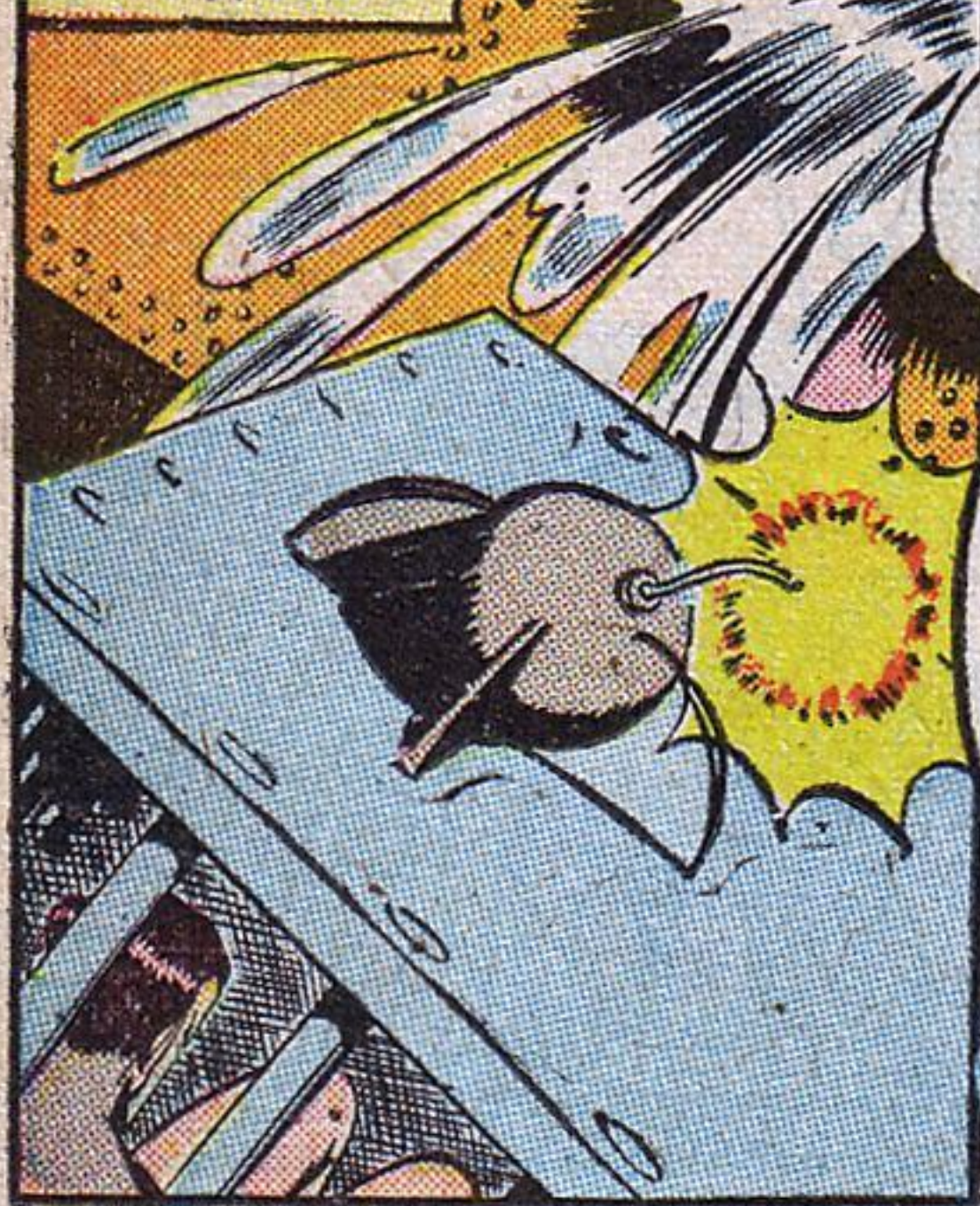






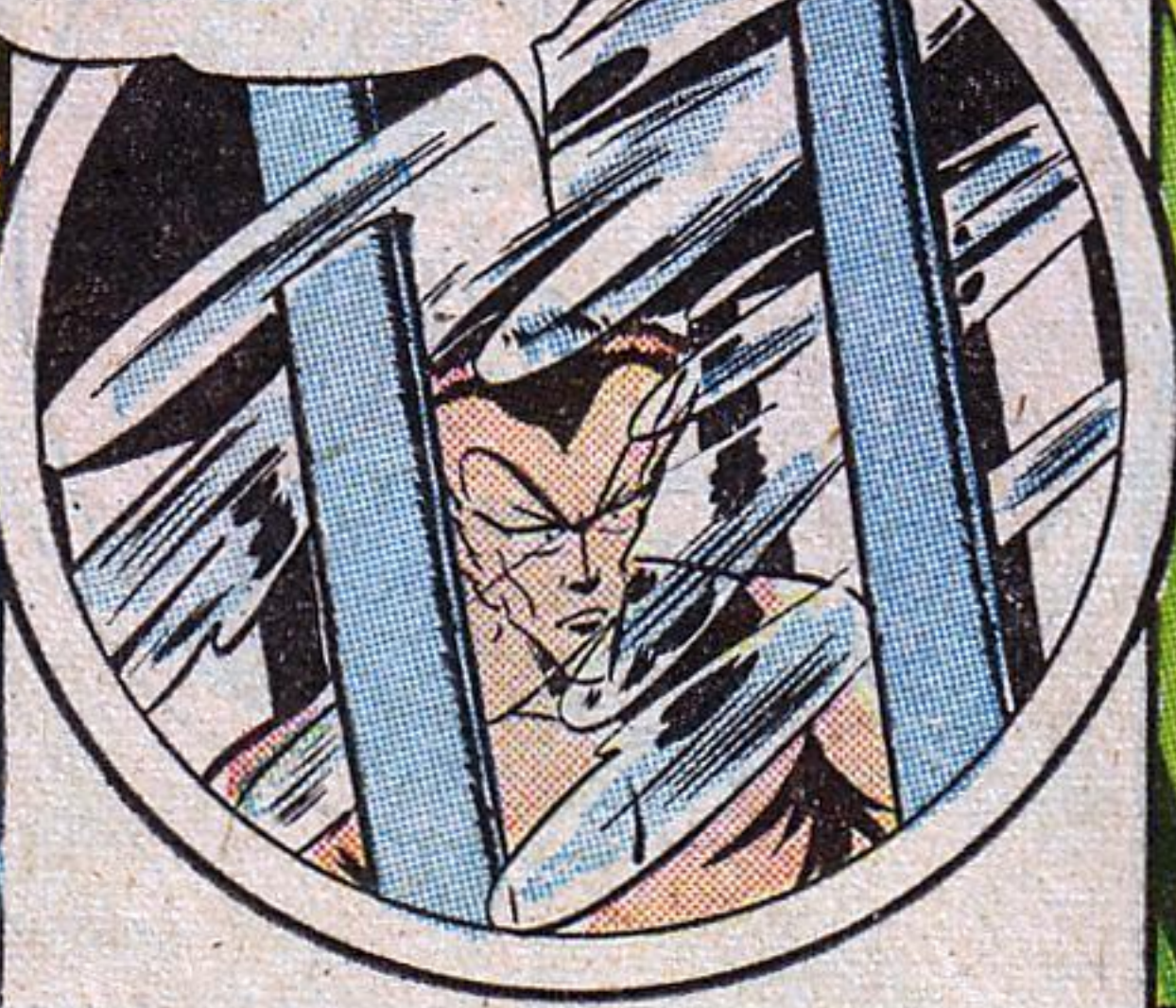


SECONDS LATER --- THE
FREIGHTER LISTS HEAVILY AND
WATER STARTS POURING INTO
HER HOLD.



WATER --- SUBMARINER'S
GREATEST FRIEND ---
REVIVES HIM!

OH -- MY HEAD!
WHA --- ?
WHERE --- ?



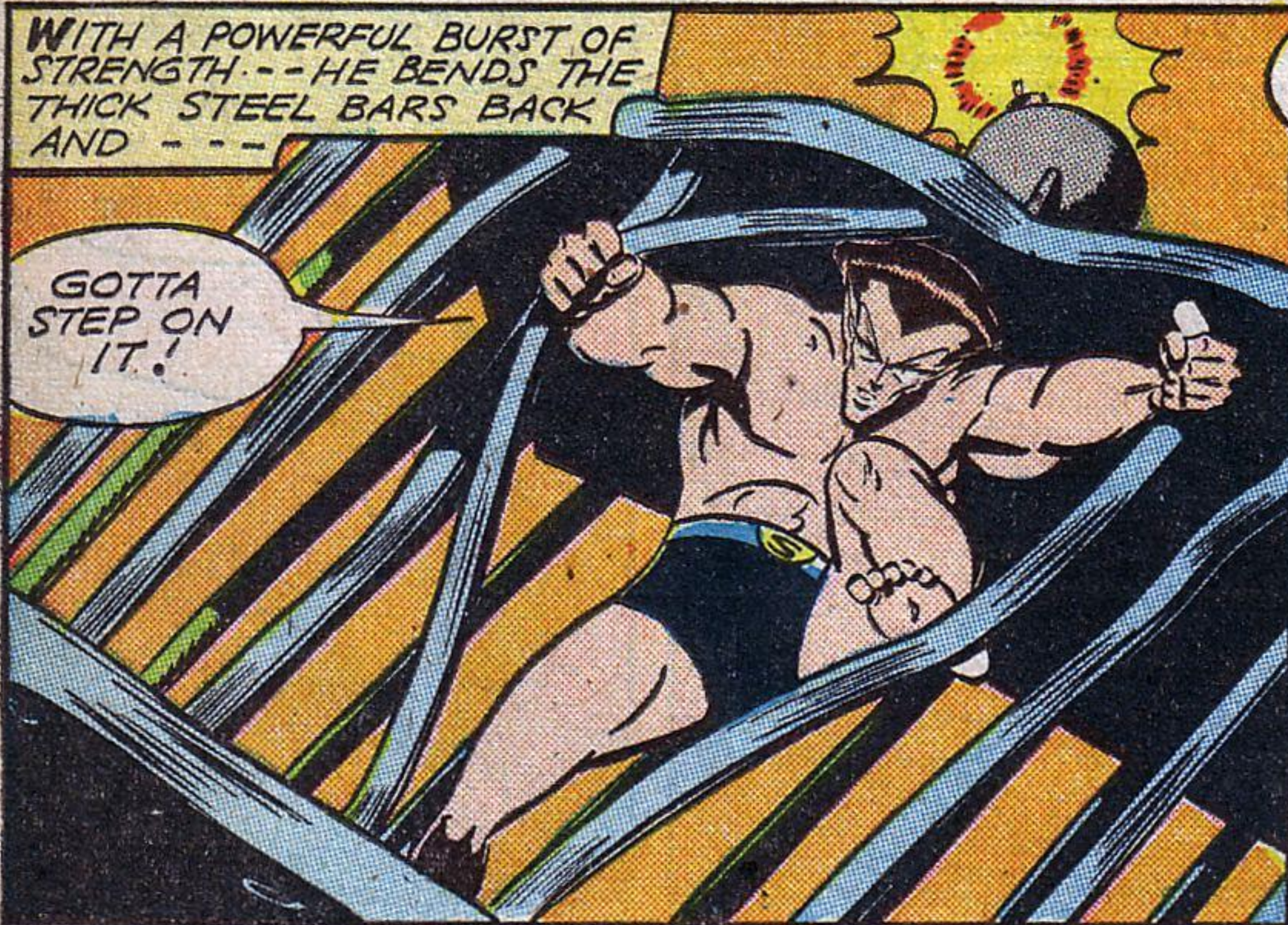
THEN NAMOR SEES THE
REAL DANGER ...

A FUSE BOMB!



WITH A POWERFUL BURST OF
STRENGTH --- HE BENDS THE
THICK STEEL BARS BACK
AND ---

GOTTA
STEP ON
IT!

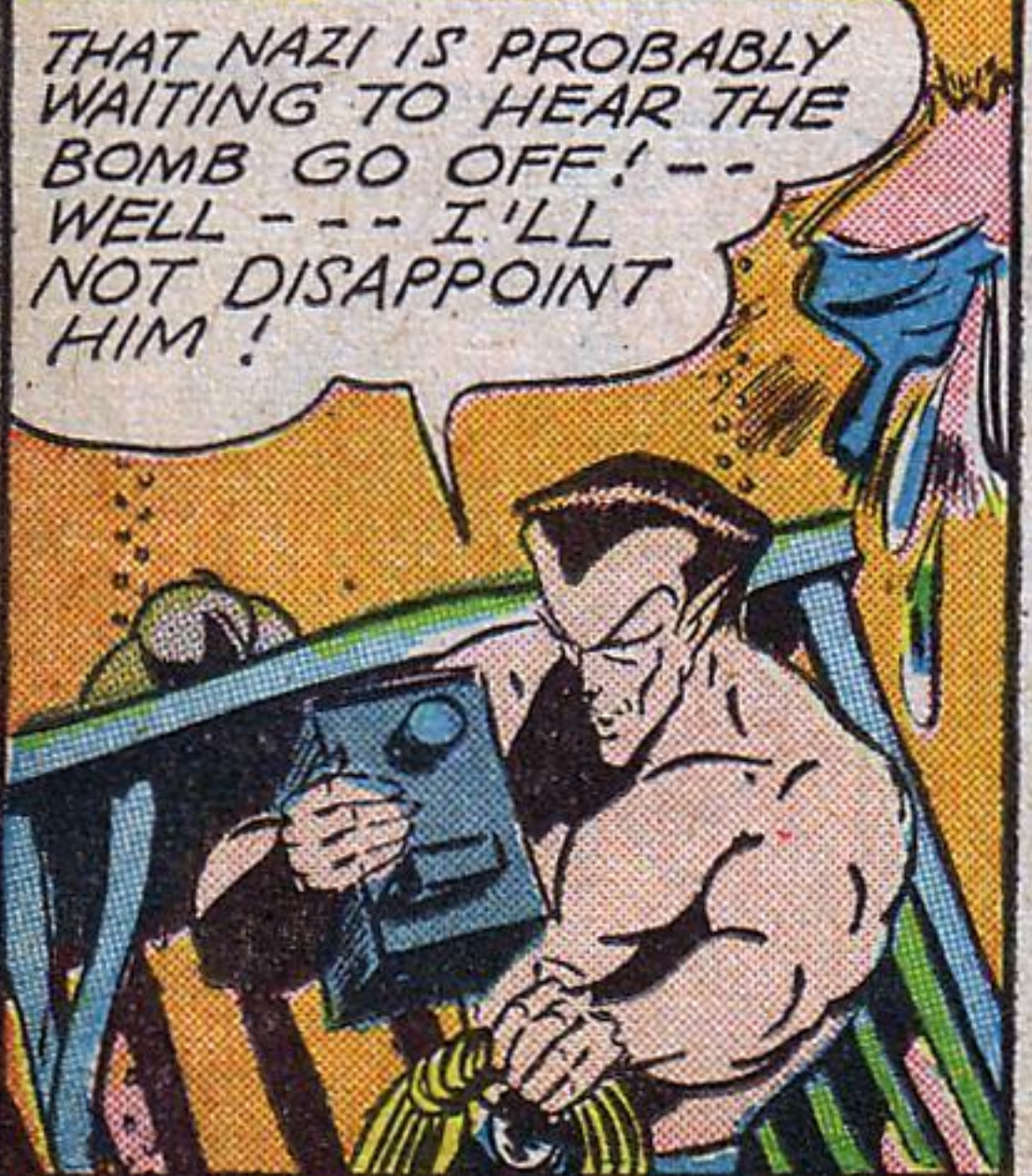


THERE!



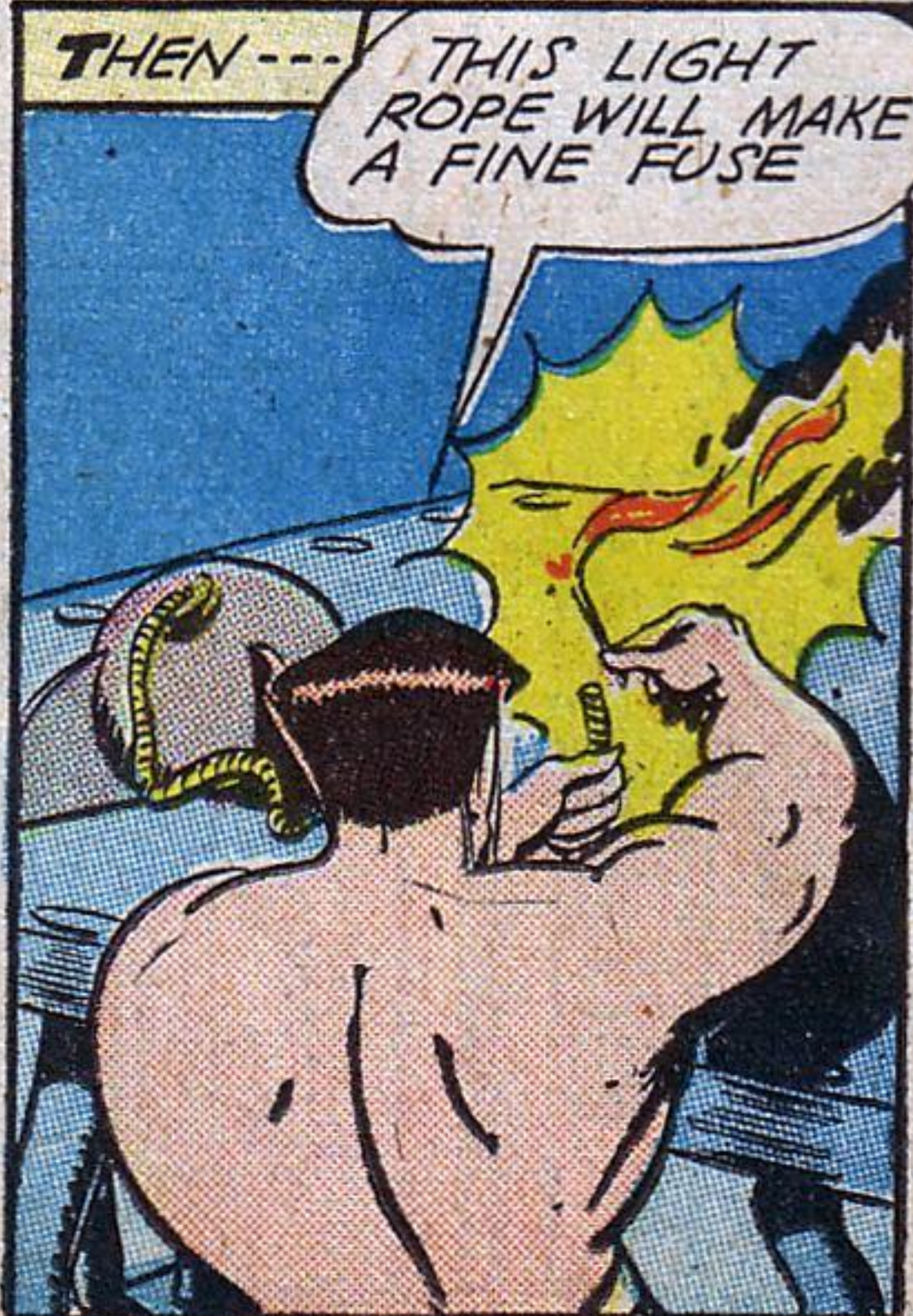
BUT SUBMARINER HAS SOME
CLEVER TRICKS OF HIS OWN--
HE SALVAGES SOME OF THE
FREIGHTER'S CARGO ...

THAT NAZI IS PROBABLY
WAITING TO HEAR THE
BOMB GO OFF! ---
WELL --- I'LL
NOT DISAPPOINT
HIM!

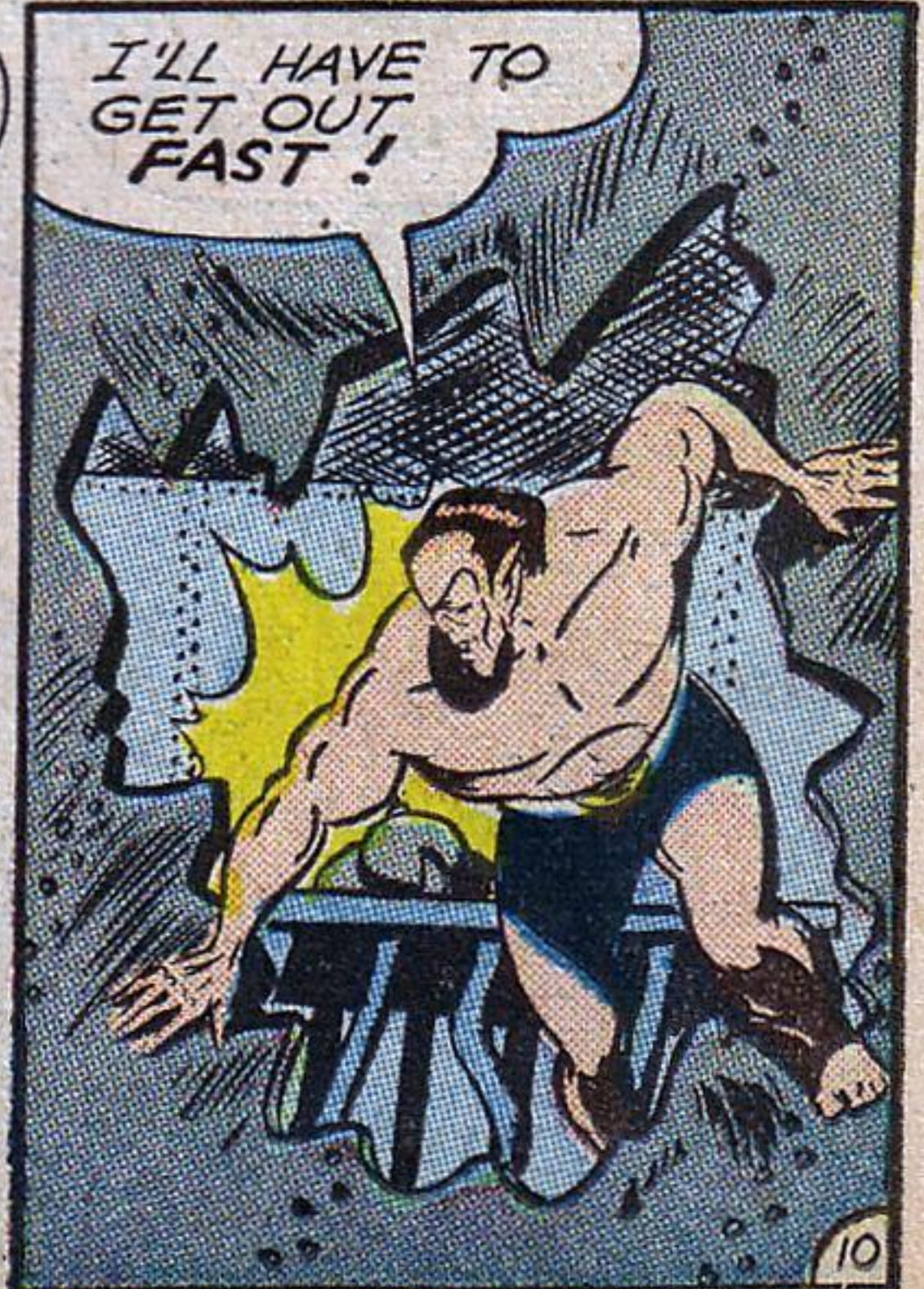


THEN ---

THIS LIGHT
ROPE WILL MAKE
A FINE FUSE



I'LL HAVE TO
GET OUT
FAST!



SCANT SECONDS LATER AS NAMOR
DIVES OVER THE SIDE...



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY VON
LONTZ HEARS THE EXPLOSION!

GOOT! GOOT!
THE END OF THE
FREIGHTER AND
SUBMARINER!
NOW ONLY THE
SURVIVORS ARE
LEFT!

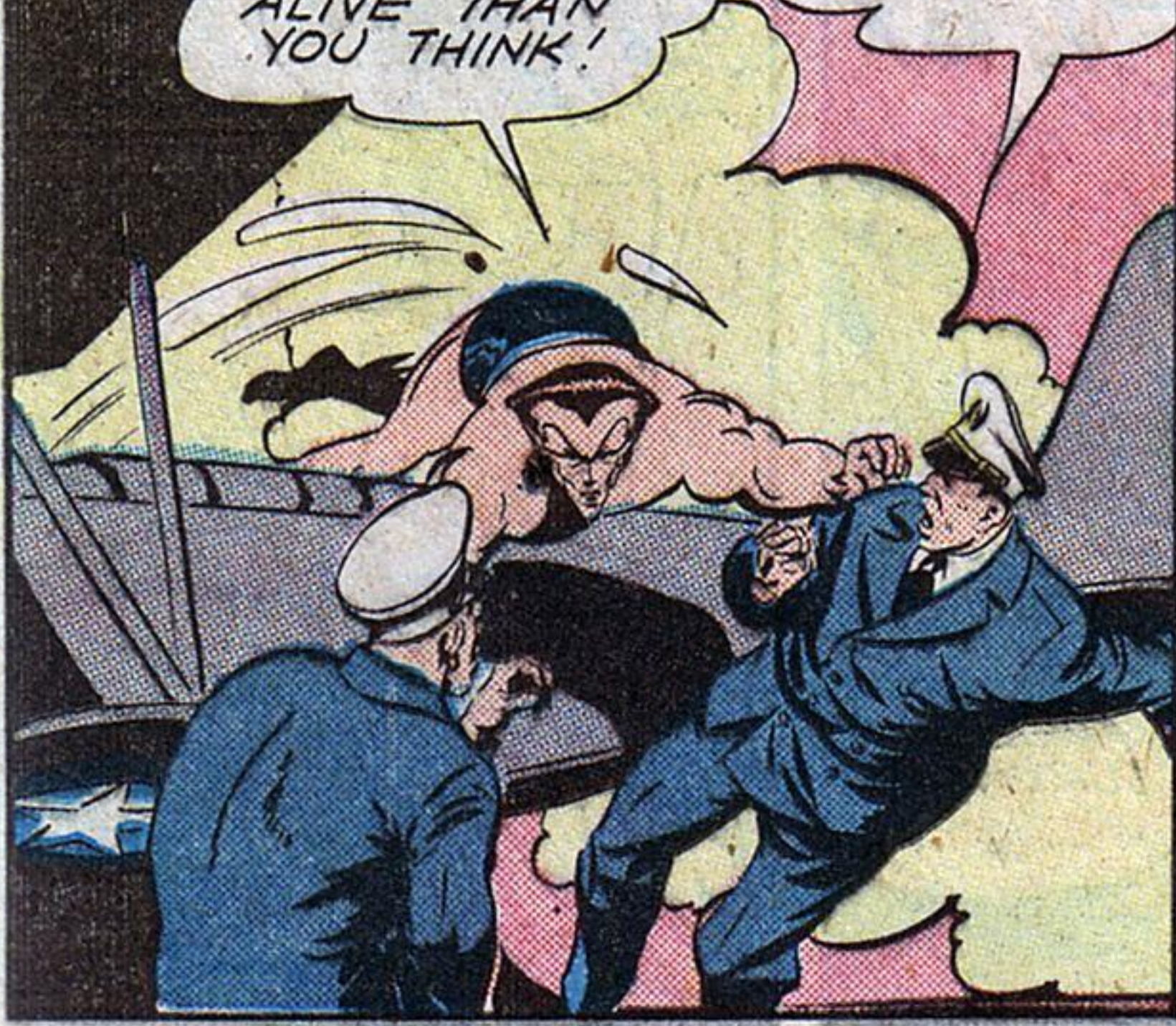
DER
FEUHRER
WILL REWARD
YOU WELL FOR
KILLING DAT
GREAT AMERICAN,
SUBMARINER!



But--

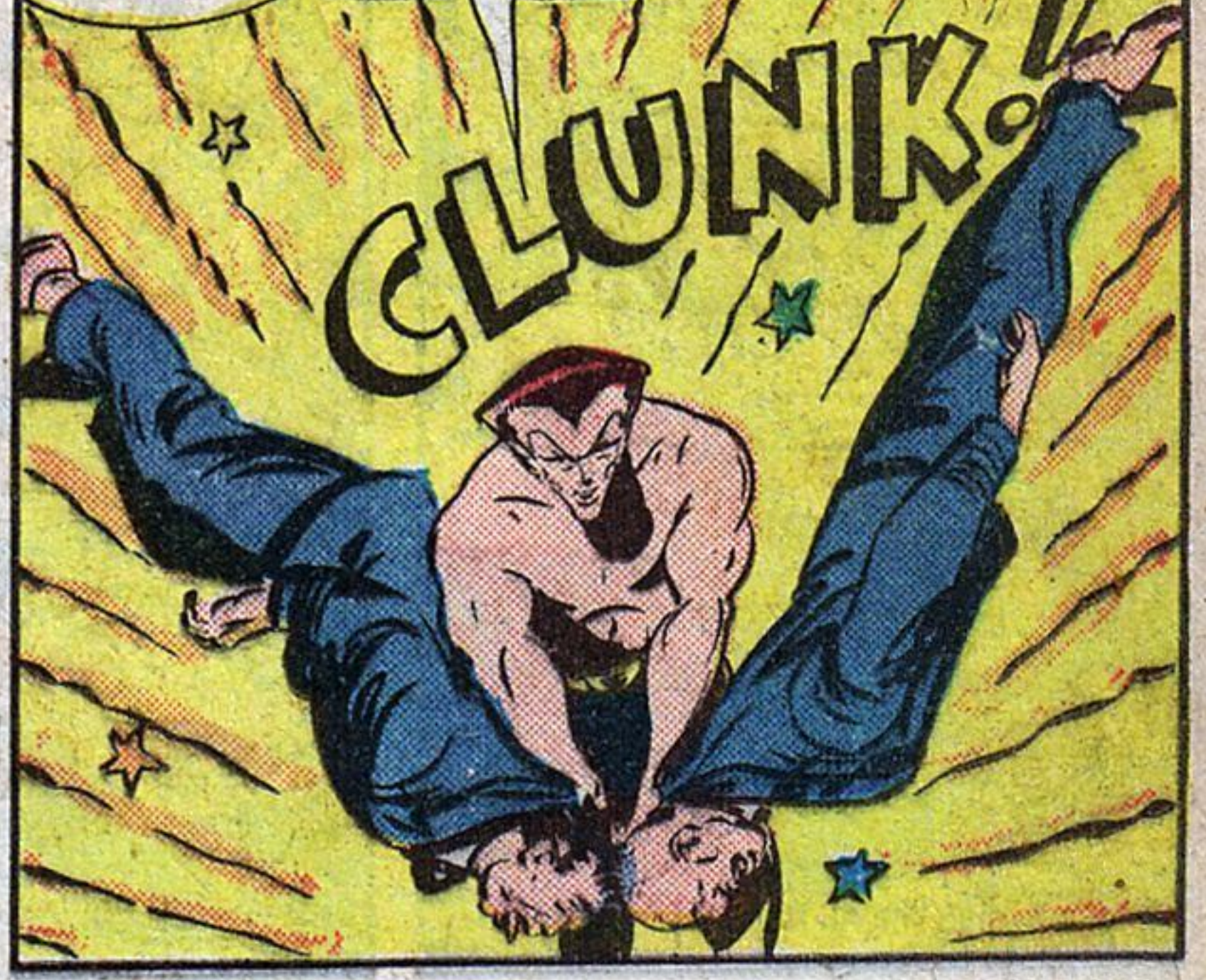
I'M MORE
ALIVE THAN
YOU THINK!

H-HIM!



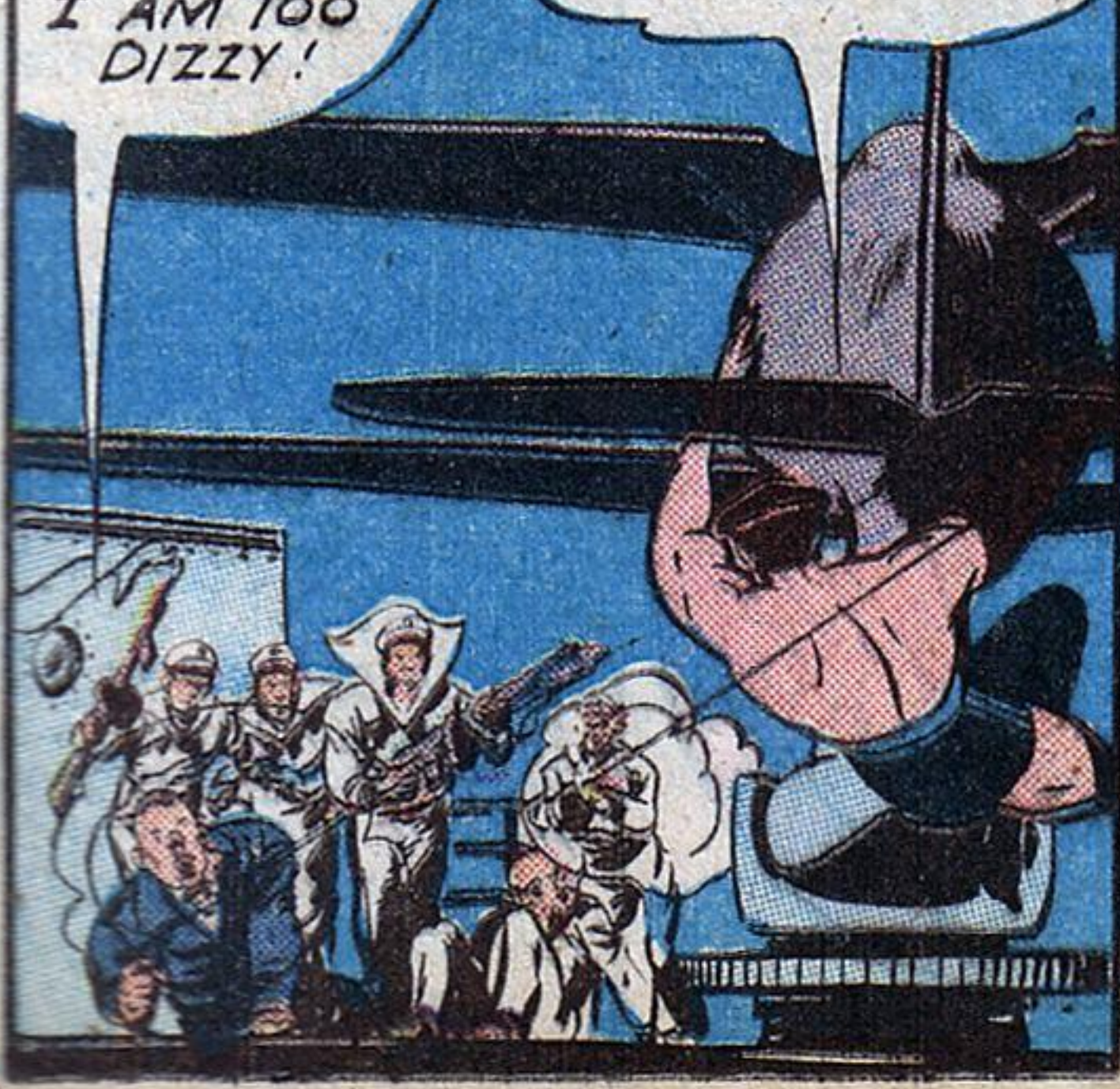
PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER
AND TRY TO FIGURE IT
OUT!

CLUNK!



SHOOT HIM!
KILL HIM!
-- ACH --
I AM TOO
DIZZY!

I'LL PUT THIS
PHONEY PLANE
TO GOOD USE!



LOOK OUDT!

HE IS GOING
TO THROW
DER PLANE
AT US!



LIKE A THUNDERBOLT OF DEATH,
THE PLANE CRASHES DOWN
ON VON LONTZ AND
THE NAZI SAILORS!

THE TITLE OF
THE LAST ACT
IS **SCUTTLING,
THE SHIP!**

KEEP YOUR SHIRTS ON,
SWASTIKA-BENDERS--
THE SHOW'S ONLY
HALF OVER!

SECONDS LATER--

NOW FOR A QUICK EXIT
BEFORE THIS AMMUNITION
STARTS POPPING!

SUBMARINER DIVES OFF
AND SOON ---

BOOM!

NEXT STOP
IS TO GET
HELP FOR
THE
FREIGHTER'S
SURVIVORS!

SIT TIGHT, LADDIES!
I'LL FIND SOME
UNITED NATIONS
SHIP TO PICK
YOU UP!

SOME HOURS LATER, A BRITISH
DESTROYER RESCUES THE MEN.

CAN'T YOU EVEN
HAVE A CUP OF
TEA WITH US,
SUBMARINER?

SORRY,
CAPTAIN ---

-- I'VE GOT TO SCOOT
BACK TO THE MARITIME
COMMISSION IN AMERICA
TO MAKE MY REPORT
AND CLOSE THE CASE!

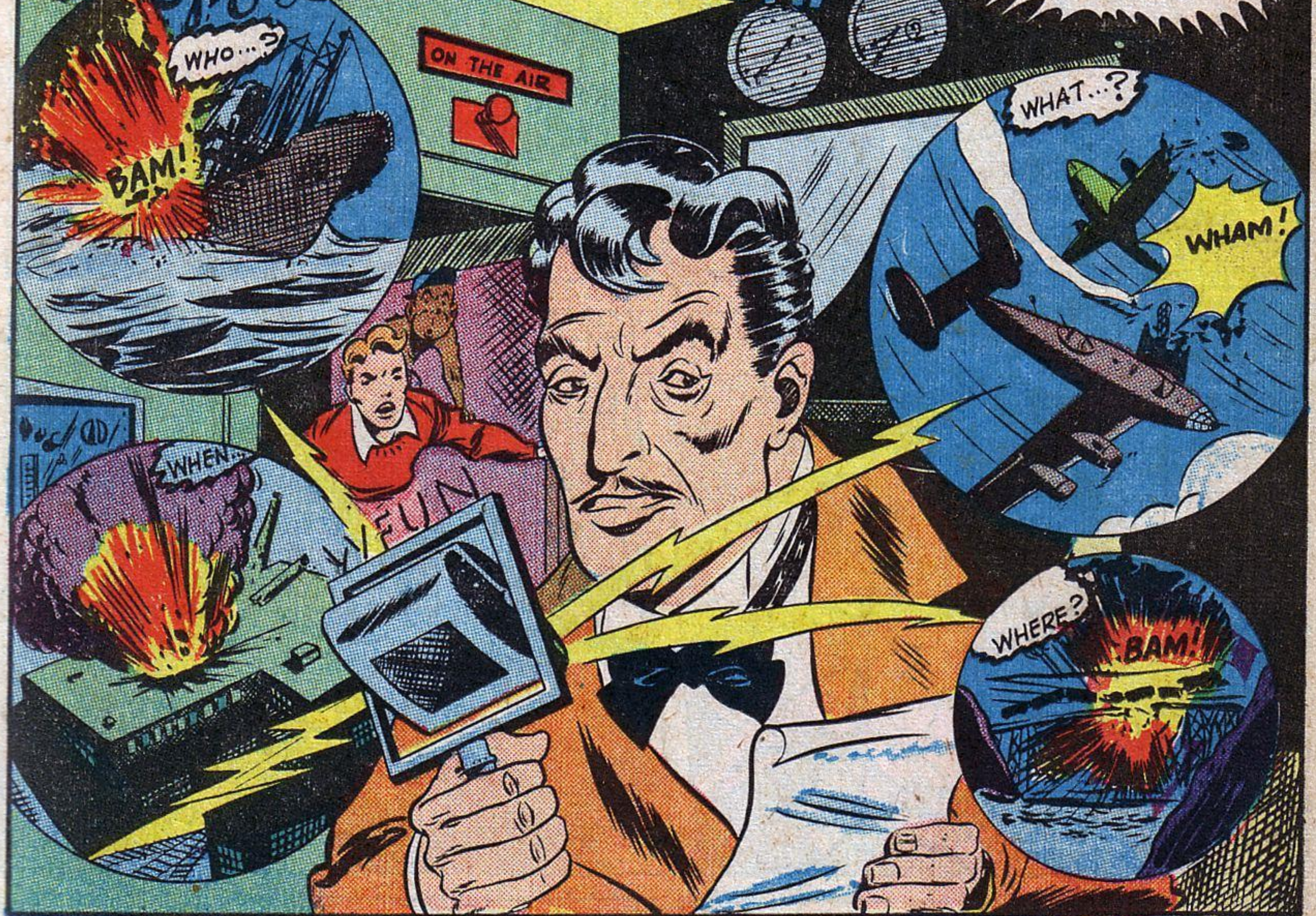
FAST AND FURIOUS
IS THE ONLY WAY
TO DESCRIBE
THE MIGHTY PRINCE
OF THE SEA!
AND **FAST**
AND **FURIOUS**
ARE THE
ADVENTURES
HE EXPERIENCES
IN
EVERY ISSUE
OF
MARVEL COMICS!

HE'LL BE BACK
WITH ANOTHER
THRILL-PACKED STORY
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THIS MAGAZINE--
ON THE STANDS IN
A MONTH!

Terry Vance

SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

TERRY AND DEADLINE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS BUT EVEN THAT DIDN'T HELP IN THE CASE OF THE SPY MASTER'S QUIZ!



A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON FINDS TERRY AND DR. WATSON OUT FOR A WALK

TERRY! I'VE DONE IT! I'LL BE RICH! FAMOUS!

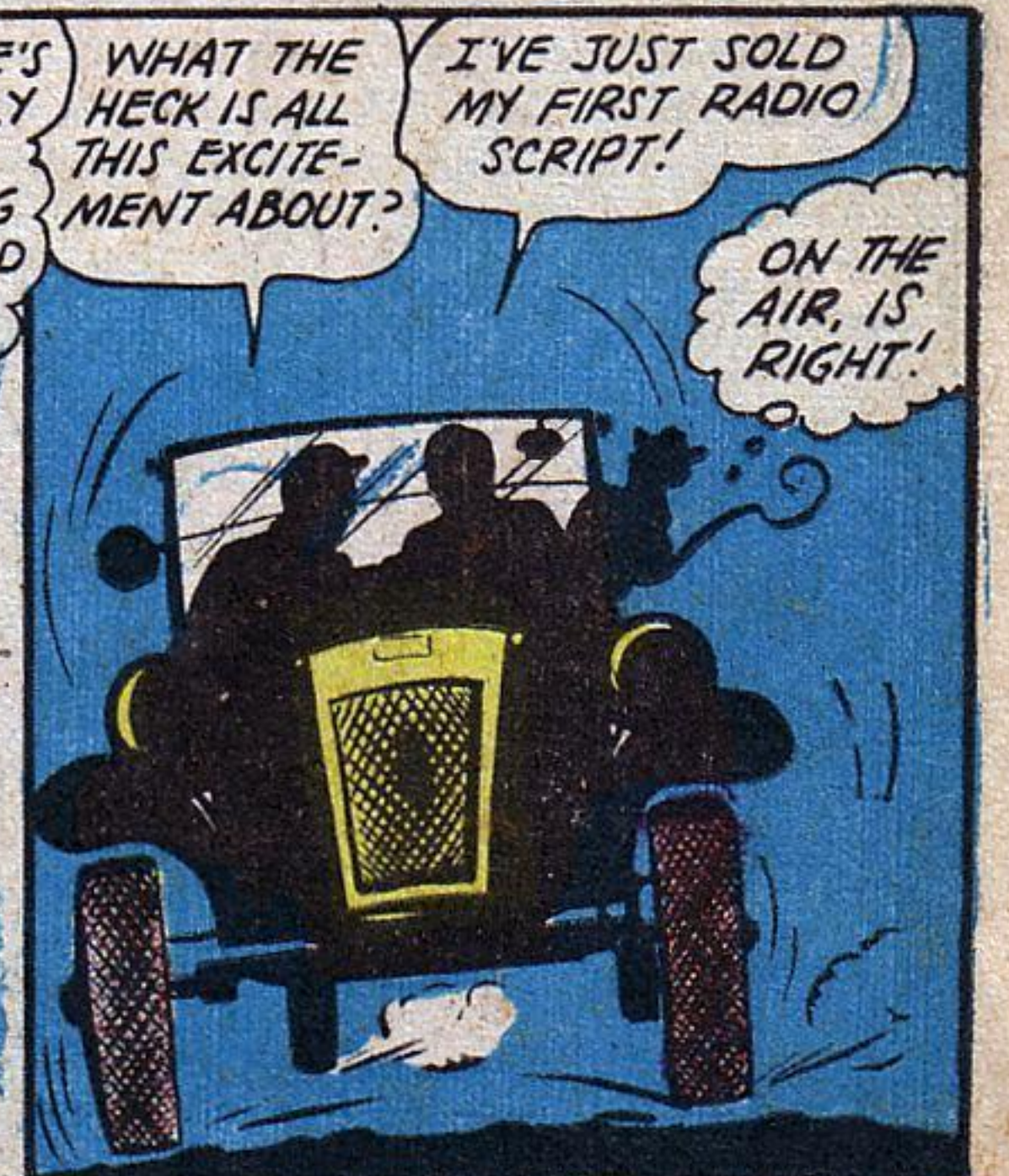
HUH-OH, HI, DEADLINE!



HOP IN! I'LL GET YOU IN FREE WITH ME!

WHERE? THE BUG HOUSE? TAKE IT EASY!

TEH! HE'S PROBABLY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AGAIN!



WHAT THE HECK IS ALL THIS EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

I'VE JUST SOLD MY FIRST RADIO SCRIPT!

ON THE AIR, IS RIGHT!



BIG TIME, EH?
GREAT STUFF!
WHEN WILL
THE FIRST
PROGRAM BE
BROADCAST?

IN FIVE MINUTES...
WE'RE ON OUR
WAY TO THE
STUDIO NOW!
HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE ♪
AGAIN!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER--

HERE WE ARE!
HURRY!

CAN DR.
WATSON
COME
TOO?

DON'T
THINK
YOU'RE
GOING TO
LEAVE ME
BEHIND!



GOSH! I'M SORRY,
BUT THAT'S NOT
PERMITTED! NO
ANIMALS--
SNAP IT
UP!

OKAY!
THIS WILL
KEEP HIM
HAPPY-- HE
CAN LISTEN
IN ANYWAY!

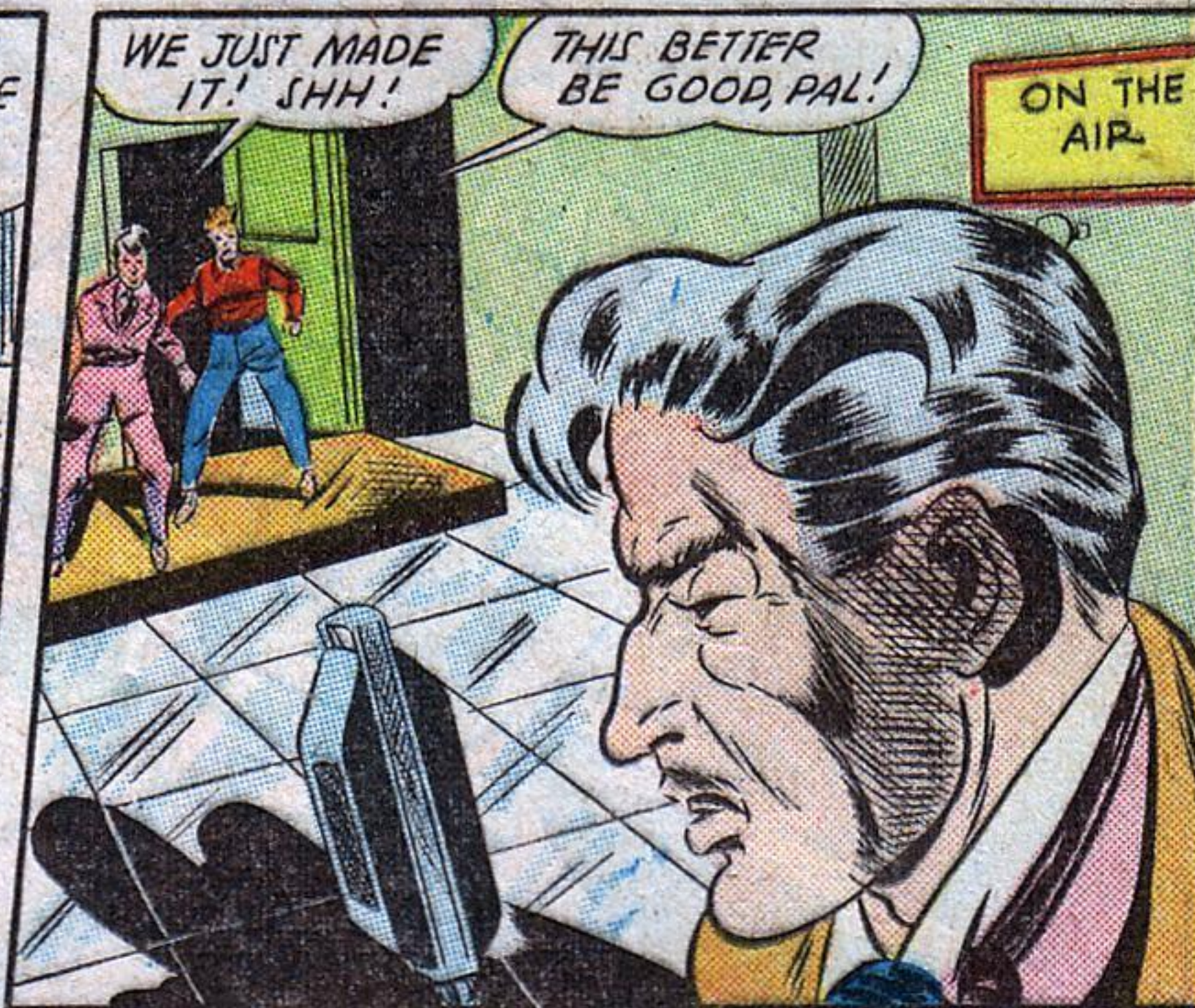
HUH! SO I'M
TO BE LEFT
OUT IN THE
COLD-- IT
ISN'T FAIR!



OKAY!
GO ON IN!

WHAT KIND
OF A SHOW
IS IT?

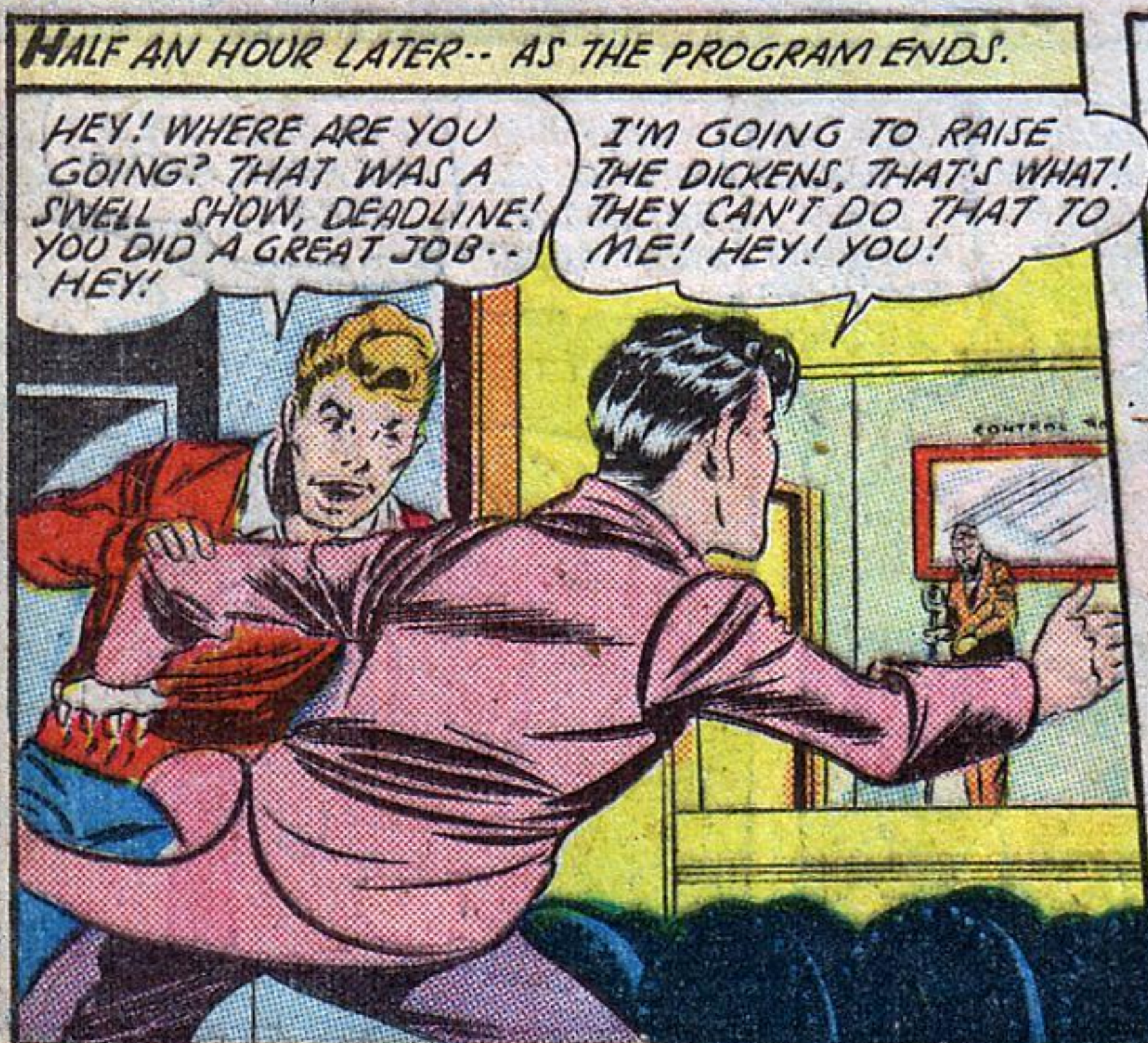
QUIZ PROGRAM! IT'S
STEADY, TOO! ALL THE
BOYS ON THE PAPER
WILL BE LISTENING!



WE JUST MADE
IT! SHH!

THIS BETTER
BE GOOD, PAL!

ON THE
AIR



HALF AN HOUR LATER-- AS THE PROGRAM ENDS.

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? THAT WAS A
SWELL SHOW, DEADLINE!
YOU DID A GREAT JOB--
HEY!

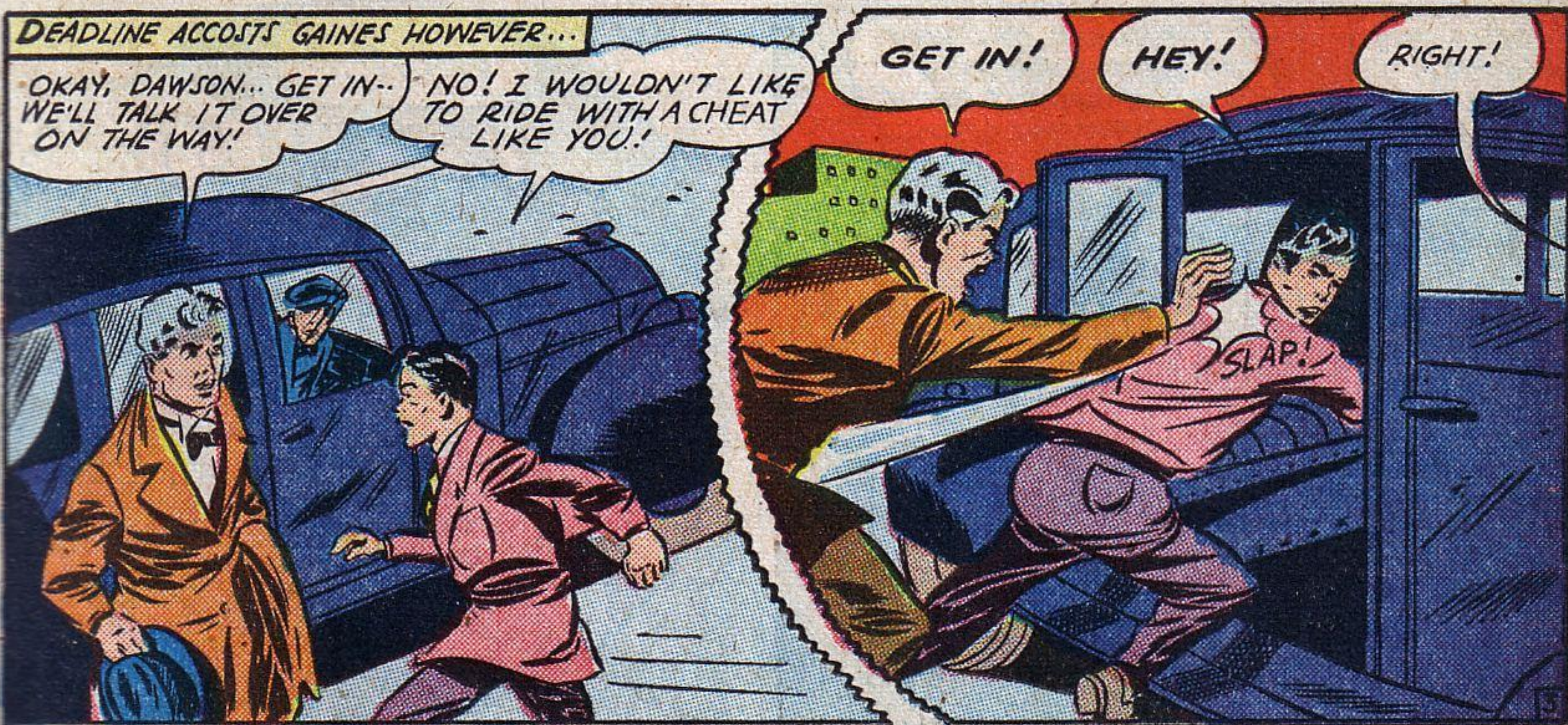
I'M GOING TO RAISE
THE DICKENS, THAT'S WHAT!
THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO
ME! HEY! YOU!



COME BACK
HERE! IT
WASN'T THAT
BAD!

OUT OF
MY WAY!

SORRY, BUD...
NO ORDERS!





GOSH! THE WAY THEY DO BUSINESS THESE DAYS! SAY! I LEFT MY HAT UP THERE! BE RIGHT BACK, DOC! YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME, I KNOW!

SURE-- OLD FAITHFUL, THAT'S ME!



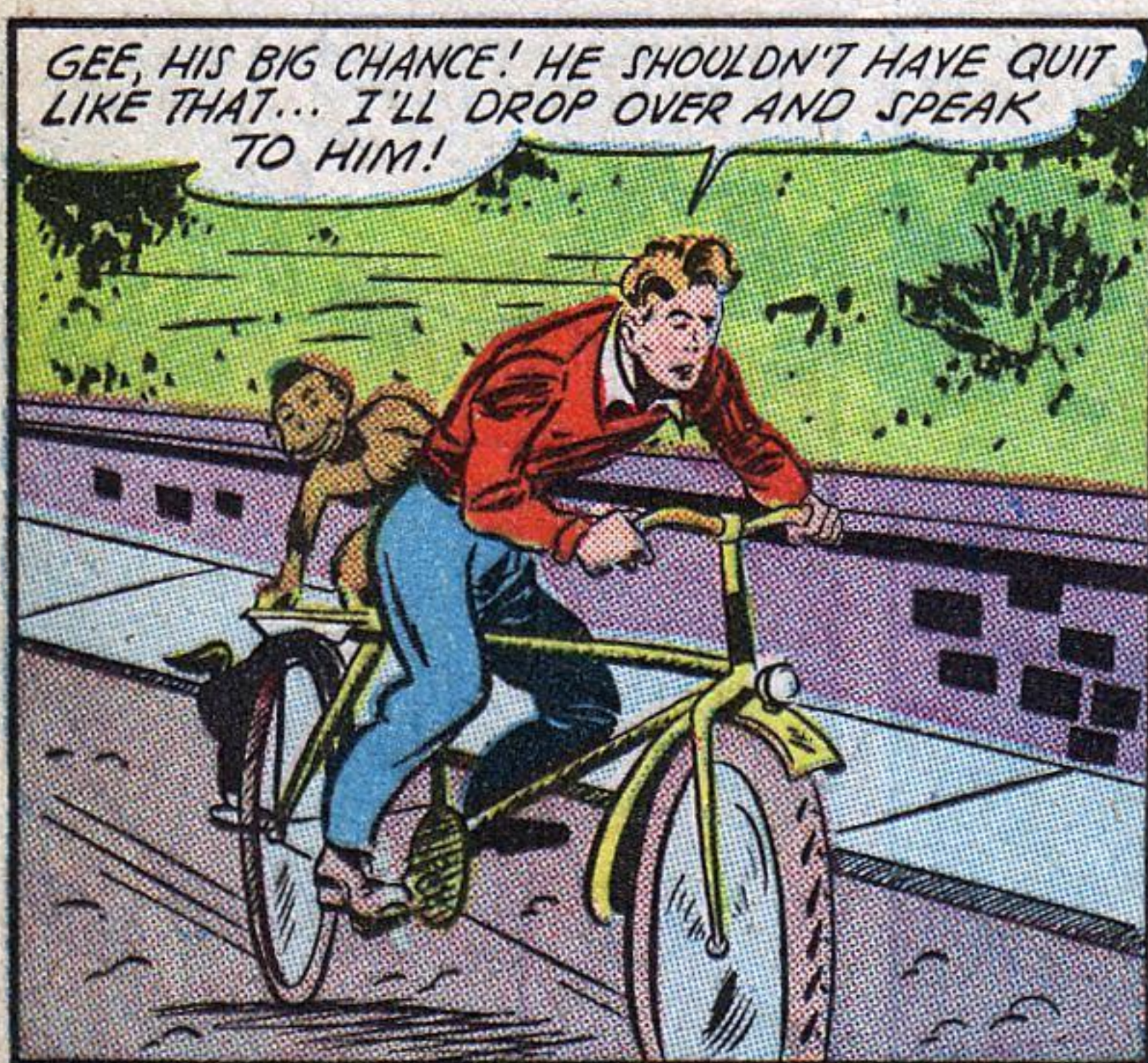
BACK IN THE STUDIO... SAY, HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHY THAT QUIZ SCRIPT WAS CHANGED? MY FRIEND WROTE IT AND...

OH, I'VE SEEN THAT HAPPEN BEFORE! THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE TURN-OVER IN WRITERS-- TOO BAD!

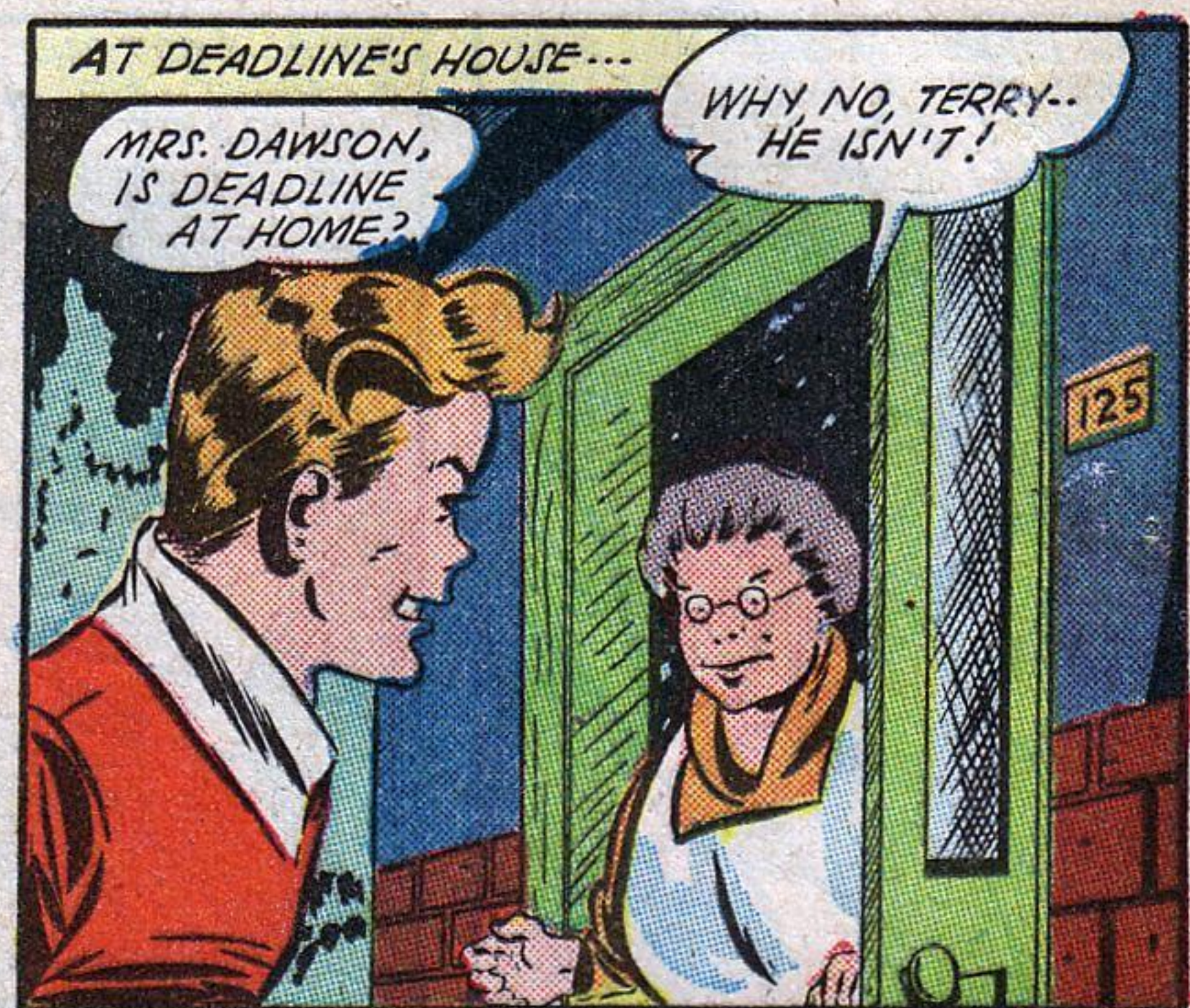


THE NEXT AFTERNOON THERE IS ANOTHER BROADCAST... THIS PROGRAM WAS WRITTEN BY GEORGE GREEN!

HOLY SMOKES! DEADLINE MUST HAVE QUIT FLAT!... I'M SURE HE SAID IT WAS TO BE A STEADY ASSIGNMENT...



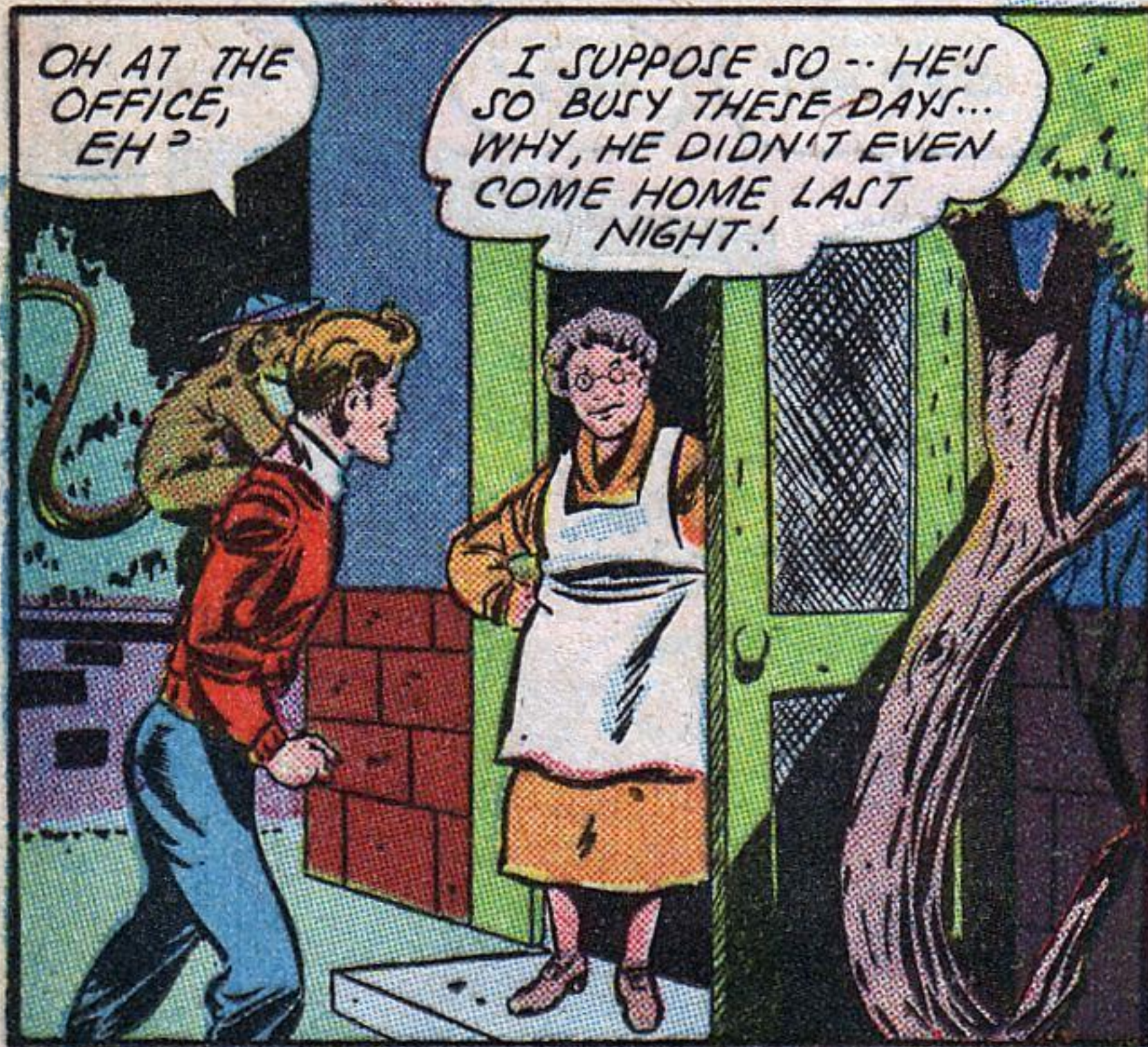
GEE, HIS BIG CHANCE! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE QUIT LIKE THAT... I'LL DROP OVER AND SPEAK TO HIM!



AT DEADLINE'S HOUSE...

MRS. DAWSON, IS DEADLINE AT HOME?

WHY NO, TERRY-- HE ISN'T!



OH AT THE OFFICE, EH?

I SUPPOSE SO -- HE'S SO BUSY THESE DAYS... WHY, HE DIDN'T EVEN COME HOME LAST NIGHT!

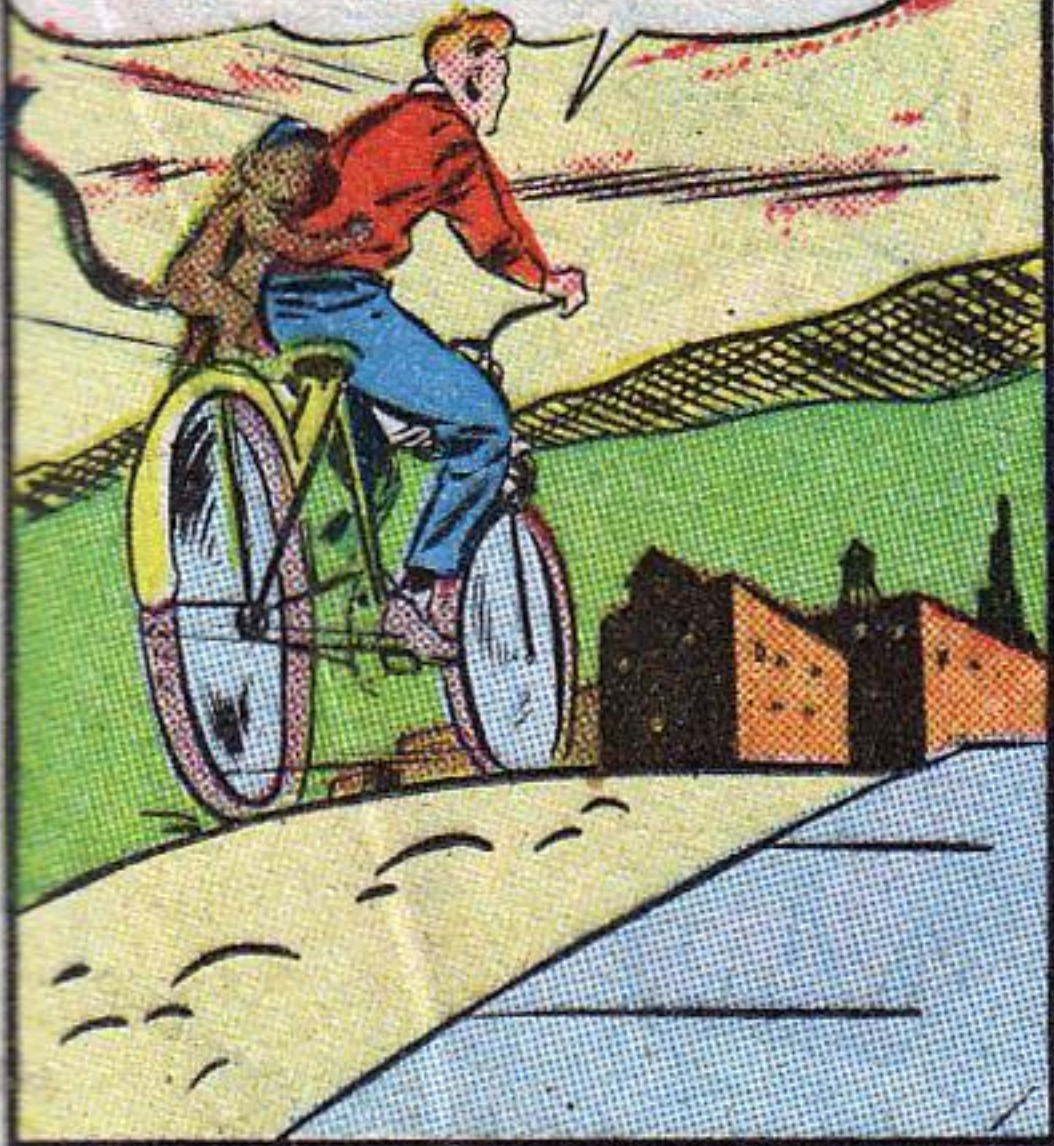


WHAT?

WHY THE DIRTY STAY-OUT!

TERRY PEDALS FURIOUSLY...

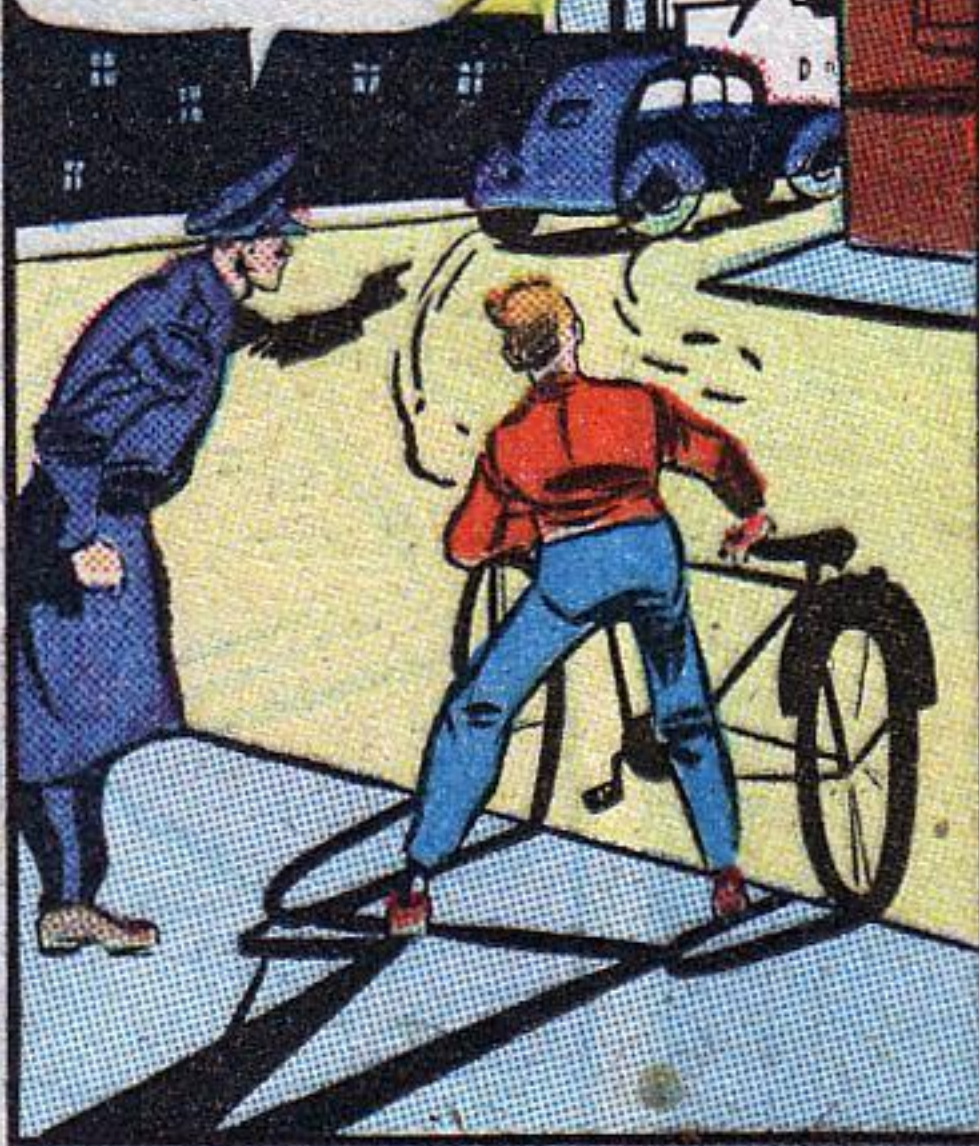
THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY STRANGE GOING ON HERE! I HOPE THAT MR. GAINES HASN'T LEFT THE STATION YET... AND WE'LL FIND OUT!



MINUTES LATER... AT THE BROADCASTING STATION...

MR. GAINES? THERE HE GOES NOW, SONNY!

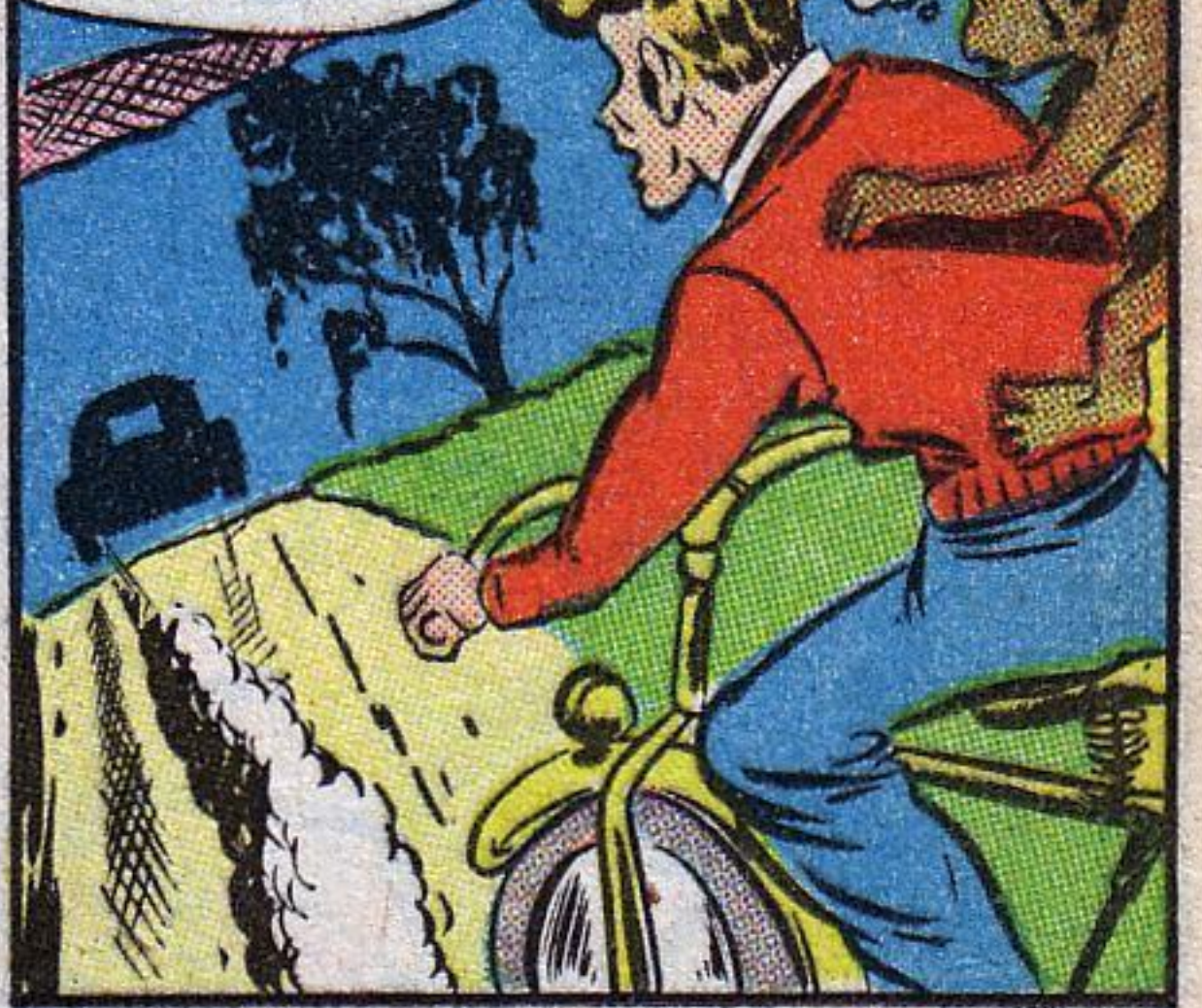
OH! THANKS!



TERRY TRAILS GAINES' CAR OUT OF THE CITY...

WE MANAGED TO KEEP UP TO THEM WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF STREET LIGHTS-- BUT WE'RE SURE TO LOSE HIM NOW! DARN!

MAYBE HE'LL RUN OUT OF GAS!



ONE HOUR LATER... AFTER TEDIOUS TRACKING AND TRAILING!

LUCKY THERE AREN'T MANY CARS ON THE ROAD THESE DAYS... IT LOOKS AS IF THEY TURNED OFF HERE! LET'S GO, DOC!

CHK! CHK!



THEN, FINALLY...

THERE IT IS-- OH, SHUCKS! IT'S OFF AGAIN!



WE'D NEVER CATCH IT NOW-- IT'S GETTING DARK! BEST THING FOR US TO DO IS TO LOOK THIS SHACK OVER!



TERRY MAKES A QUICK SEARCH...

NOTHING HERE BUT THE SPIDERS! LET'S... WHAT? FOUND SOMETHING?

CHK! CHK! CHKKK!

HEY-- WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!

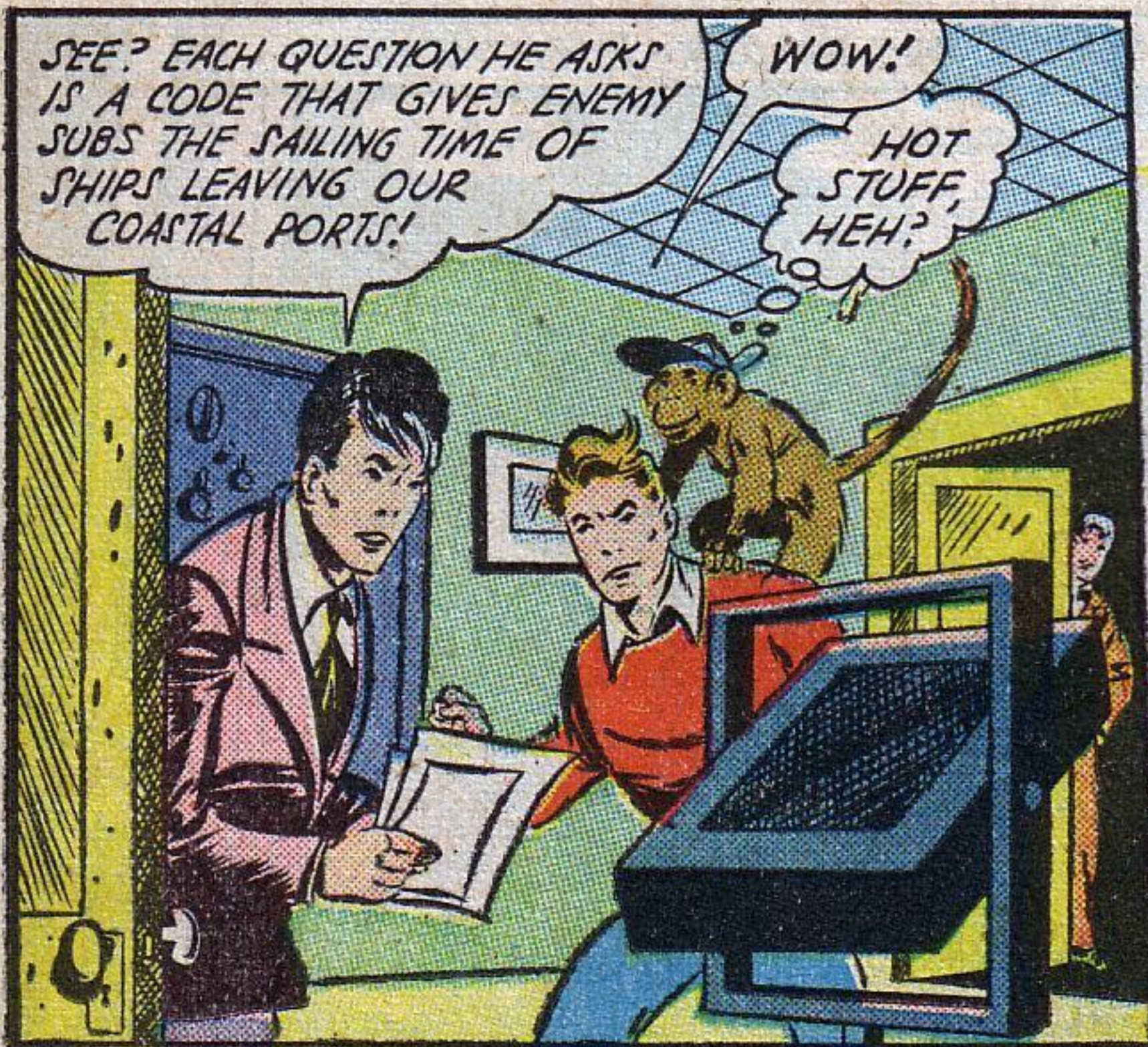
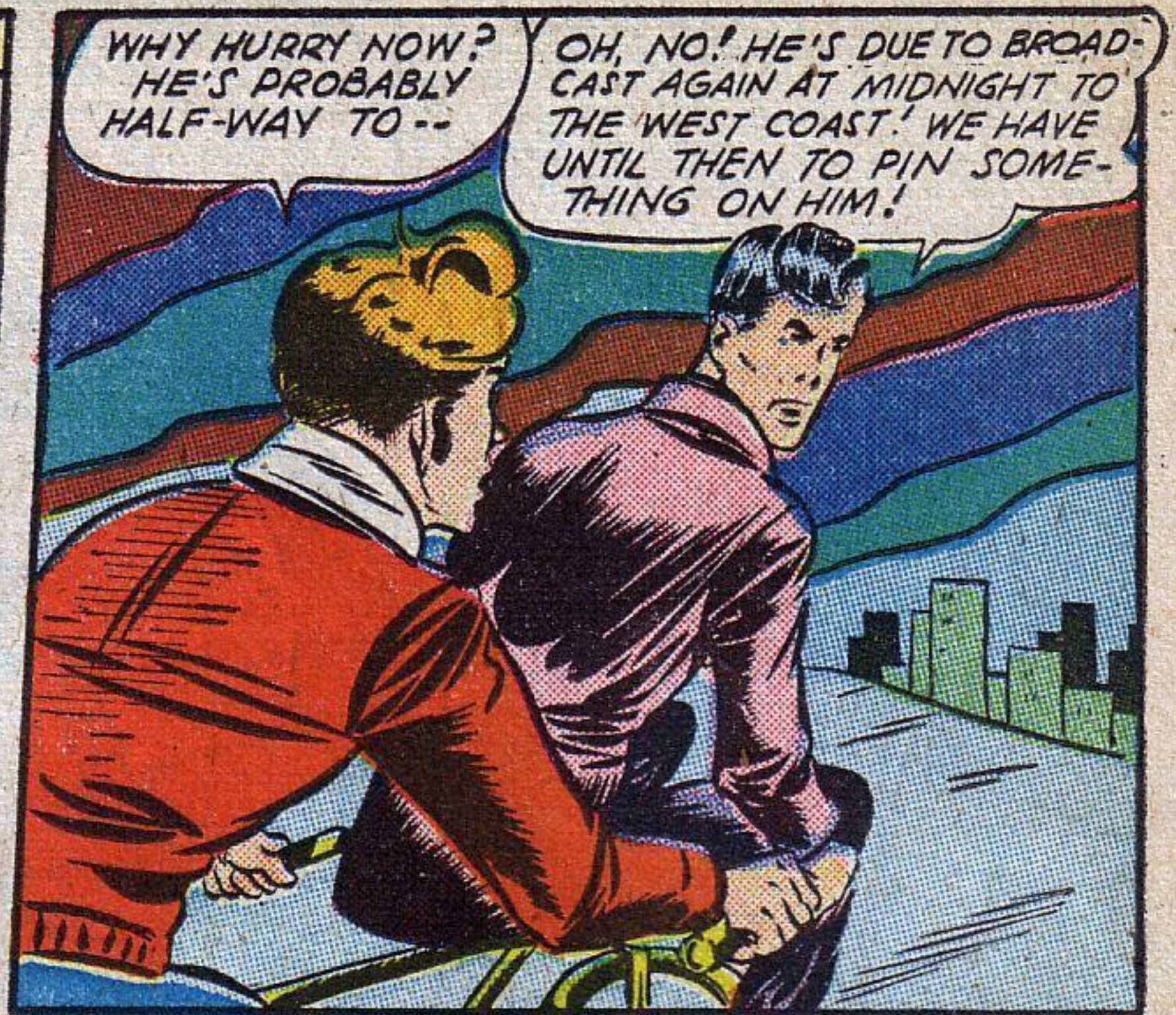
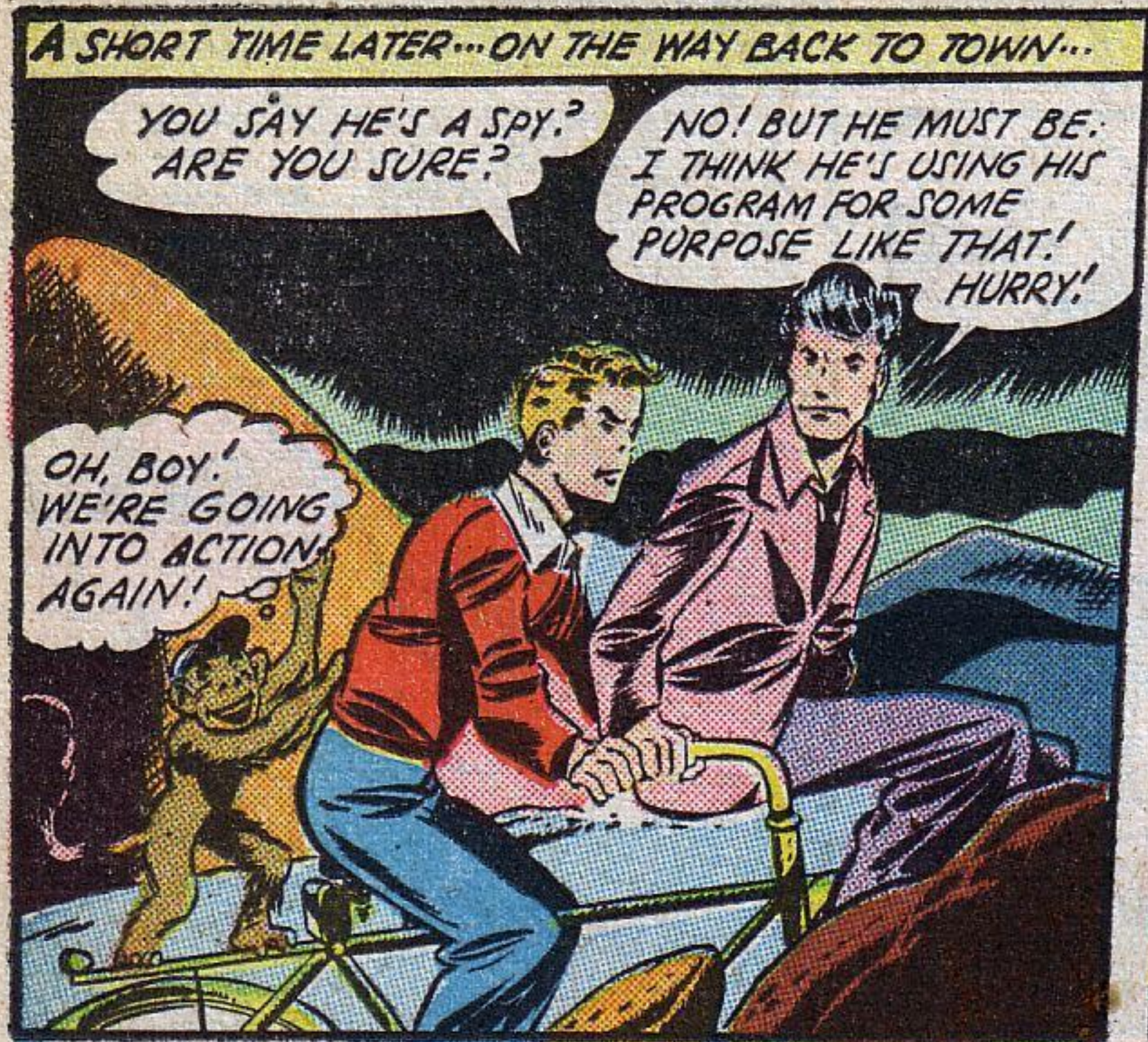


TERRY OPENS THE LOCK-- THEN THE DOOR--

DEADLINE!

FNNF--





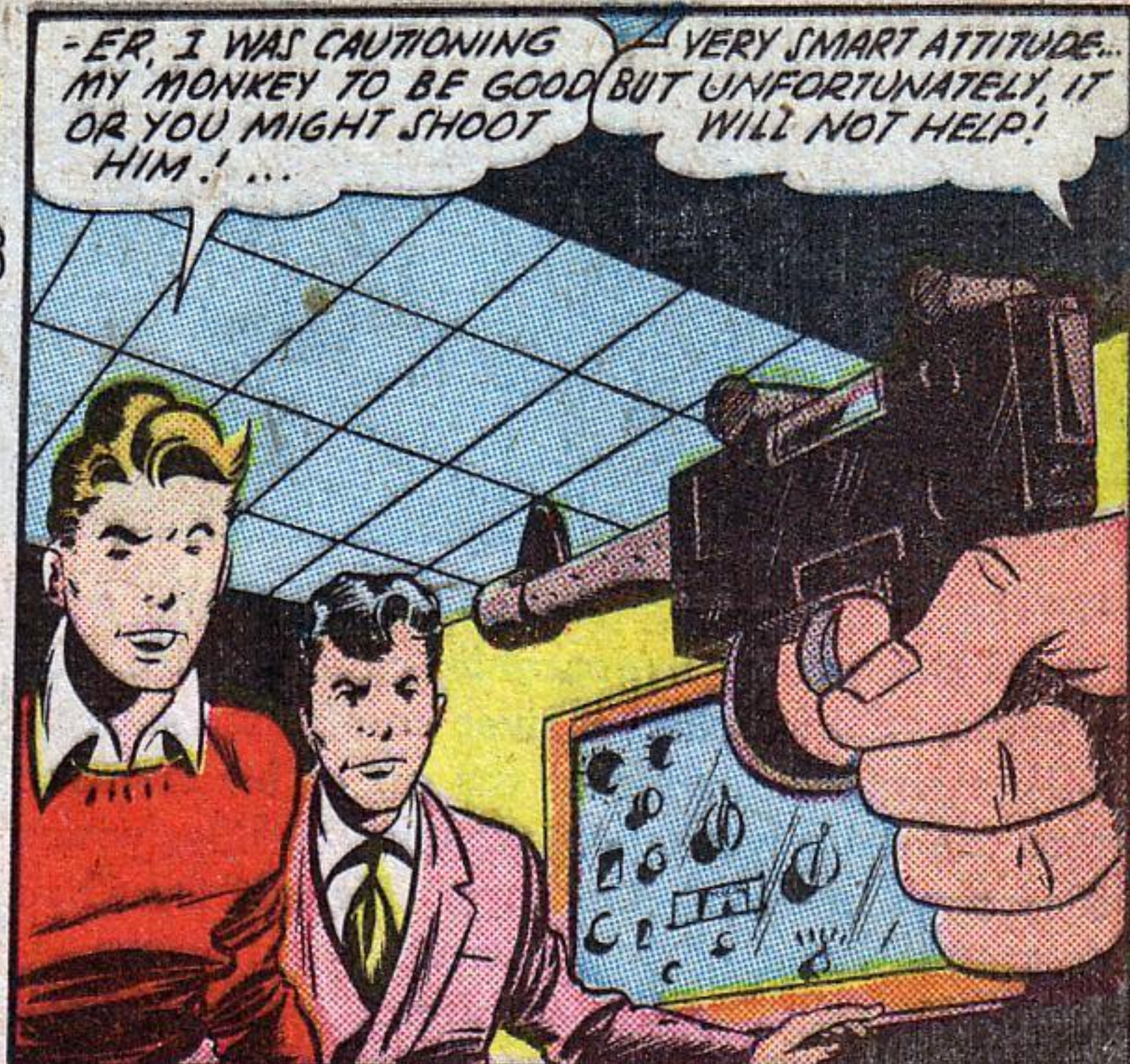


DR. WATSON
CREEPS
UNNOTICED
BEHIND
THE SPY!

YOU'RE A
DIRTY SPY...
AND WE
CAN PROVE
IT!

AH! BUT NO-ONE ELSE
SHALL EVER KNOW! I---
HERE! WHAT AMUSES
YOU?

OKAY, KEEED!
I KNOW WHAT
COMES NEXT!



-ER, I WAS CAUTIONING
MY MONKEY TO BE GOOD
OR YOU MIGHT SHOOT
HIM! ...

VERY SMART ATTITUDE...
BUT UNFORTUNATELY, IT
WILL NOT HELP!



YOU KNOW, I'VE CERTAINLY
GOT TO TAKE MY HAT
OFF TO YOU, MISTER!
YOU'VE CERTAINLY
GOT EVERYTHING
FIGURED OUT!

NATURALLY!
WE OF THE
THIRD REICH
SURPASS
YOUR INFERIOR
MINDS!!



YES, AND JUST AS MY RADIO
PROGRAM SINKS SHIPS-- SO
WILL YOUR DECADENT DEMO-
CRACIES FALL TO THE FORCE
OF THE NEW ORDER! HEIL
HITLER!



BEAUTIFUL SPEECH,
BUD! NOW DROP
THAT GUN, OR
I'LL DROP
YOU!

NICE WORK, KIDS!
WE HEARD THE
WHOLE THING
UPSTAIRS!



TERRY EXPLAINS...

I MOTIONED TO
DR. WATSON --
HE SIMPLY OBEYED
AND TURNED THE
MIKE ON! OKAY?

BOY, I'M GOOD,
I AM!

WONDERFUL!

HOLY
SMOKES!
IT'S TIME
FOR THAT
WEST COAST
BROADCAST!



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
TAKE THIS GUY'S
SCRIPT AND GO TO
TOWN IN HIS
PLACE!

BUT... BUT
I'D BE
HELPING
THE ENEMY!
IT'S CODE!



YOU'LL BE HELPING THEM,
ALL RIGHT-- TO A WATERY
GRAVE! I'LL SEE TO IT
THAT THE NAVY GETS
THERE THE SAME TIME
THE SUBS DO! GOOD
LUCK, KID!

CHECK! WITH
TERRY VANCE
BEHIND ME,
I CAN'T
LOSE!

AND WITH ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE
WHO MAKE UP THE GREATEST
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD BACKING
OUR OWN WAR EFFORT BY BUYING
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS,
WE CAN'T LOSE EITHER!

BOOBY

PRIZE

THE plane lay in the valley near the edge of the woods, irreparable, riddled with bullets. Cliff looked it over carefully, realizing with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach that the radio was out of whack. Besides which they were in enemy territory. He and Bert had spotted a band of Jap patrols.

"We're sunk," Cliff admitted, walking back into the woods to where Bert rested on the ground, his face pinched and white with the pain of his broken leg. "Even the radio's done for. And we wouldn't dare use it . . . would be a dead give away."

Bert said nothing. He leaned against the trunk of a tree, his hands knotted in his lap, his face tilted forward, eyes closed. Somewhere in far-off hills a bird called raucously, the wind whispered a lilting tune in the trees overhead.

Cliff knelt down. "Chin up, guy. We've been in jams before and we've always come out on top."

Bert lifted his head, looked down into the sun-bathed valley, at the crippled ship. "Starboard motor was shot already. Those dirty devils—if Vic hadn't been done for . . . he is, isn't he?"

Cliff nodded. "Yeah. There's just the two of us." He stood up. "Hang onto the rifle. Those Japs back there in the hills . . . they'll come snooping around sooner or later. I'm going to fix up a little reception party—"

"Hold it," Bert said sharply. "Look, guy. No use you hanging around playing nurse-maid to me. Get some grub together and hoof it. I—I'll make out—"

"We'll both make out, Bert. We're sticking together. Keep an eye peeled now, while I fix things up. We've got a couple of block-busters left. I'll rig them up where we can see 'em from the hills. When these yellow so-and-so's come snooping around we'll nip one of the bombs with the rifle! Hold everything!"

Cliff stood at the edge of the woods, staring away into the hills, seeking any signs of life. It was inevitable that sooner or later they'd have trouble. Sooner or later the plane must be discovered.

Cliff darted forward through the high grass to where the ship stood. It was hot here in the

open, with heat waves shimmering up into the still air. The big bomber smelled of gas and oil, which had spewed from the motors when they were blasted into uselessness. In the "greenhouse" at the back, Vic was slumped at the controls of his gun. Vic had been a swell guy.

RESOLUTELY Cliff went about the business ahead of him. The big bomb was heavy, took all he had to get it into place, conceal it where they could see it from the hills and yet where the Nips would not notice until too late. They were clever, devilish clever, these little yellow men. . . .

It was done finally and Cliff returned to where Bert waited, still propped against the tree, the rifle gripped in white-knuckled hands. "We'll have to find the right location now," Cliff said. "Hang on a while longer. Try to rest. I've brought all the provisions I could. We'll get a break yet, feller!"

But Cliff was worried. Those Jap soldiers couldn't have missed the wounded bomber gliding in low over the hills, would right now probably be searching for it. Armed with his automatic, Cliff turned back into the hills. He'd climb to a promontory somewhere, take a look around, select the right spot for them, from which they could look into the valley. And . . . wait.

He reached a bluff which commanded the valley, and below, as far as Cliff could see, there was no one—

He turned. Instantly he saw a lone Jap emerge from the woods across to his left, saw him swinging a rifle to his shoulder—

Desperately Cliff plunged toward the woods. Something caught him a glancing blow across the shoulder and he stumbled, went forward onto his face. The force of his fall drove his head against a rock on the ground, and unconsciousness swooped upon him.

OPENING his eyes, Cliff looked up into the dazzling sunlight, against which was silhouetted the stocky body of a Jap soldier. A rough boot prodded Cliff sharply. Voices chattered unintelligibly, someone laughed thickly.

"American flier," a voice said, amusement ringing disdainfully. "Not wanted by us. Most unfortunate—"

Cliff gained his feet slowly, painfully. His shoulder throbbed where the bullet had creased it; his head spun as he stood surrounded by menacing faces. Bayoneted rifles hemmed him in and Cliff knew they'd finish him for the sheer fun of it.

"Okay," he said grimly. "What're you going to do about it?"

"No smart talk," was the answer. "Honorable Highness say no plisoners. So . . ."

Cliff nodded. "I get it. Okay. Go ahead with the fireworks. Or are you waiting for an invitation?"

"Ah, yes. But first . . . Honorable Sons have much gleater idea. One Yankee . . . not enough. Must have others. Use one as bait—"

Cliff scowled. Did they know about Bert? Were they planning to dig him out, finish him off? Cliff's muscles bunched. He had less than a Chinaman's chance right now, but it was worth trying—

"Come now," the leader ordered. "Bling smart Yankee back to scene of disaster. American plane sighted only short time ago. Use flier as bait—"

Cliff hurled himself forward. It was suicide but worth it. A crushing blow smashed into one grinning face. A head snapped back, the body fell like a sack of cornmeal.

"Here's another!" Cliff shouted. "Dirty devils—"

He smashed another right in . . . then they were upon him, battering with rifle stocks, chattering excitedly, amusedly, as they pounded him into senselessness upon the ground.

IT WAS stifling in the valley. Cliff opened his eyes, peered dully up at the gleaming sky overhead, listening to a sound that came through the thick pain surrounding him. It was a bomber coming in over the hills, the drone of motors sweet and smooth.

He knew, without being able to see, that he lay near the crippled ship, knew without being told that the Japs who had captured him were ambushed in the bomber itself. It wasn't a clever plan at all, but one which would work, nevertheless. He was lying there, wrists and ankles bound, in full view of anyone coming in over the valley. His body was pounded into uselessness, a bruised pulp from which all strength was gone.

Up in the rescue plane were friends of his, men he'd been fighting alongside of all these months, men who would see the wrecked bomb-

er, his body lying here in the grass, men who would risk their own lives to make a landing and try to help. Men who would approach only so close before murderous gunfire from the shelter of the crippled ship would cut them down.

Cliff strained at the bonds holding him. His throat was pinched, his tongue swollen. His lungs were aching for breath. . . .

He saw the approaching plane then, an American ship circling above the valley, saw it dip toward the north. The motors thundered off into a drowsy hum, and Cliff could hear the approaching sigh of the big ship as she glided down for a landing. . . .

Frantically Cliff threw his strength against the cords which cut deep into his wrists. It was no use. With a last desperate effort, he lunged to his feet, began hopping through the high grass.

He saw the big bomber gliding in, the props still whirling restlessly. Men were spilling out of it, racing toward Cliff. His feet floundered in the high grass. He pitched forward—

A SHATTERING explosion ripped the air. Searing flame leaped up from the crippled bomber, enveloping it completely for a brief second. Bits of it were flung up into the air, dirt and smoke rolling up into the sky. . . .

Friendly hands pulled Cliff to his feet, cut the cords from his ankles and wrists. Grinning faces surrounded him, hard, sunburned faces, men who laughed when they stood on the edge of death.

"What happened?" someone asked. "Hey . . . you're Cliff Norton, aren't you?"

"What's left of him," Cliff admitted. "You guys just about walked into it . . . the Japs were in the bomber. It was an ambush. They were using me as a decoy—"

"Yeah, but the explosion."

Cliff Norton turned toward the distant edge of the woods. Bert emerged, leaning against the trunk of a tree, waving a rifle toward them. His splintered leg hung clumsily.

"Bert," Cliff Norton said softly. "We were planning a little surprise party for the Nips ourselves. Bert's aim is good still. I rigged up a block-buster where we could detonate it from the hills, figuring on catching our friends snooping around. I forgot Bert—"

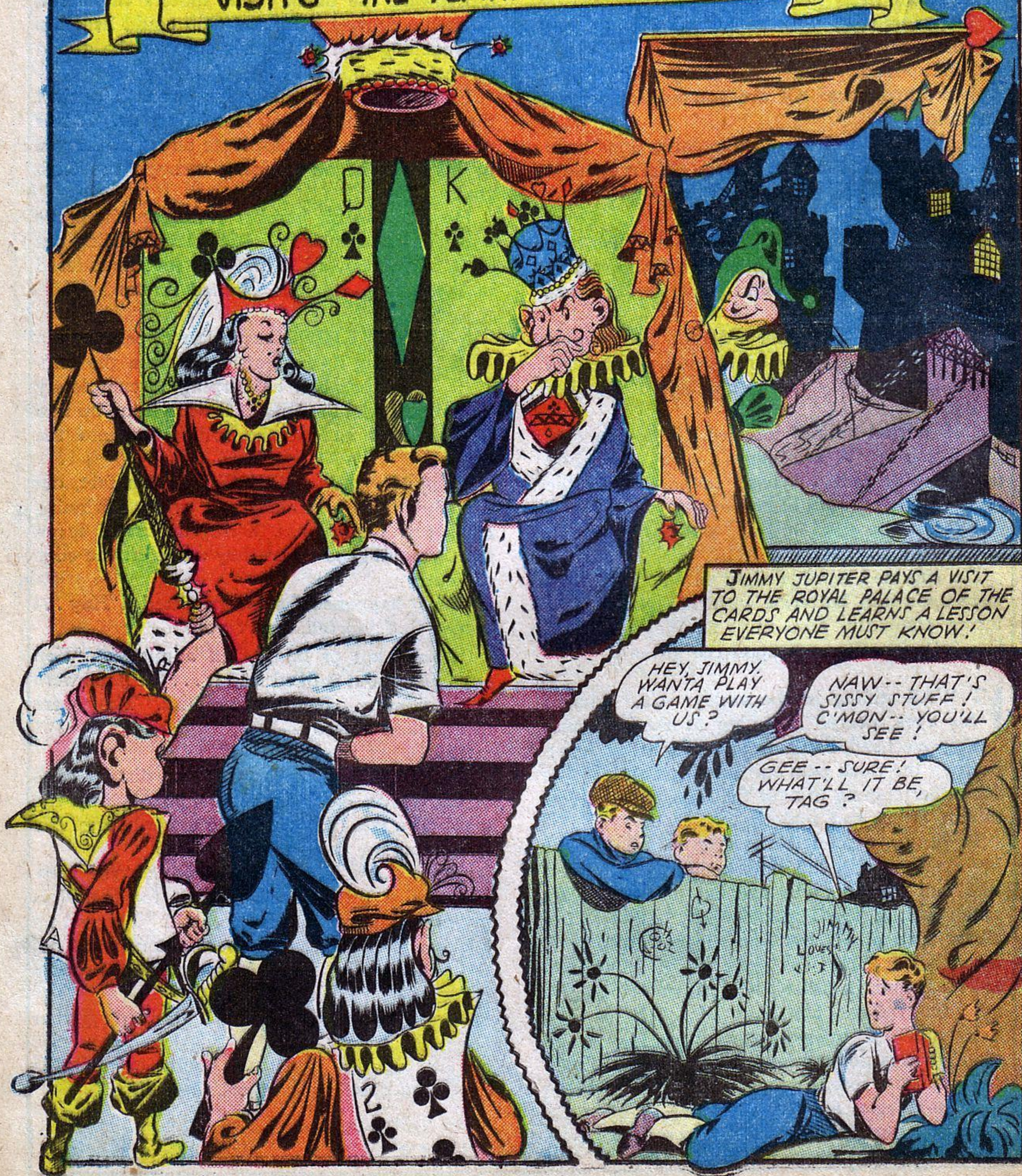
"Surprise party," huh?" a tanned gunner laughed.

Cliff nodded. "With a booby prize. The Nips won that. Smart guys, these Nips!"

THE END

JIMMY JUPITER

"VISITS THE PLAYING CARD CASTLE"



JIMMY JUPITER PAYS A VISIT TO THE ROYAL PALACE OF THE CARDS AND LEARNS A LESSON EVERYONE MUST KNOW!

HEY, JIMMY, WANTA PLAY A GAME WITH US?

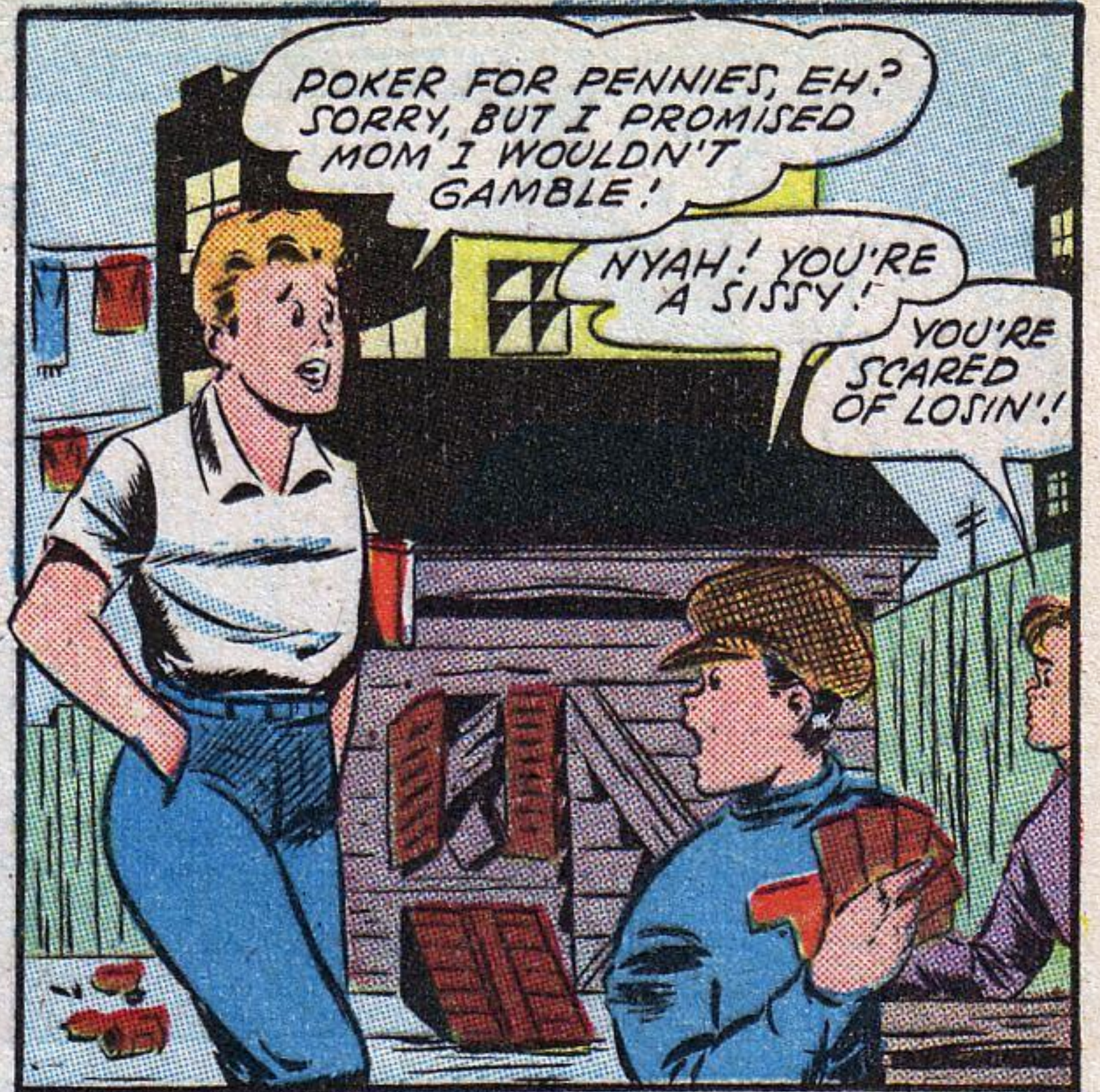
NAW-- THAT'S SISSY STUFF! C'MON-- YOU'LL SEE!

GEE-- SURE! WHAT'LL IT BE, TAG?



OH, CARDS--
WHAT IS IT,
PETE,
RUMMY?

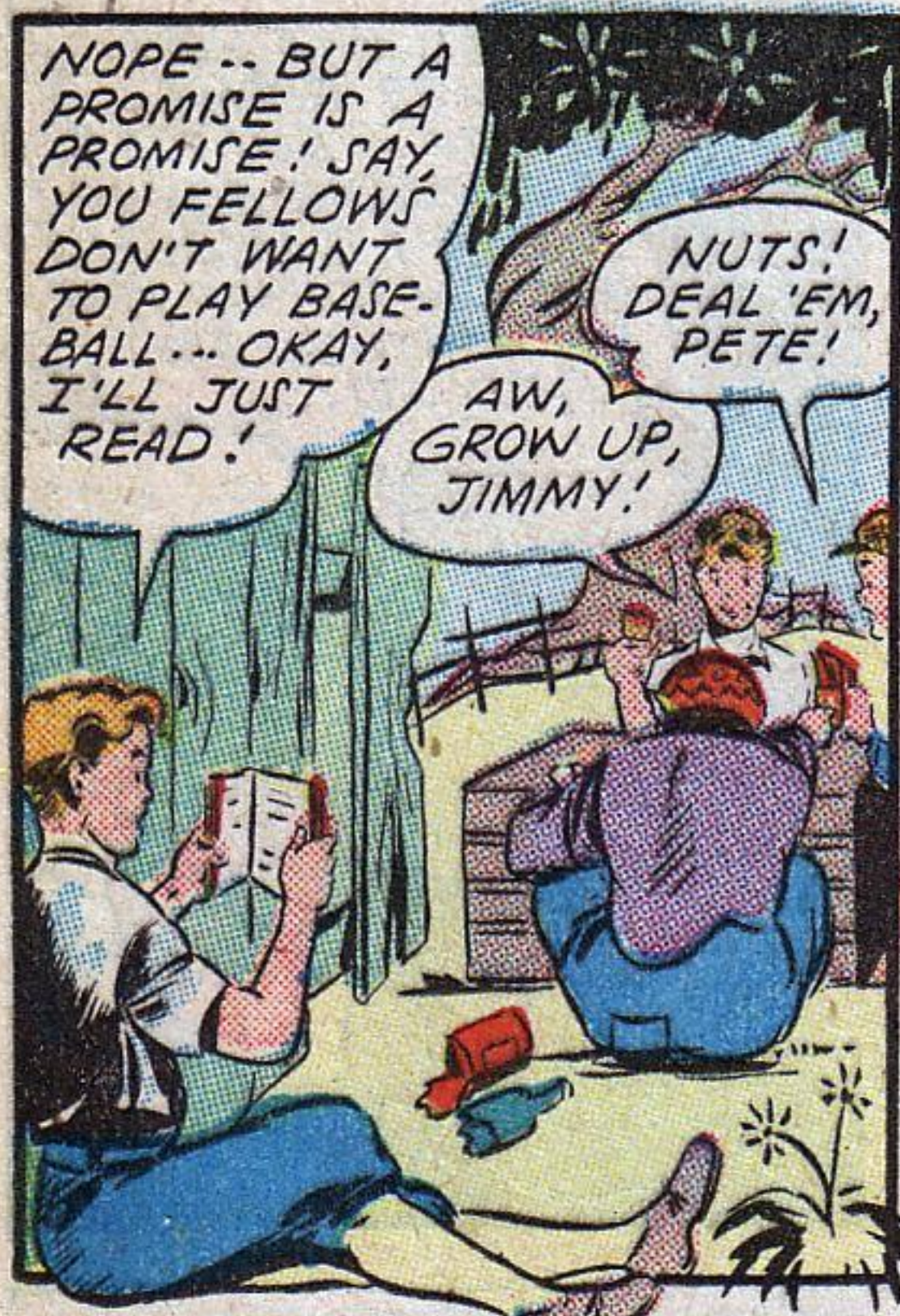
HECK, NO-- WE'RE
GAMBLING! THIS IS
POKER! HOW MANY
PENNIES HAVE YA
GOT?



POKER FOR PENNIES, EH?
SORRY, BUT I PROMISED
MOM I WOULDN'T
GAMBLE!

NYAH! YOU'RE
A SISSY!

YOU'RE
SCARED
OF LOSIN'!



NOPE -- BUT A
PROMISE IS A
PROMISE! SAY,
YOU FELLOWS
DON'T WANT
TO PLAY BASE-
BALL... OKAY,
I'LL JUST
READ!

NUTS!
DEAL 'EM,
PETE!

AW,
GROW UP,
JIMMY!



TOO BAD THEY THINK I'M NOT
A GOOD SPORT-- BUT I GUESS
IT CAN'T BE HELPED...

(YAWN) GOSH, I'M SLEEPY---
OH HHHH!!



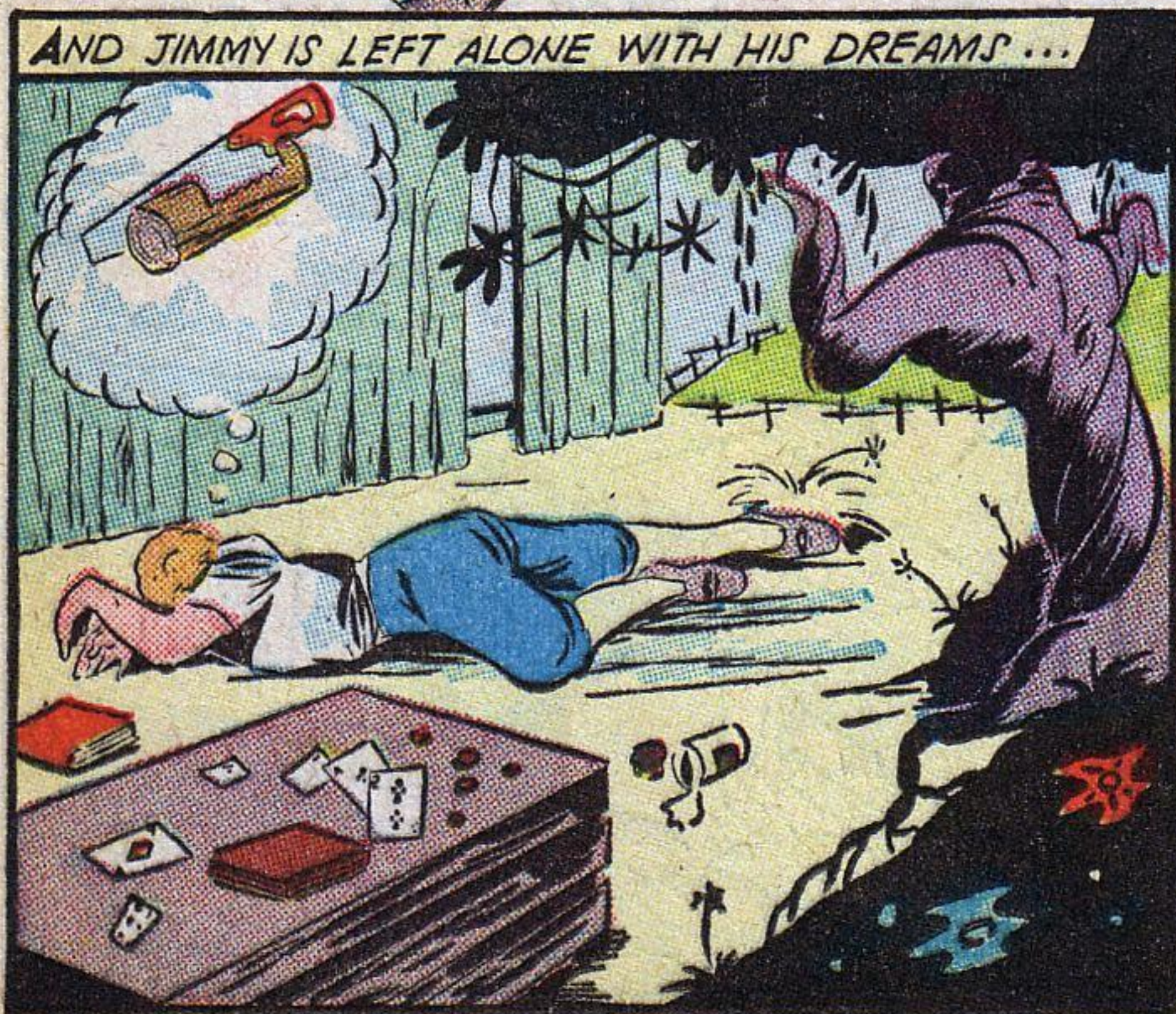
JIMMY DOZES OFF-- PETE'S
MOTHER CALLS HIM.

PETER! COME
HOME THIS
MINUTE!

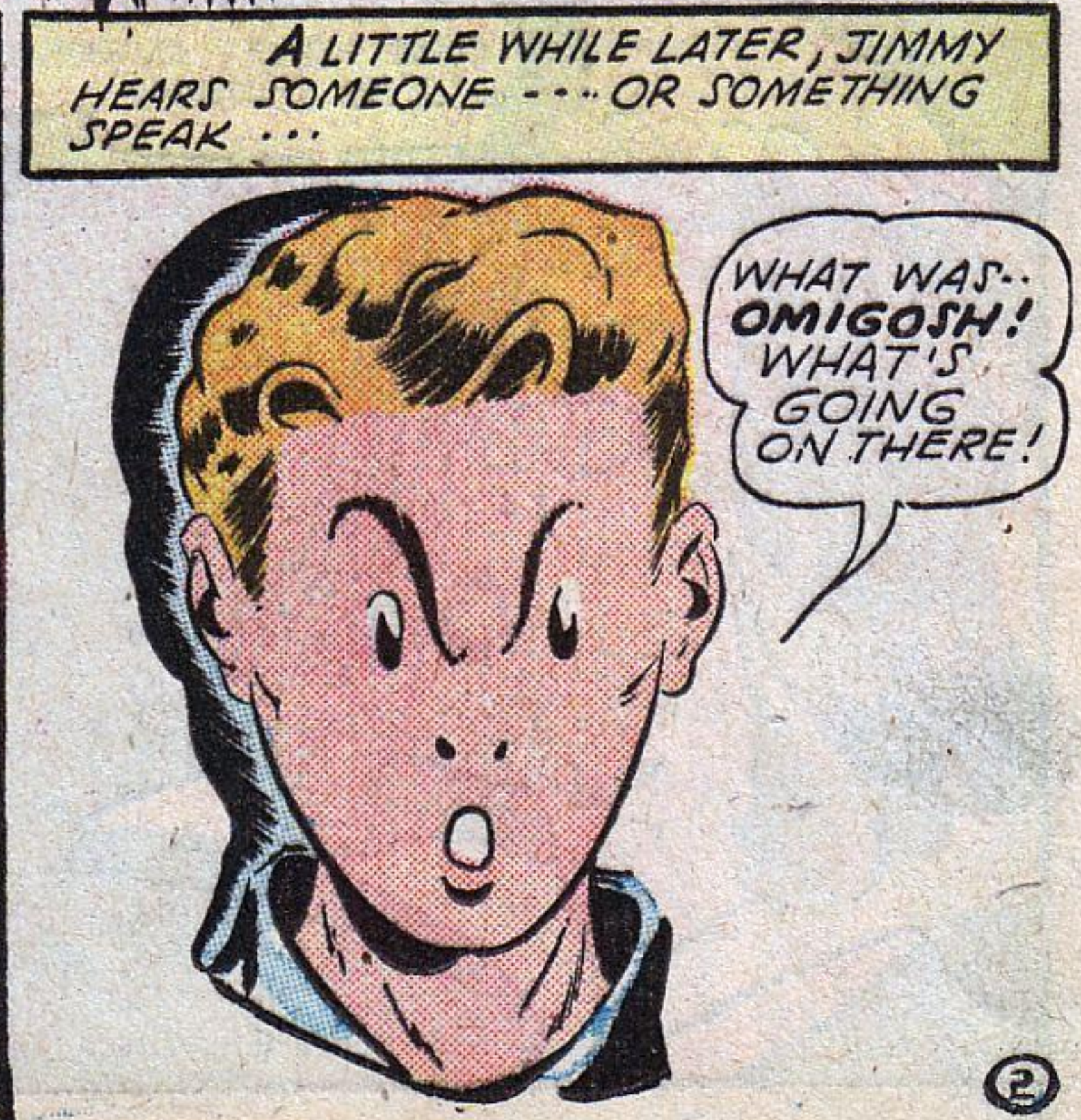
GOSH--
IT'S GETTIN'
LATE!

OH! OH! MOM!
I'M SCRAMMIN'
FELLAS!

GEE-- I'D
BETTER GET
HOME, TOO!

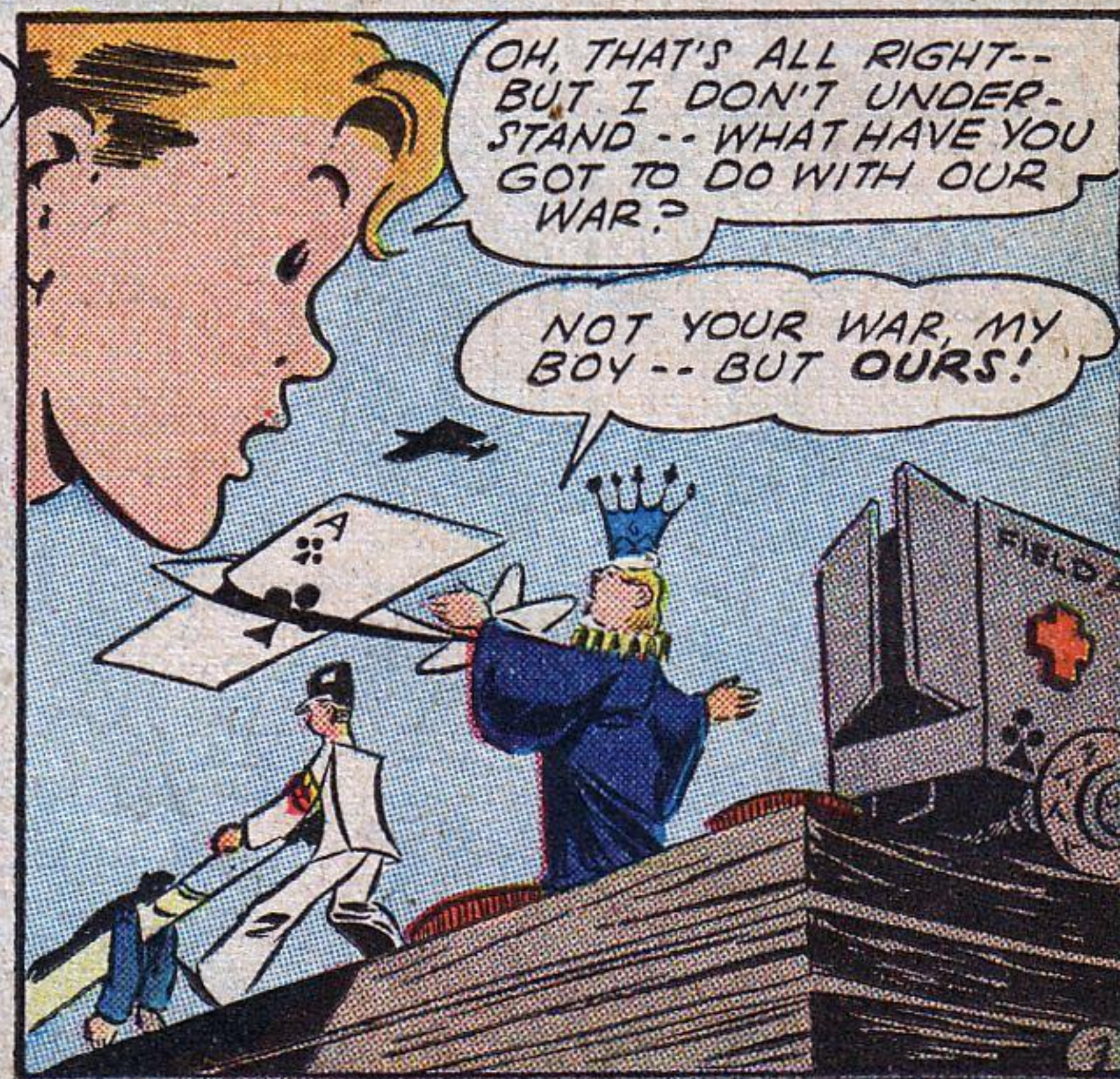
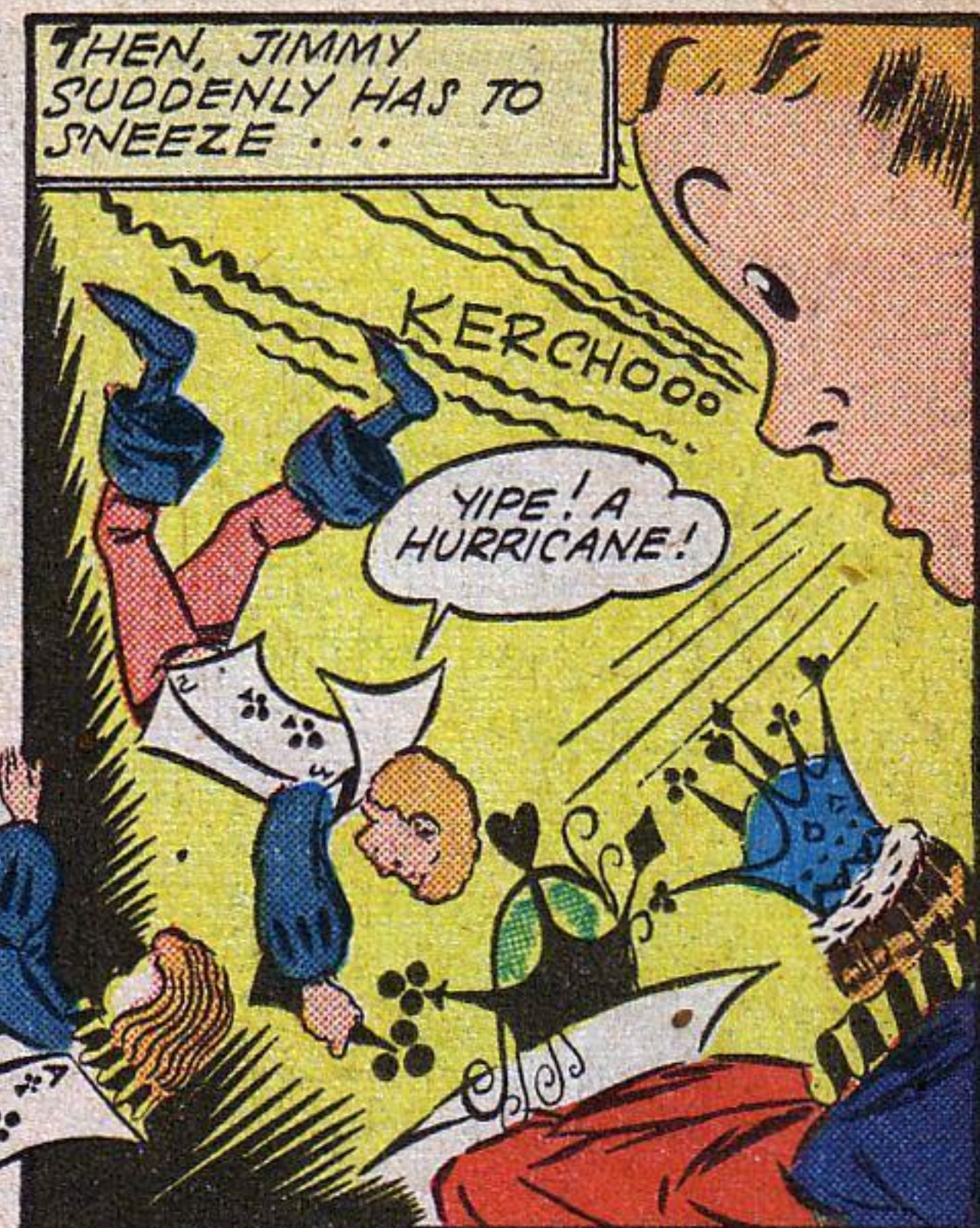
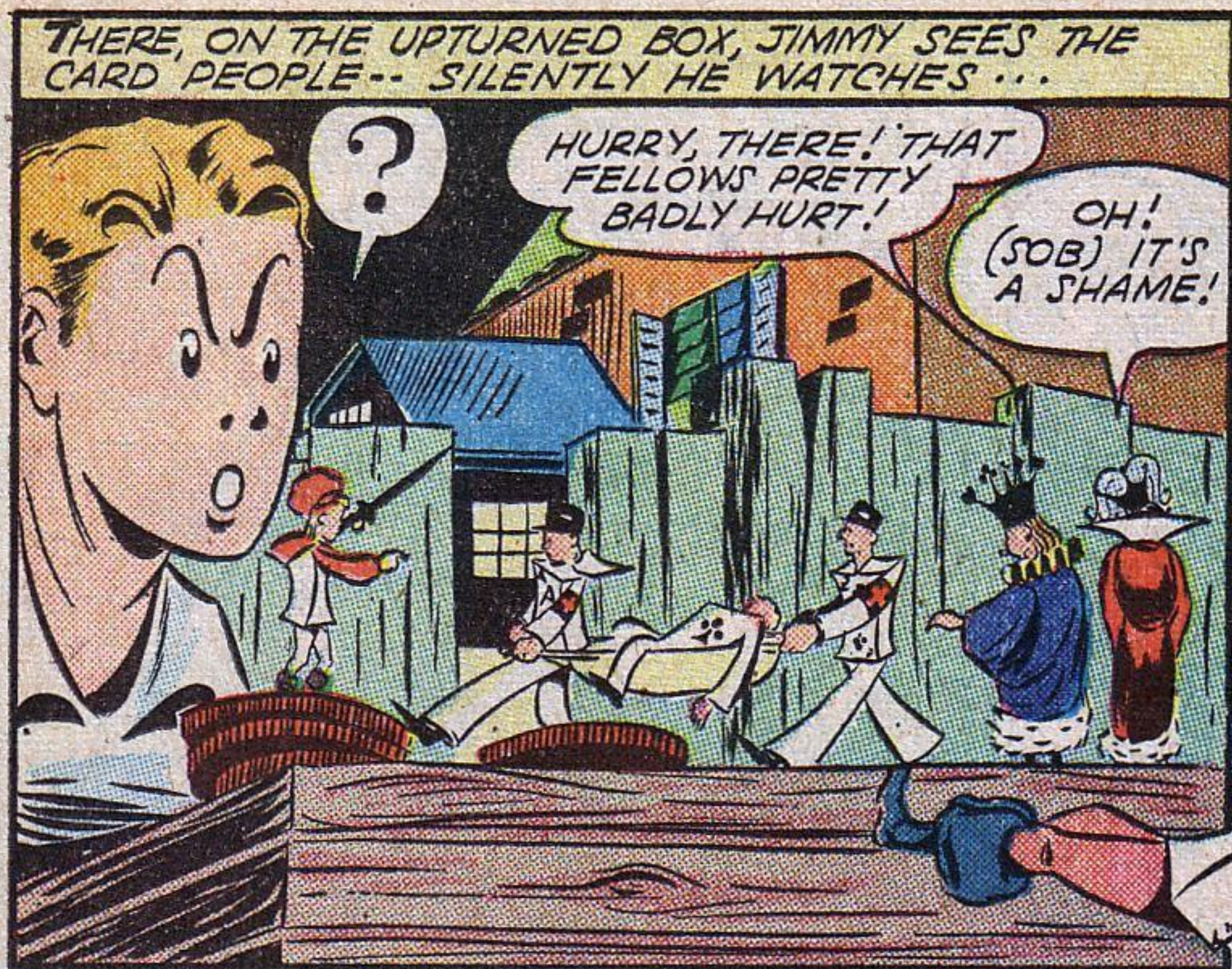


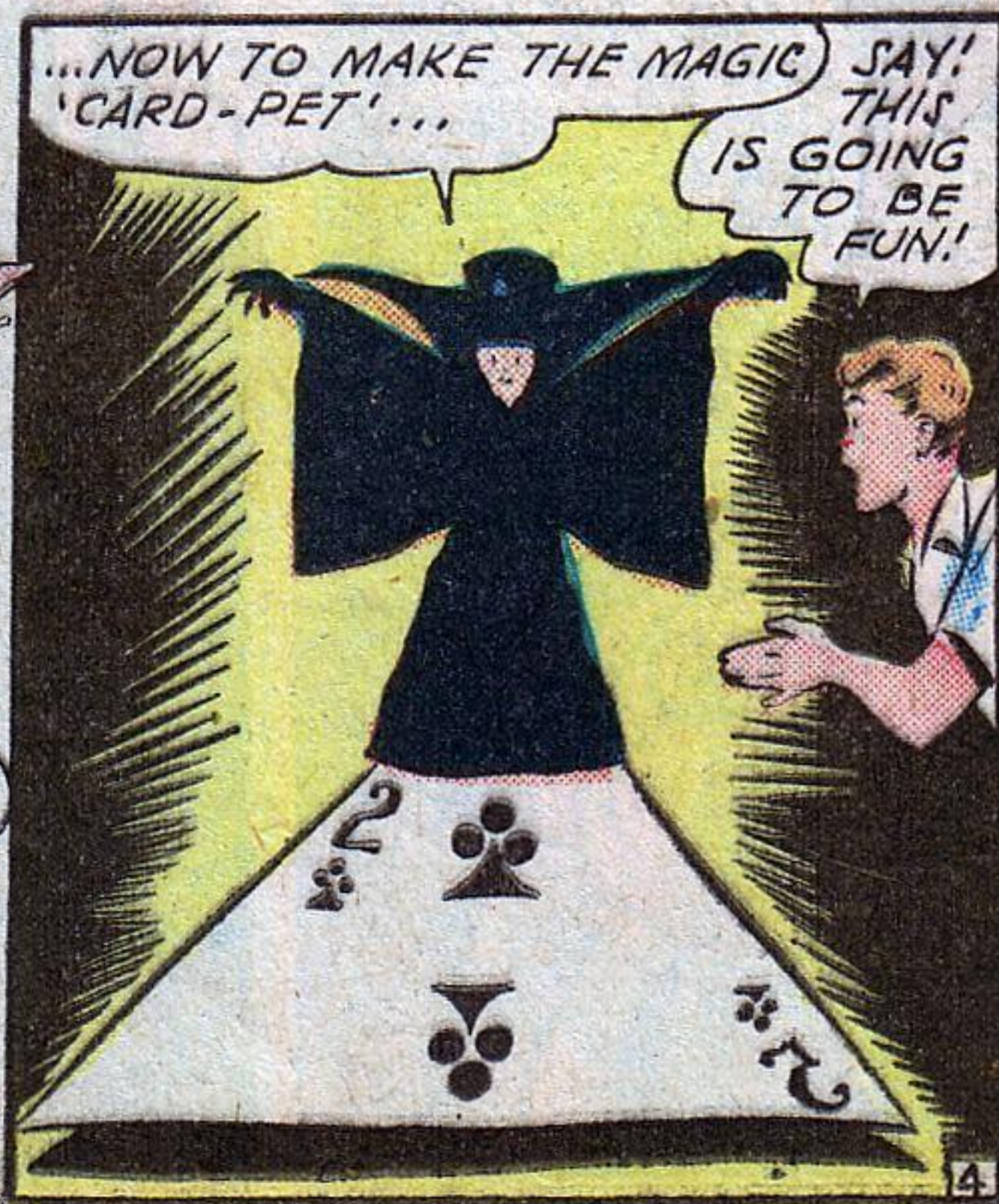
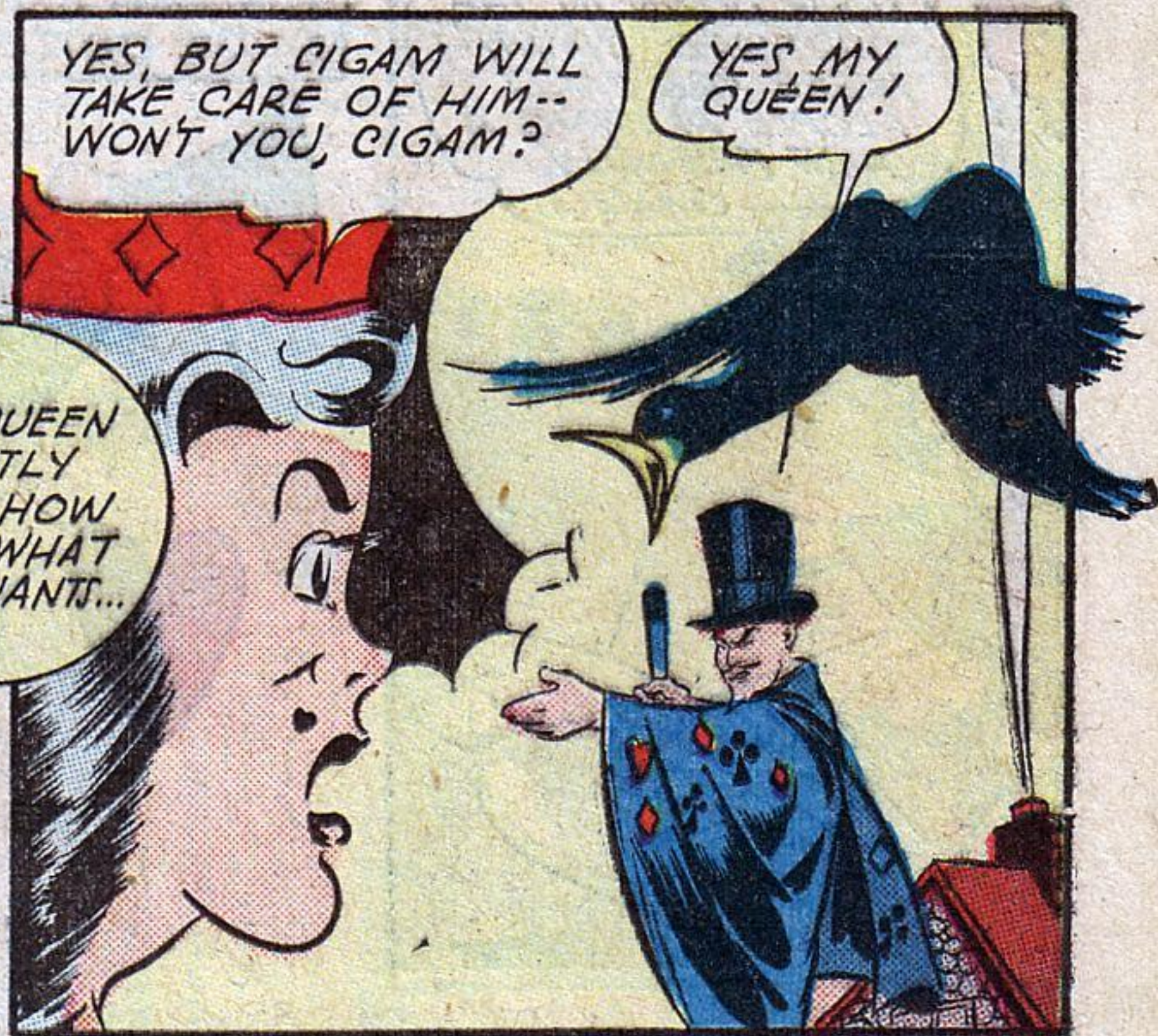
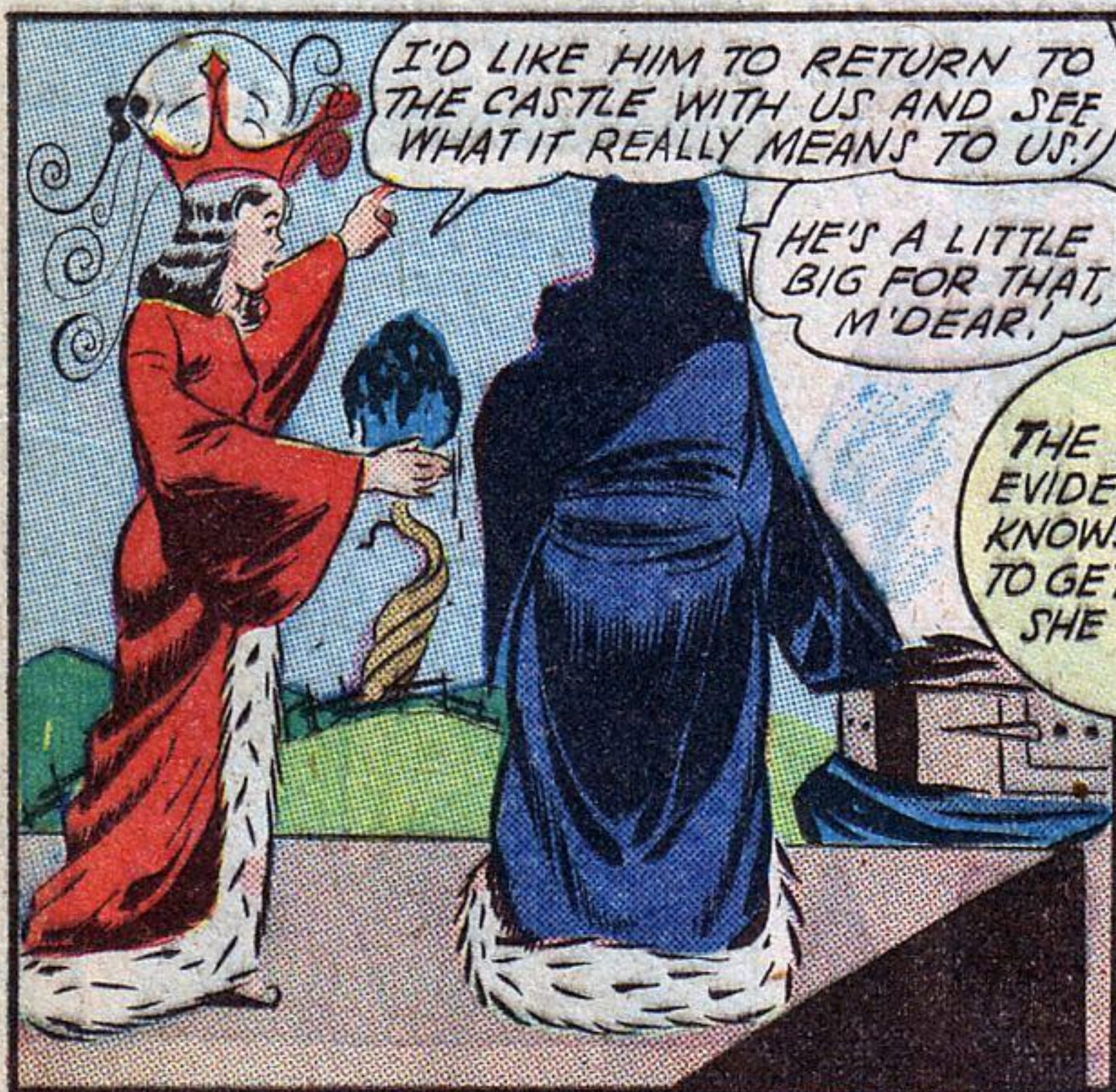
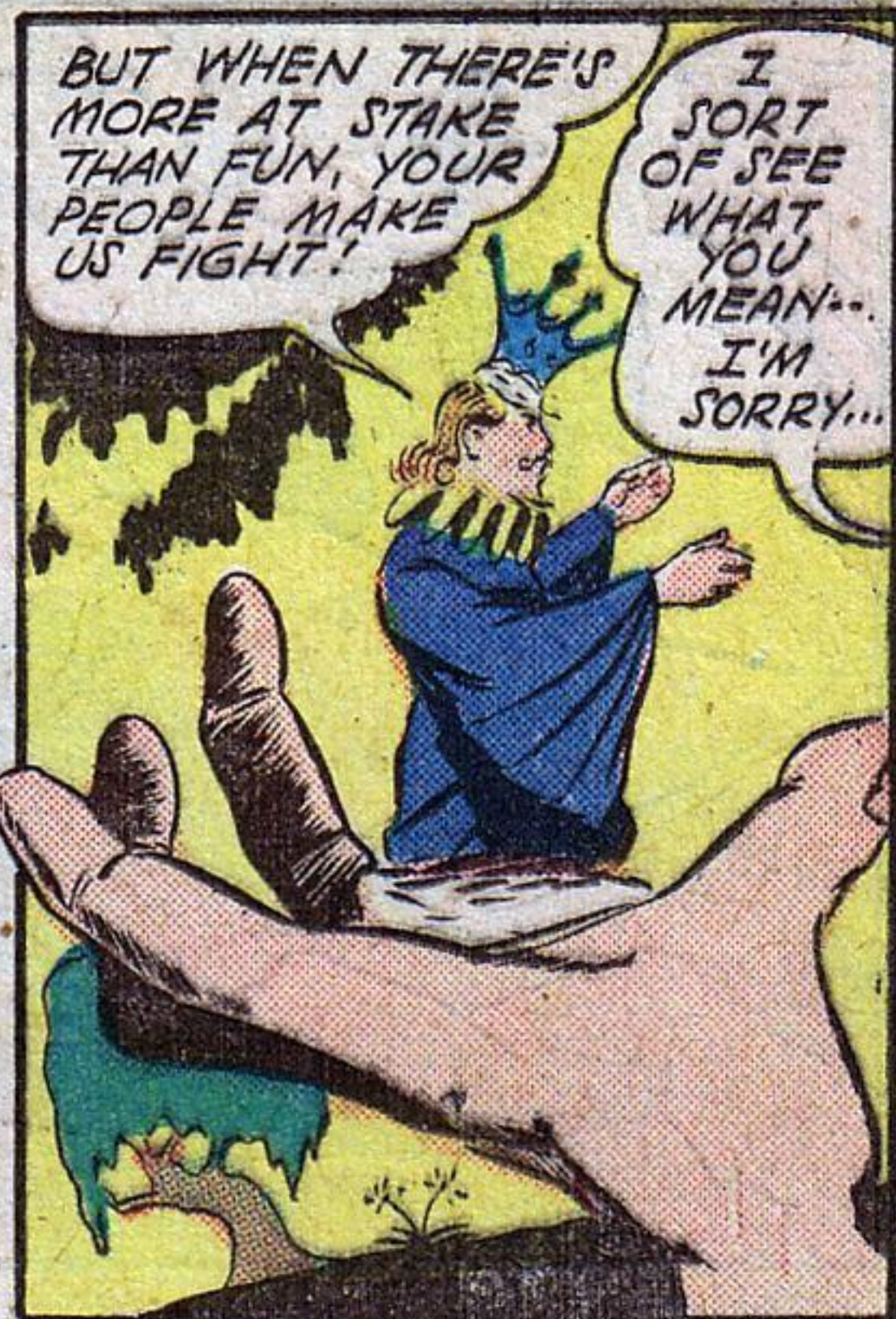
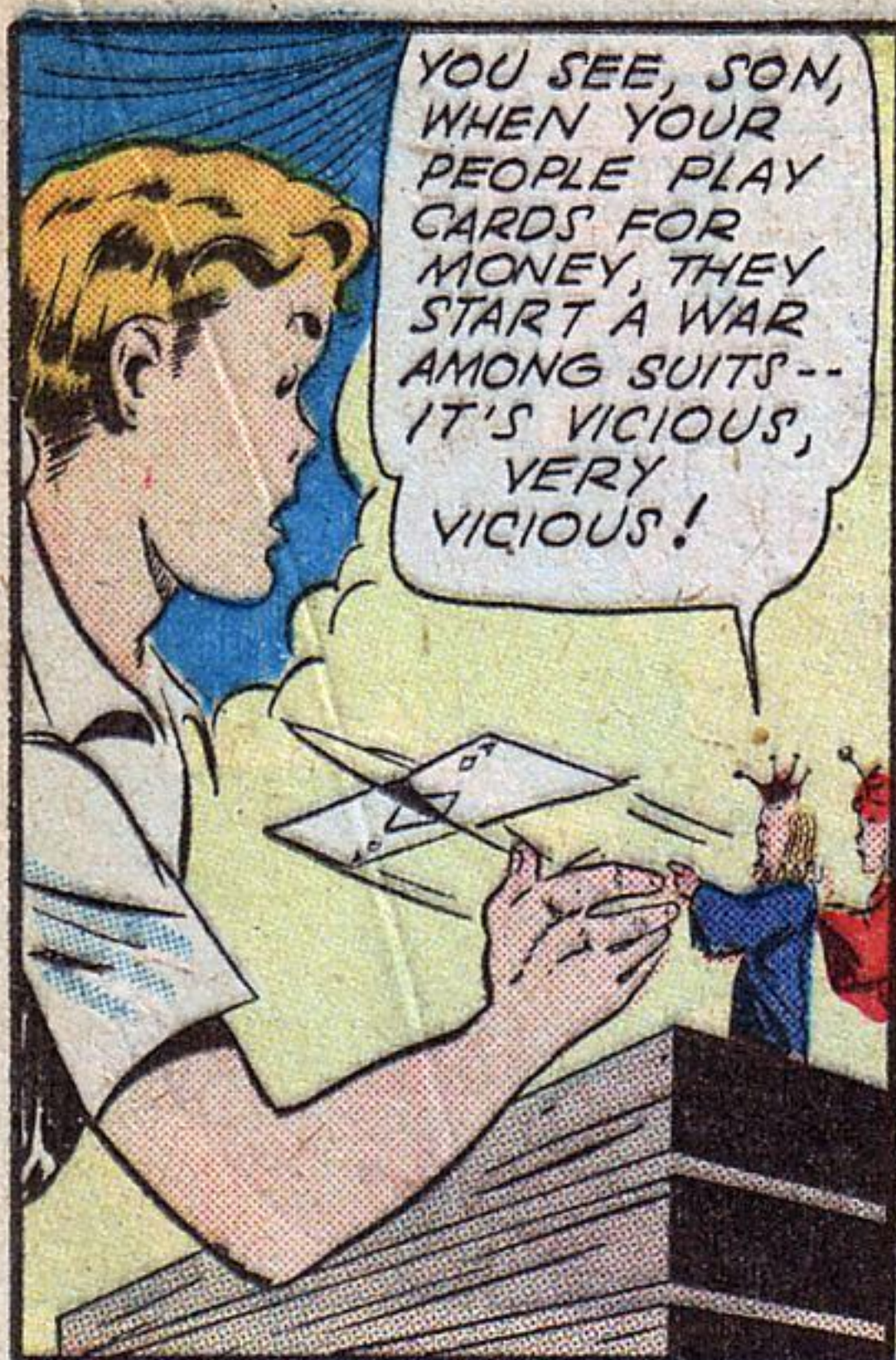
AND JIMMY IS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS DREAMS...

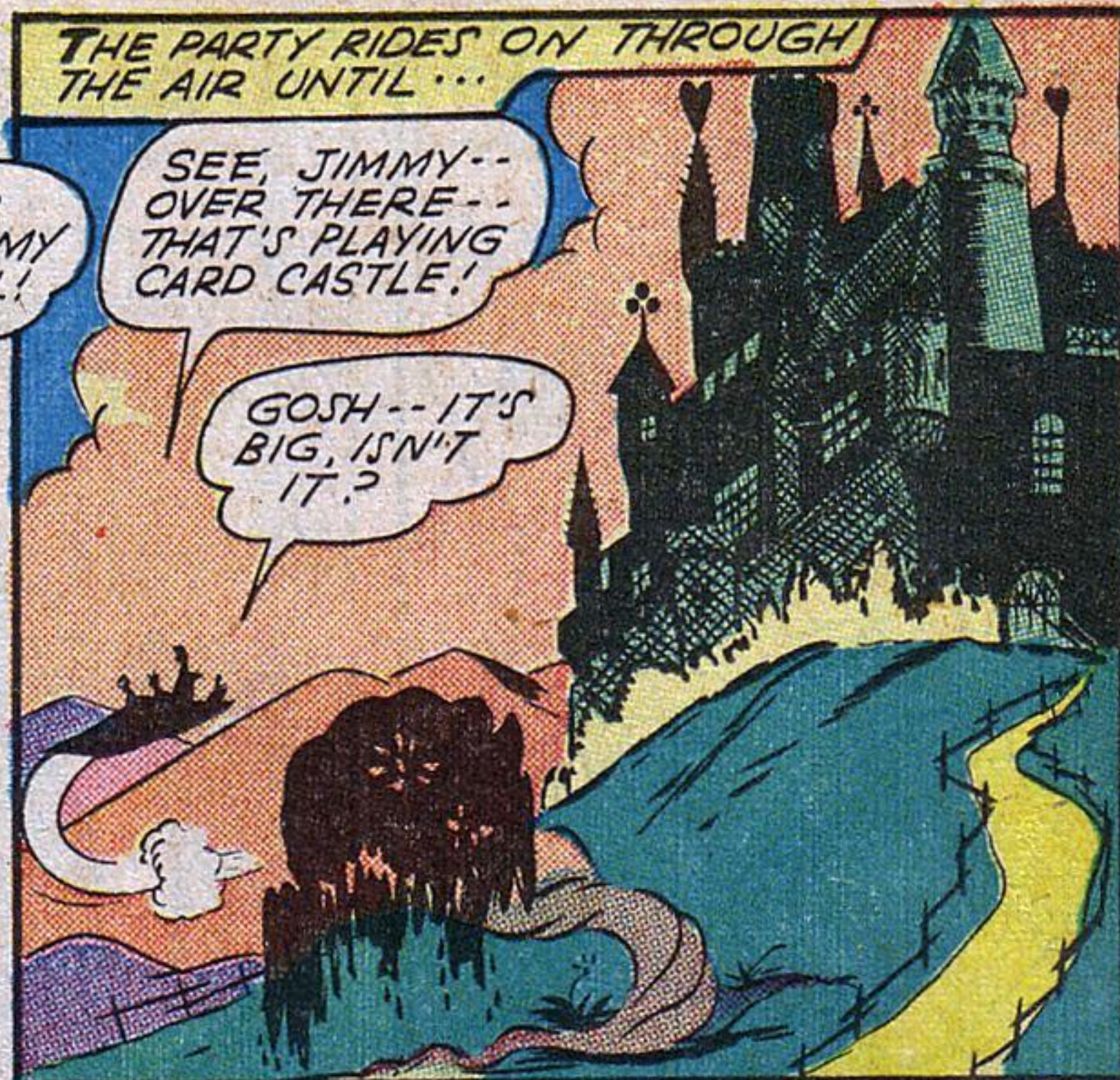
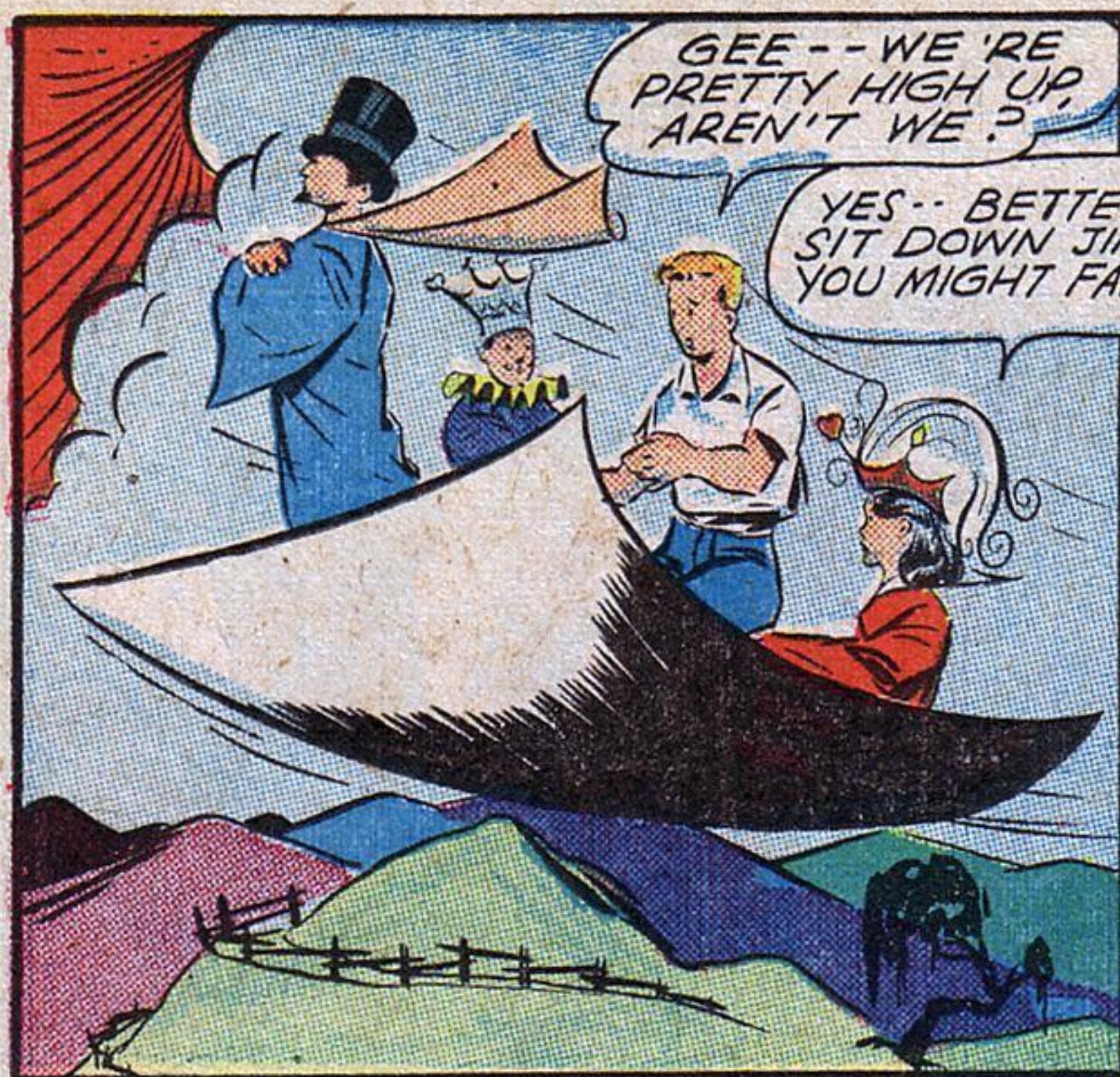


A LITTLE WHILE LATER, JIMMY
HEARS SOMEONE ---OR SOMETHING
SPEAK...

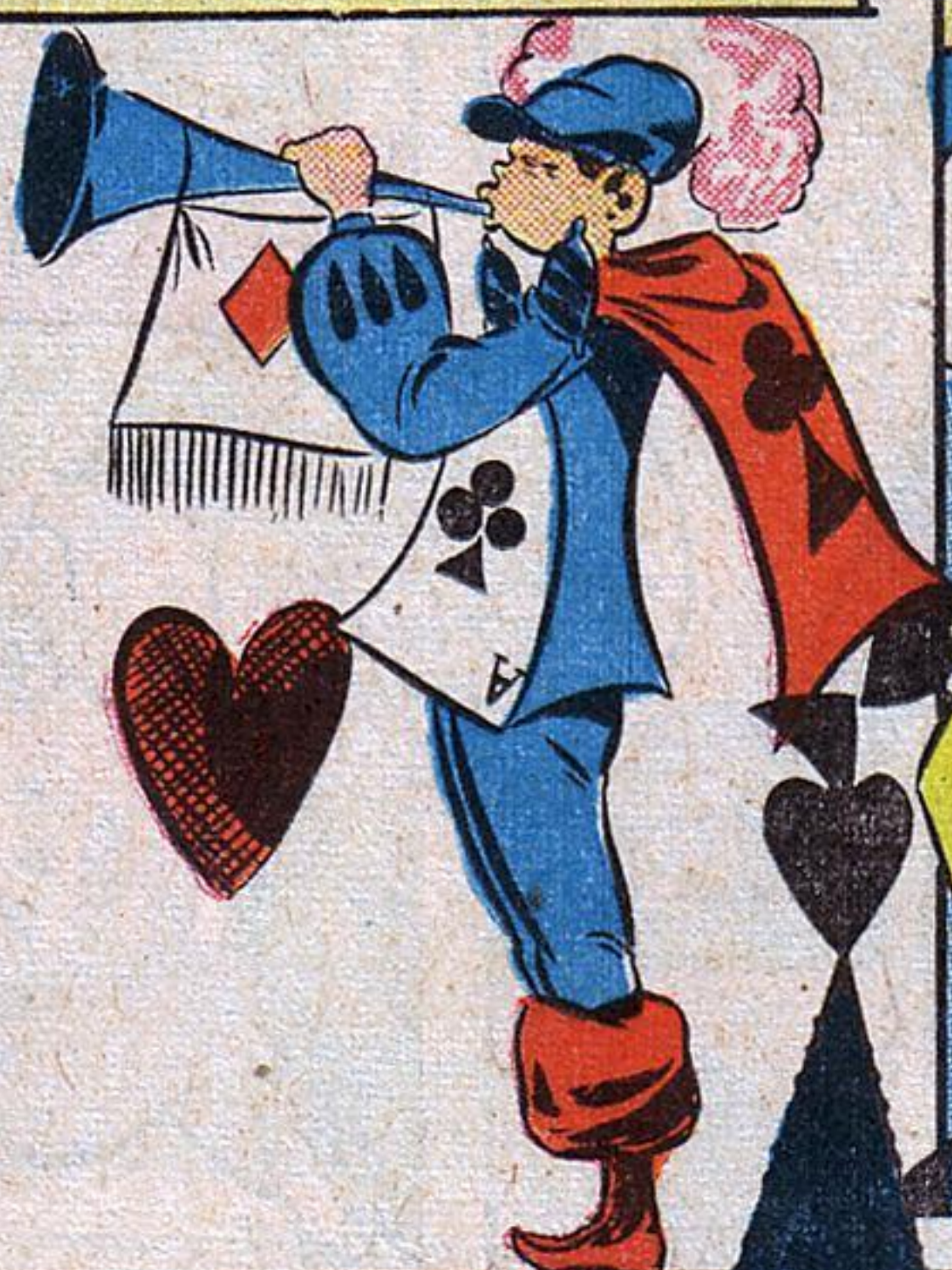
WHAT WAS--
OMIGOSH!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON THERE!





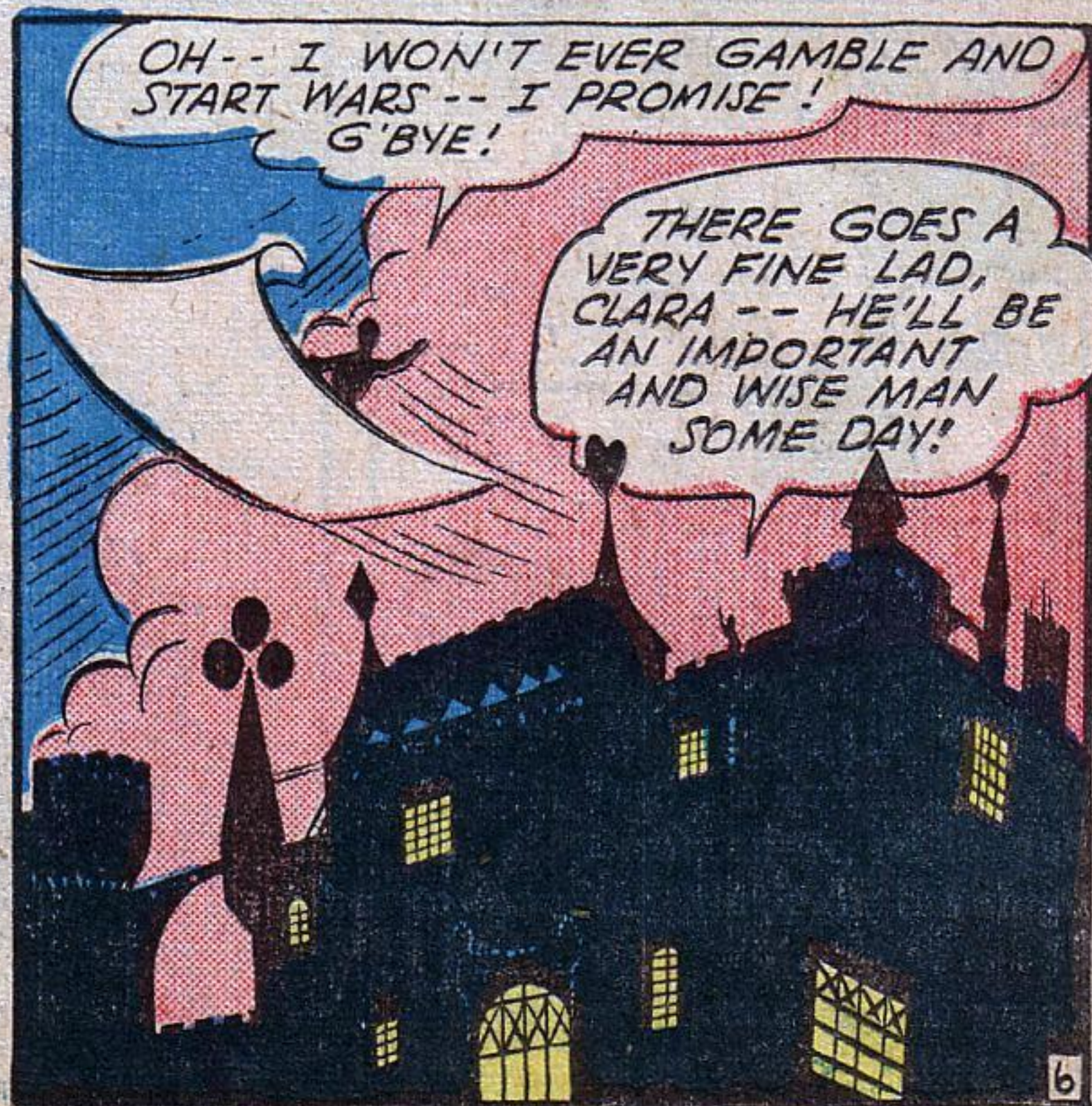
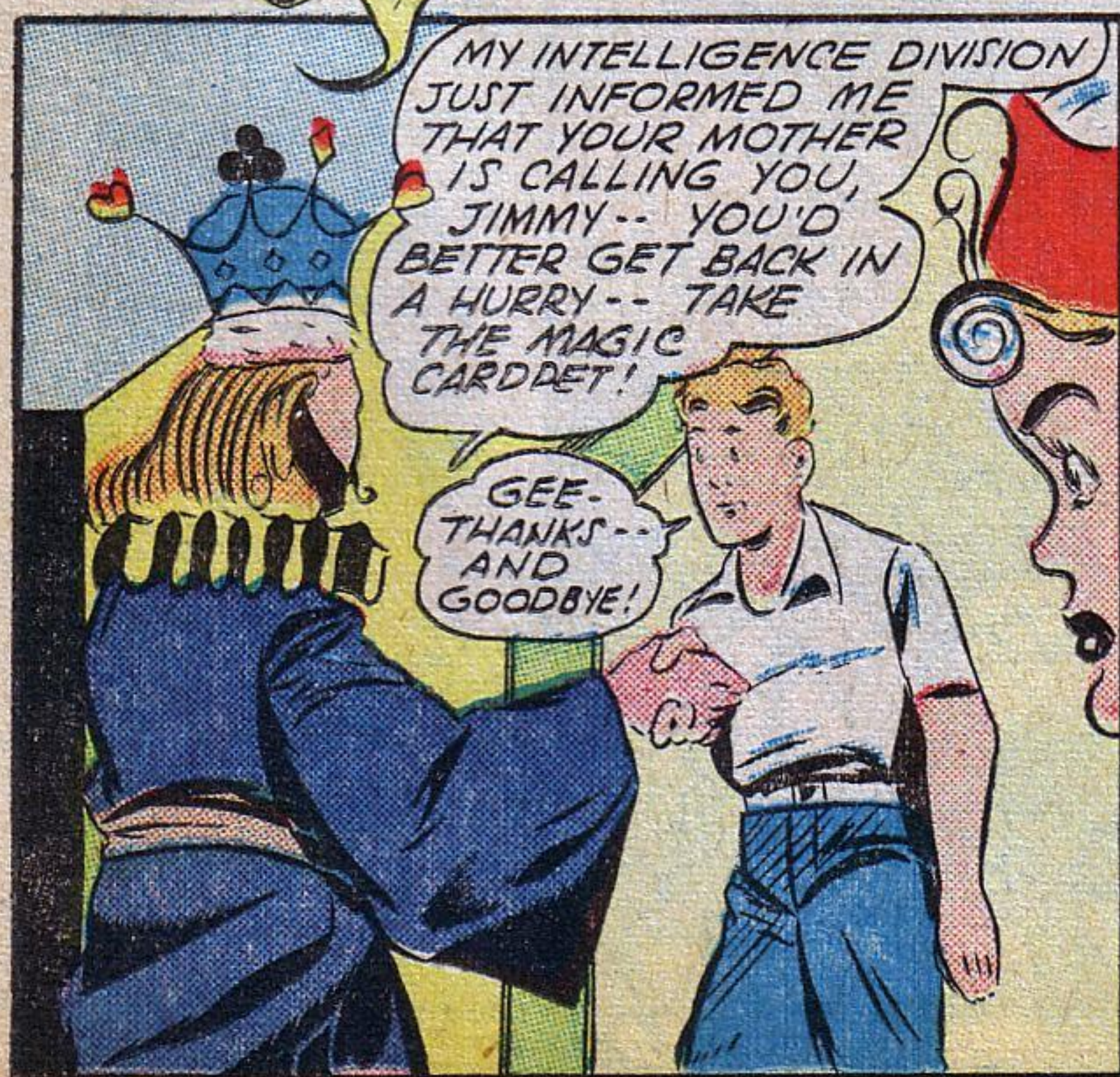
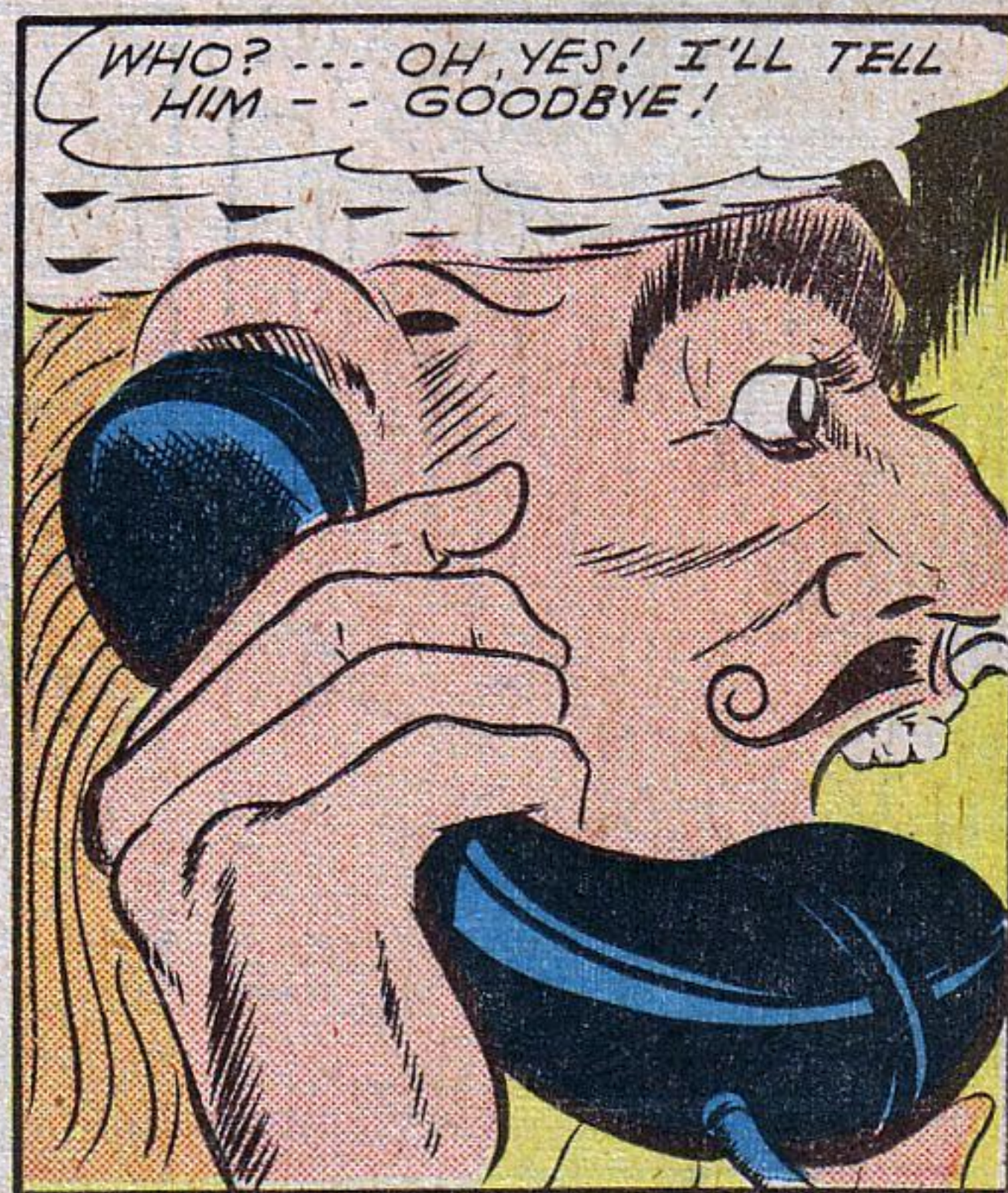
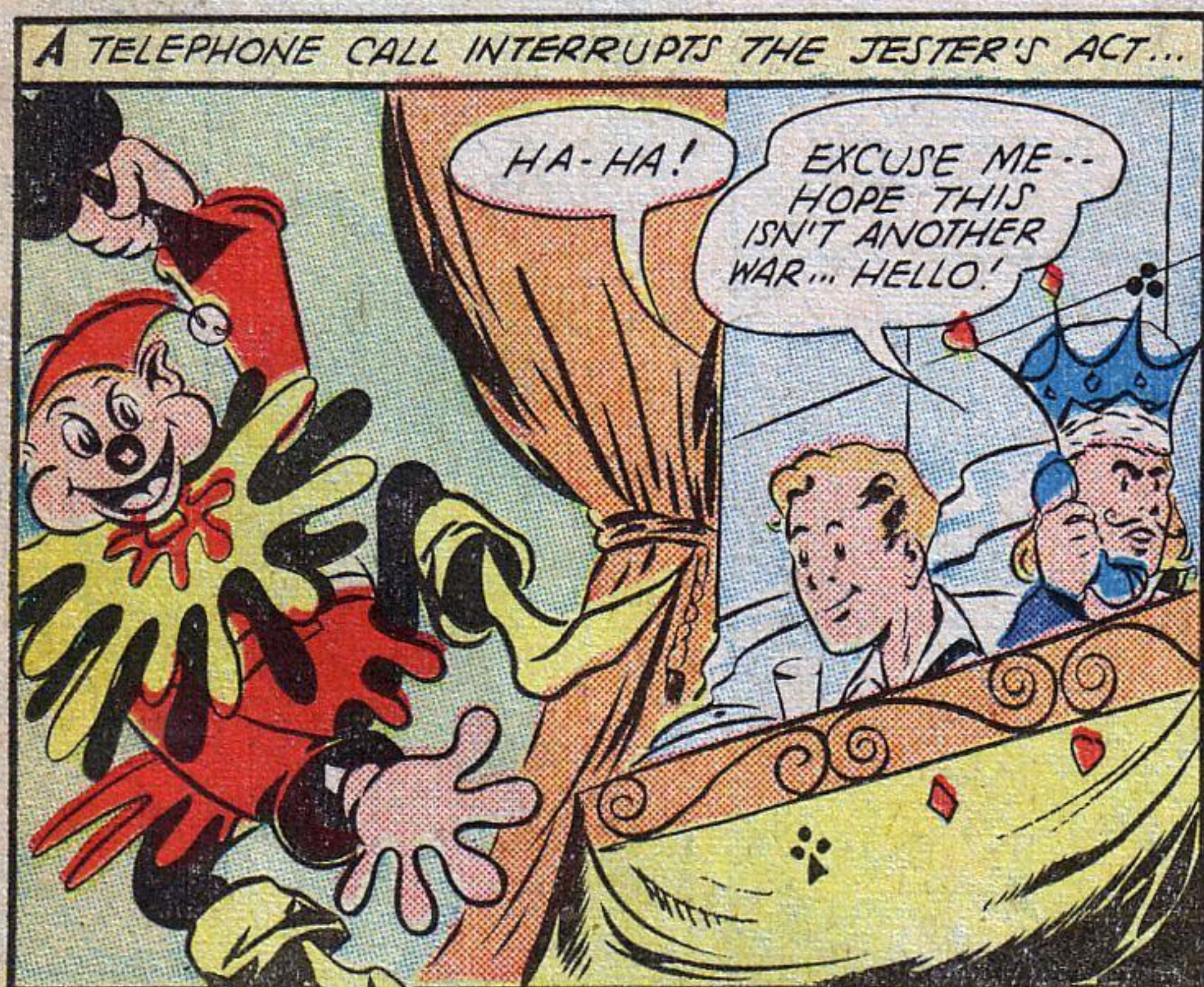
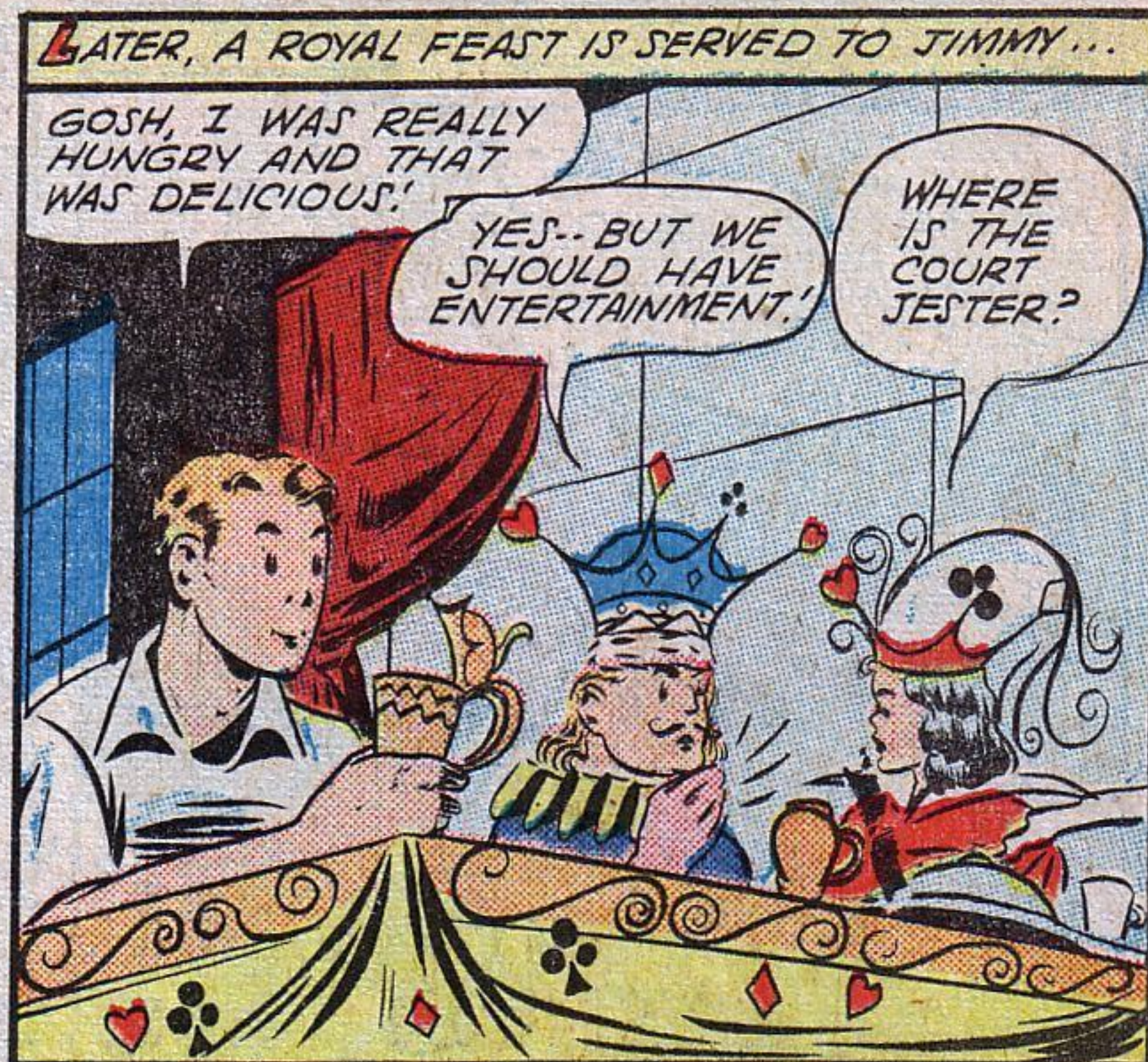
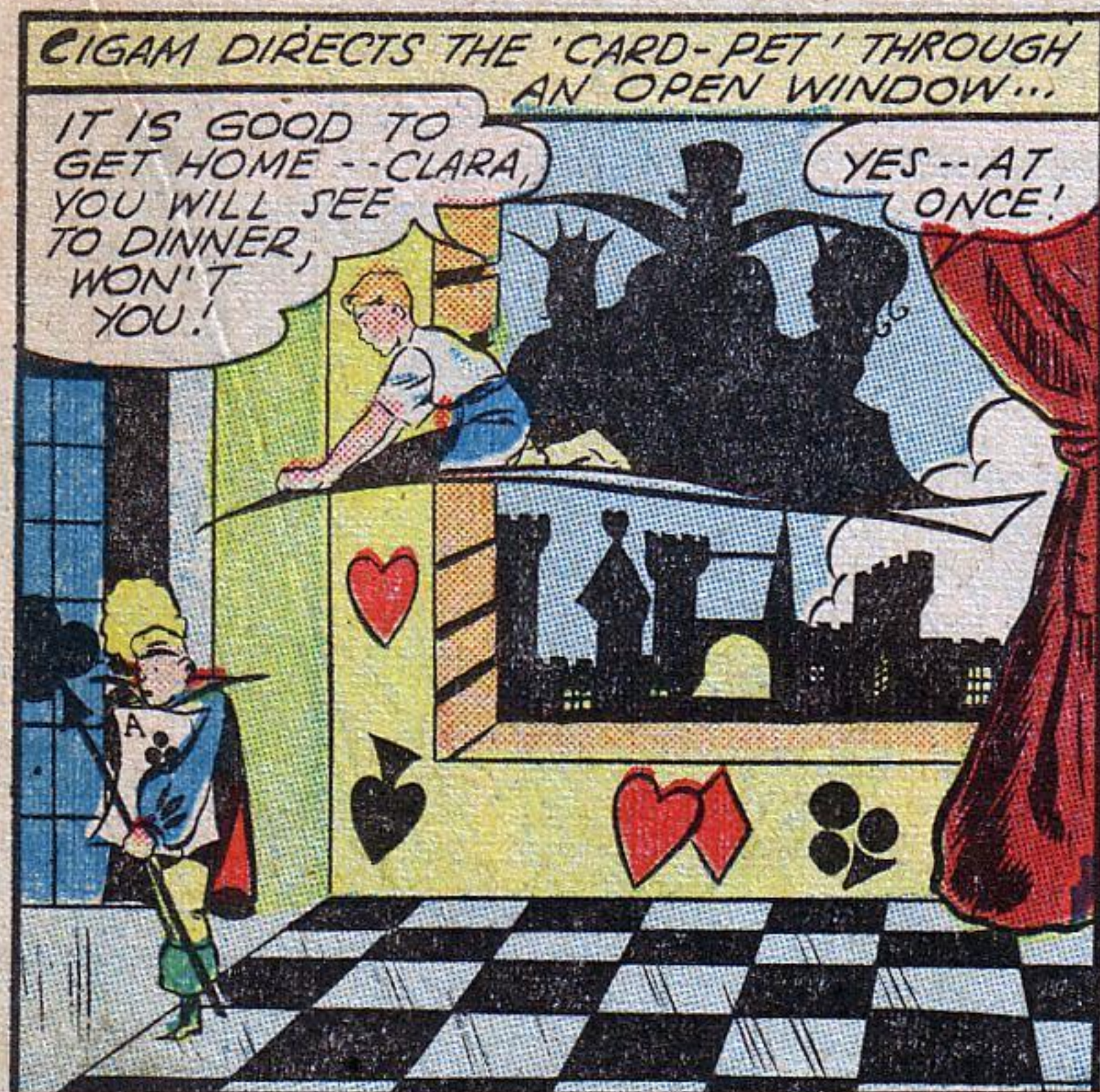


THE KING IS INTERRUPTED BY THE CASTLE BUGLER!



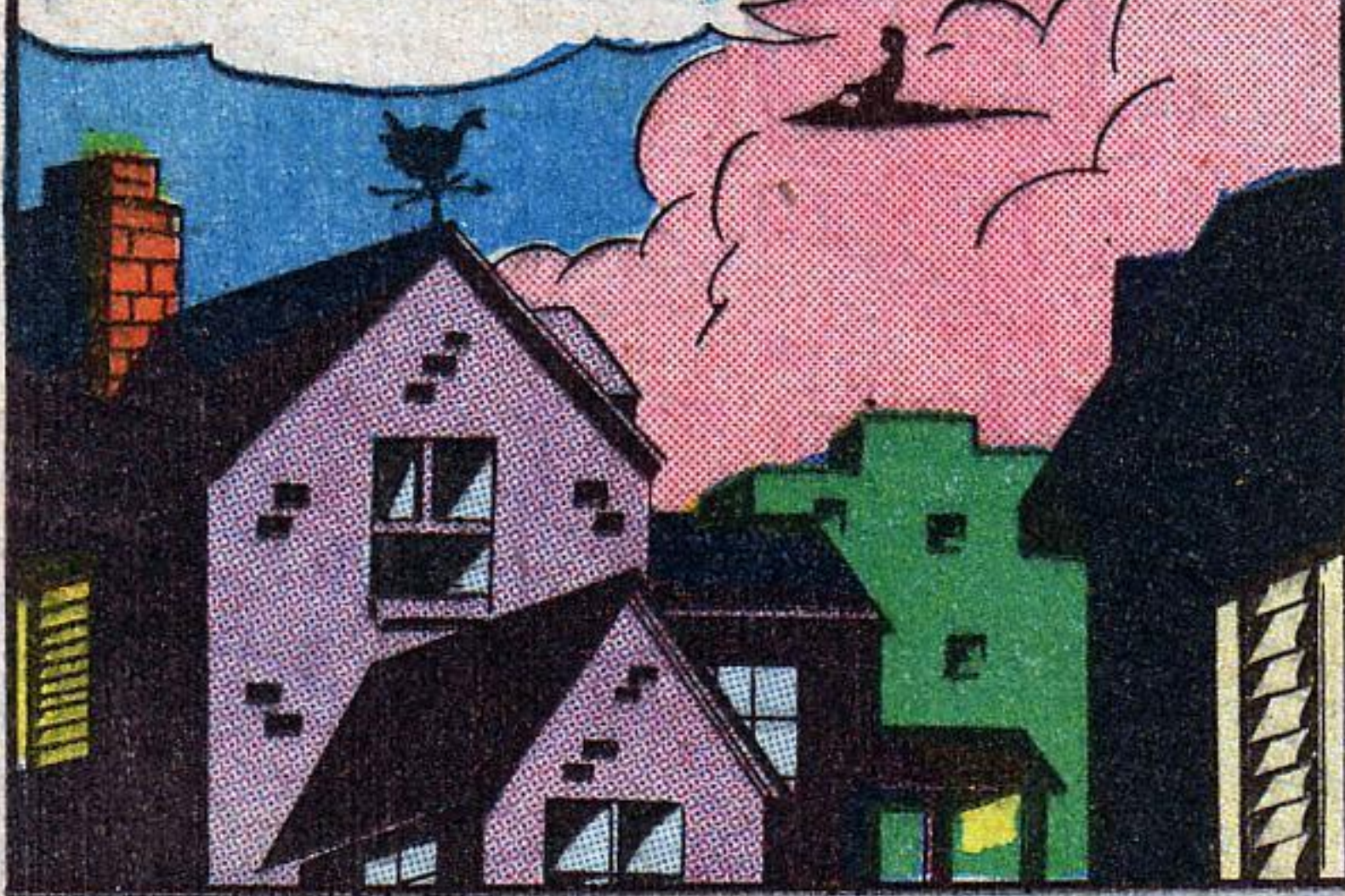
FAR BELOW JIMMY CAN SEE A TROOP OF CARD SOLDIERS COME TO ATTENTION!





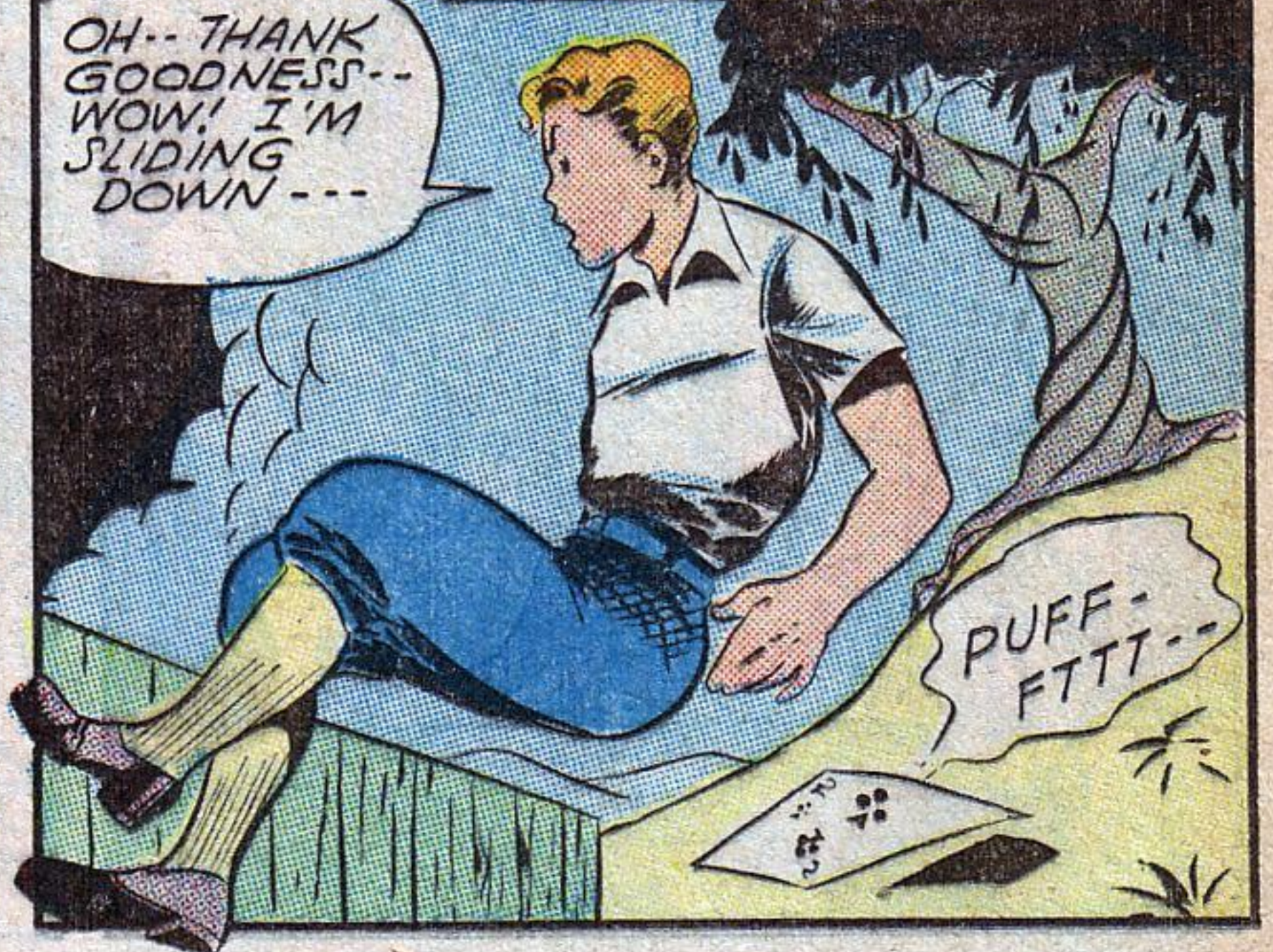
IN A FEW SECONDS, JIMMY IS FLYING OVER HIS OWN HOUSE ...

THERE'S MY HOME -- I WISH I KNEW HOW TO STEER THIS THING, I COULD GO RIGHT INTO MY WINDOW -- SAY -- GOSH -- SUPPOSIN' THIS THING DOESN'T STOP!?

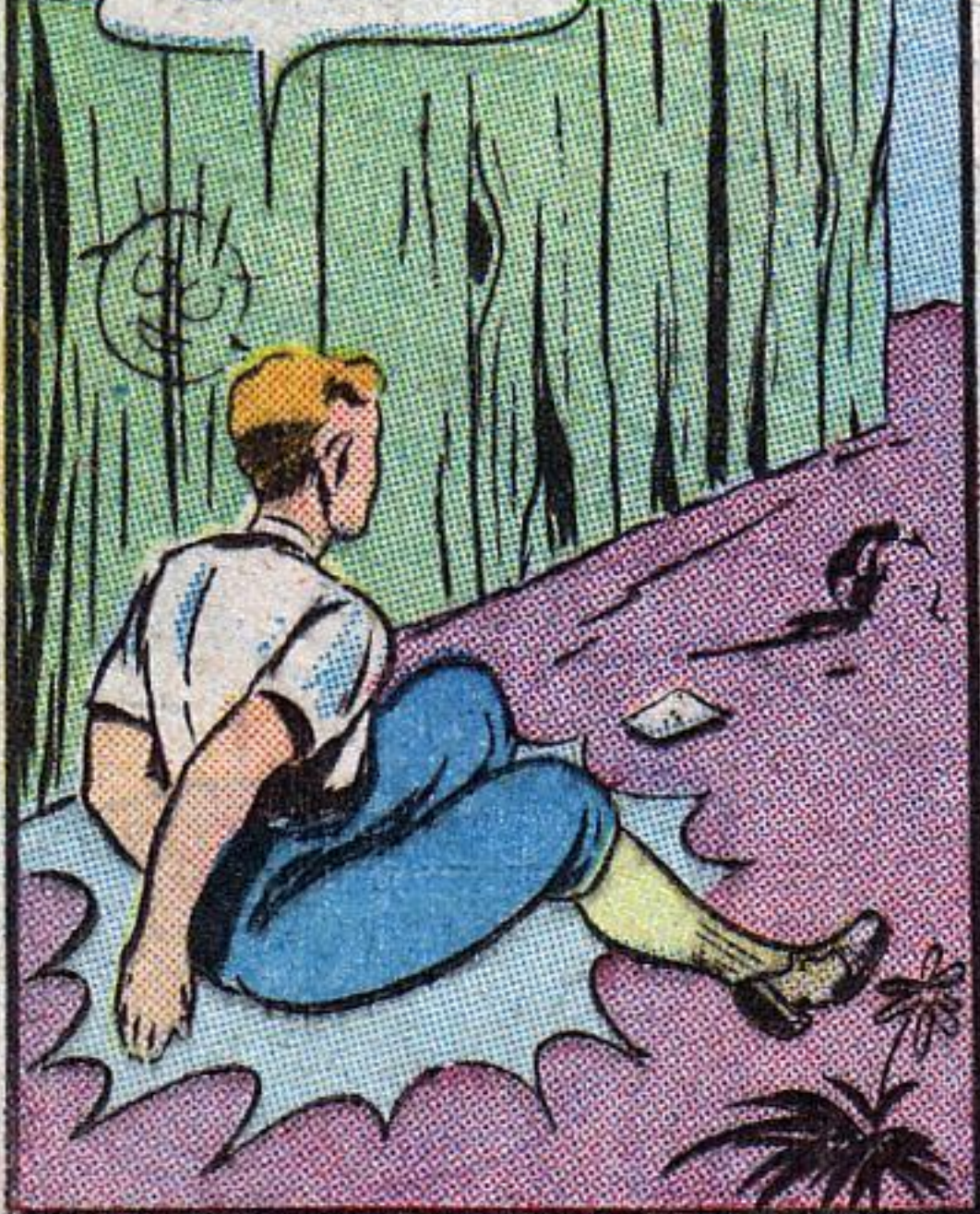


JIMMY'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, FOR THE MAGIC CARD DUMPS HIM OFF RIGHT IN THE YARD WHERE HE STARTED FROM.

OH -- THANK GOODNESS -- WOW! I'M SLIDING DOWN --



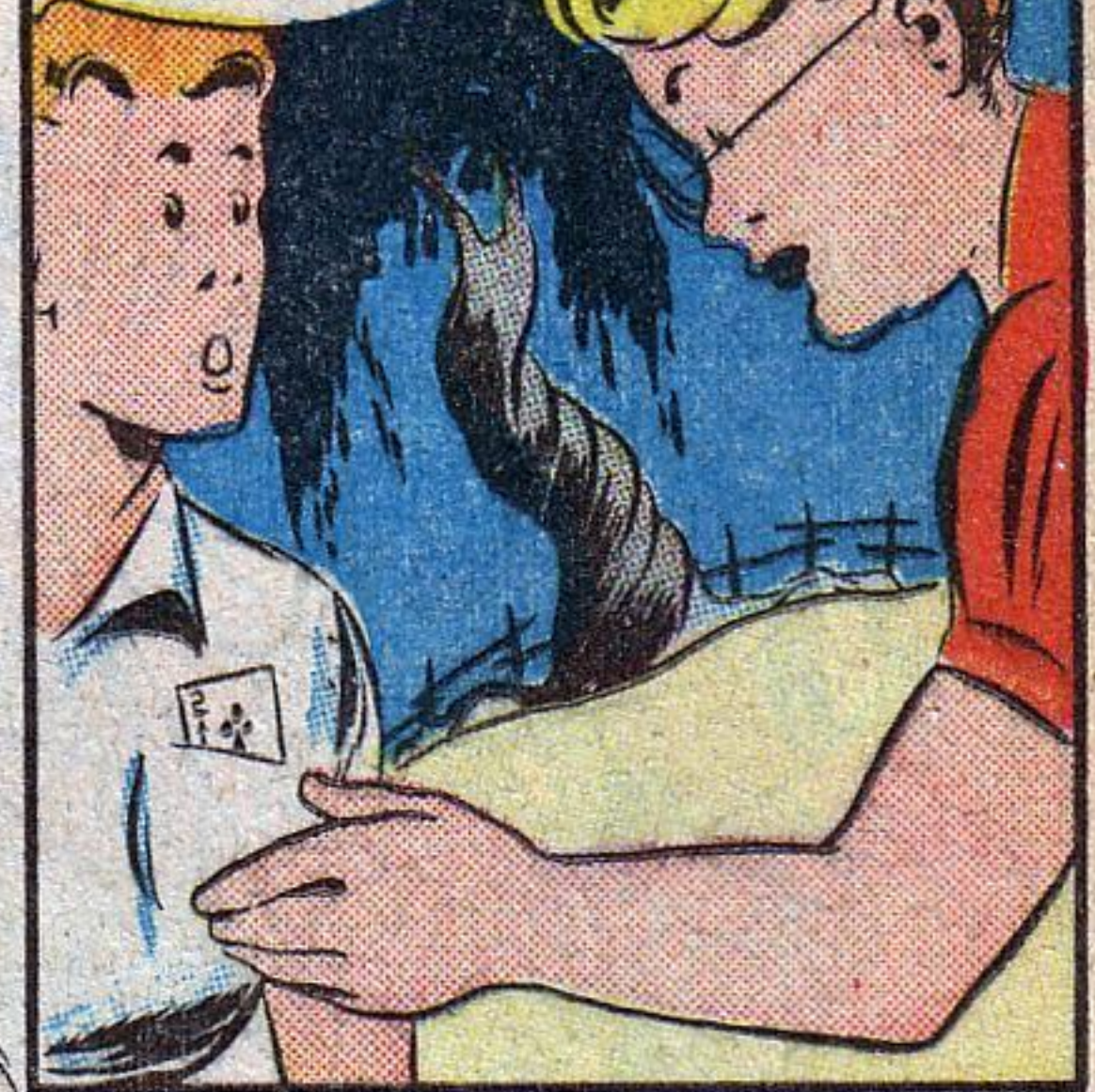
OUCH -- WHERE'S THE MAGIC CARDPET -- HEY! IS THAT IT? DID IT SHRINK? GOSH --



JUST AS JIMMY PICKS UP THE LITTLE CARD TO LOOK AT IT, HE HEARS HIS MOTHER CALLING ... SO, SHOVING THE CARD INTO HIS POCKET, HE RACES FOR HOME!



MY GOODNESS, JIMMY, I'VE BEEN CALLING AND CALLING --- WHERE HAVE YOU ... HMM -- -- WHAT'S THIS?



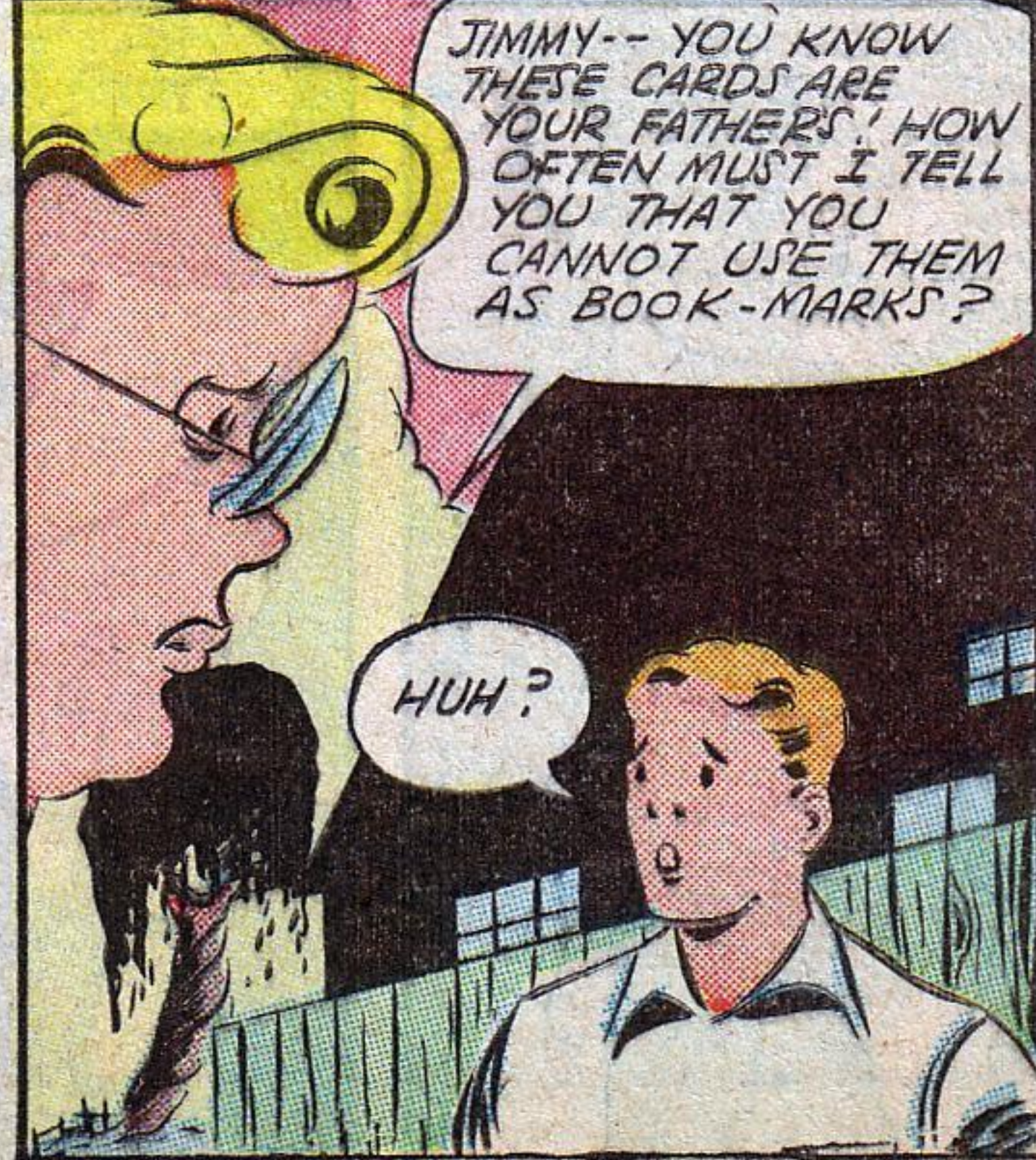
JIMMY! WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?

WHY I --- OH, GOSH, MOM -- YOU DON'T THINK I WAS GAMBLING, DO YOU?

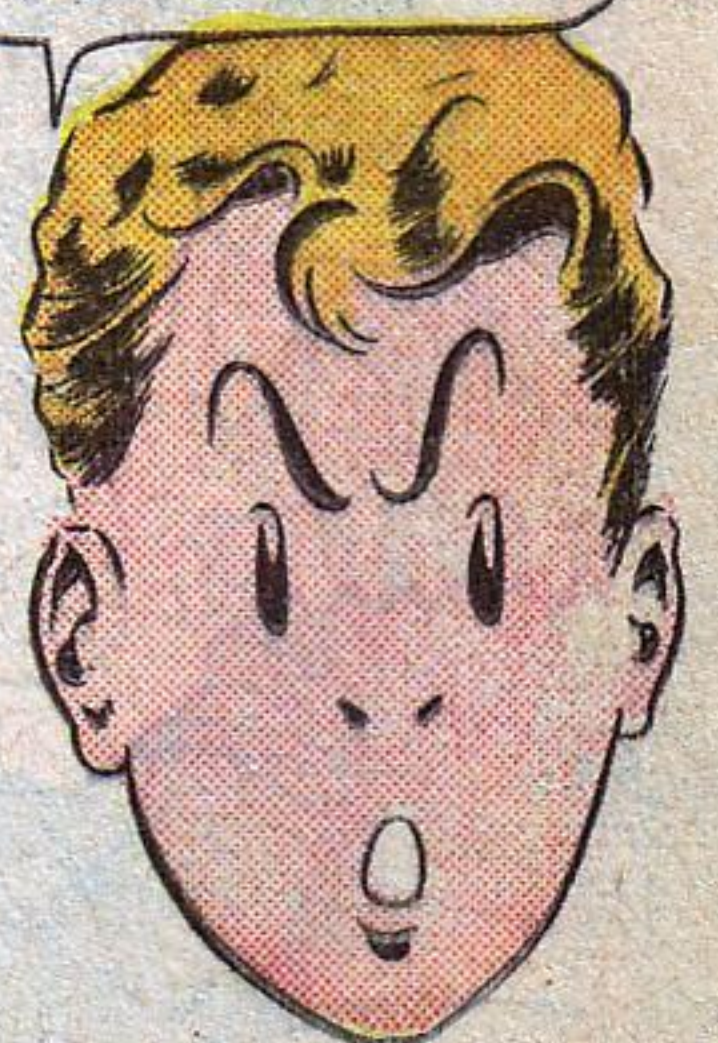


JIMMY -- YOU KNOW THESE CARDS ARE YOUR FATHER'S! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU THAT YOU CANNOT USE THEM AS BOOK-MARKS?

HUH?



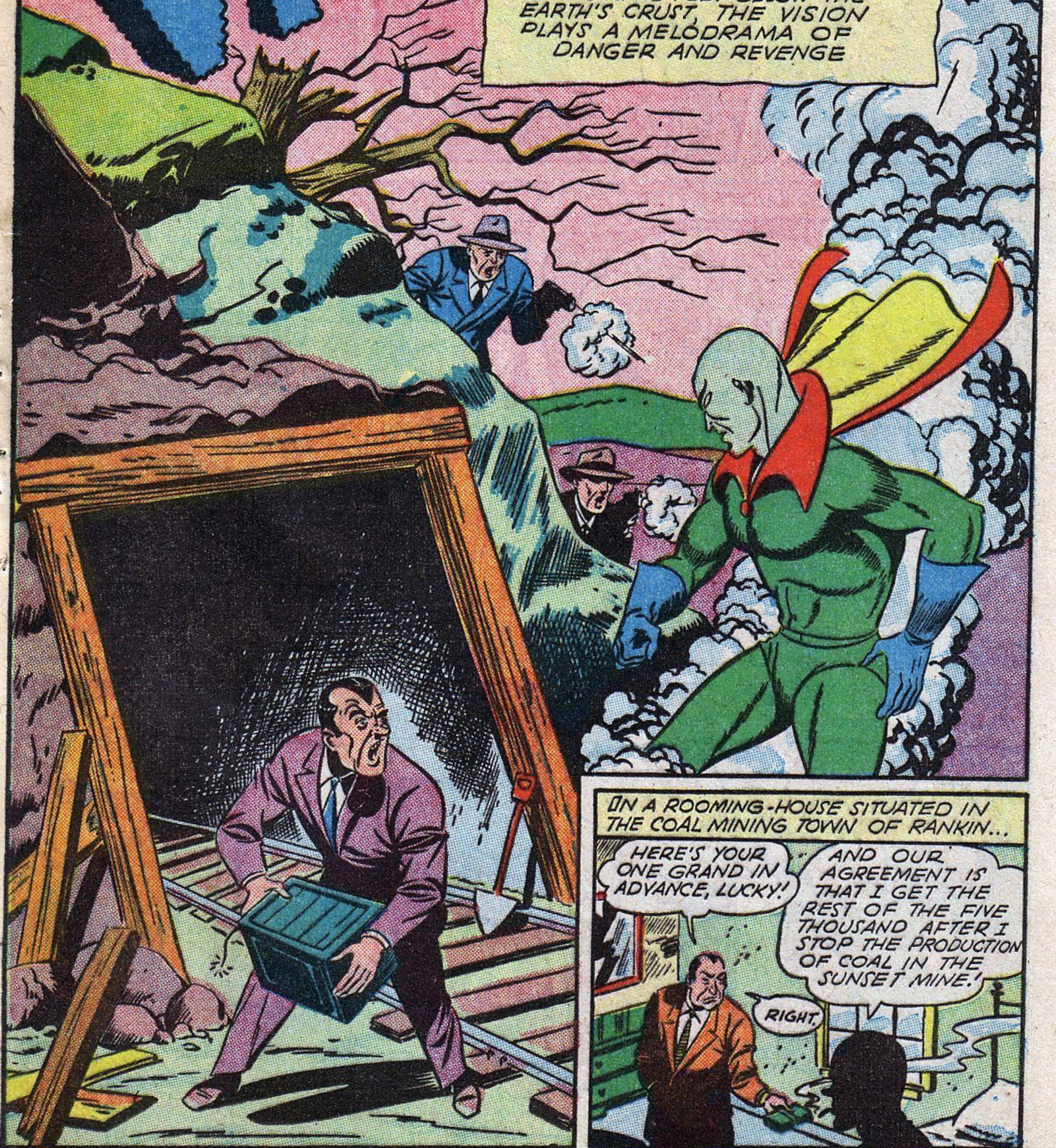
GEE --- D'YA SUPPOSE I COULD'VE JUST BEEN DREAMING ALL THAT?



END.

the VISION

A THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE EARTH'S CRUST, THE VISION PLAYS A MELODRAMA OF DANGER AND REVENGE

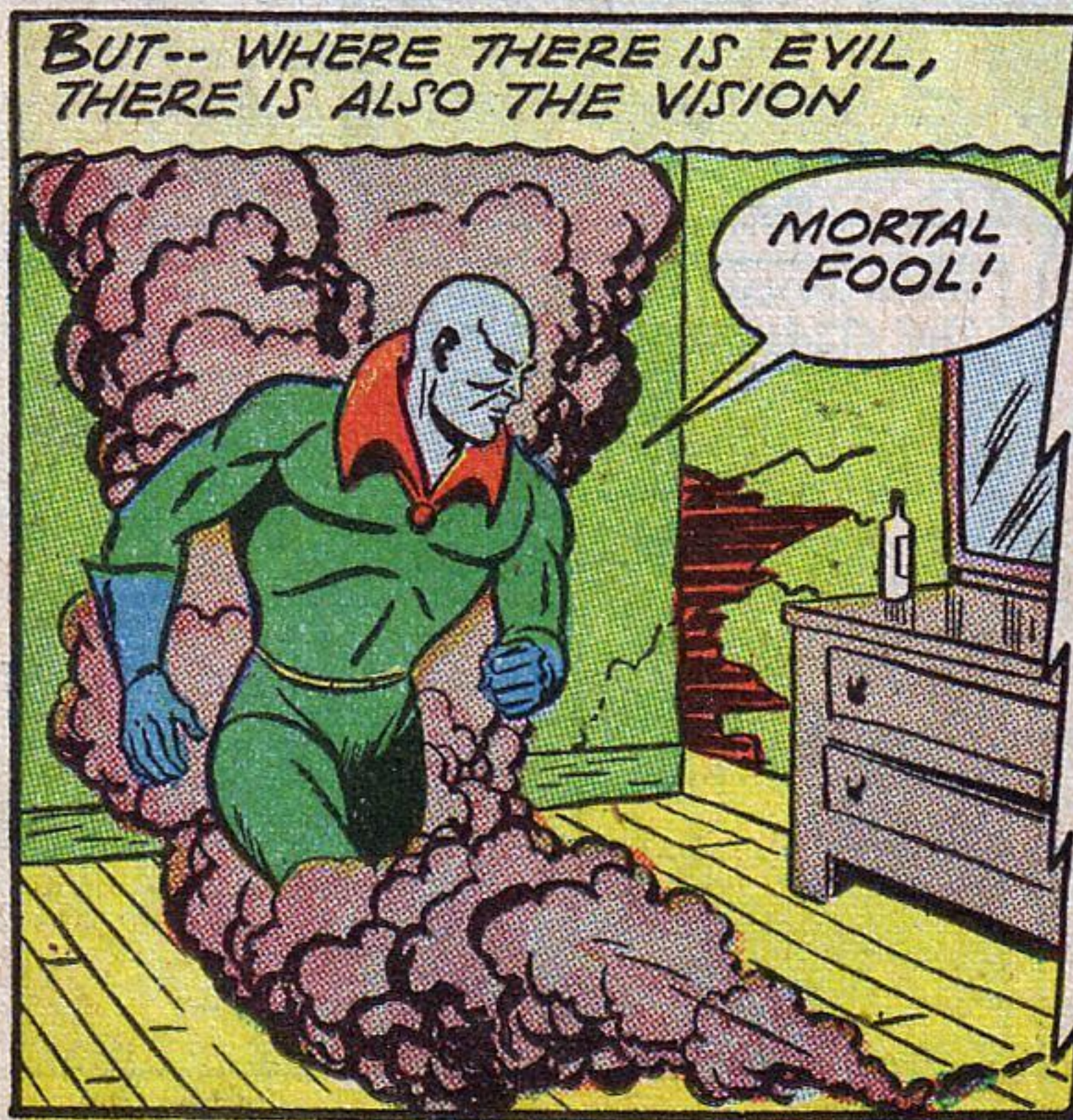
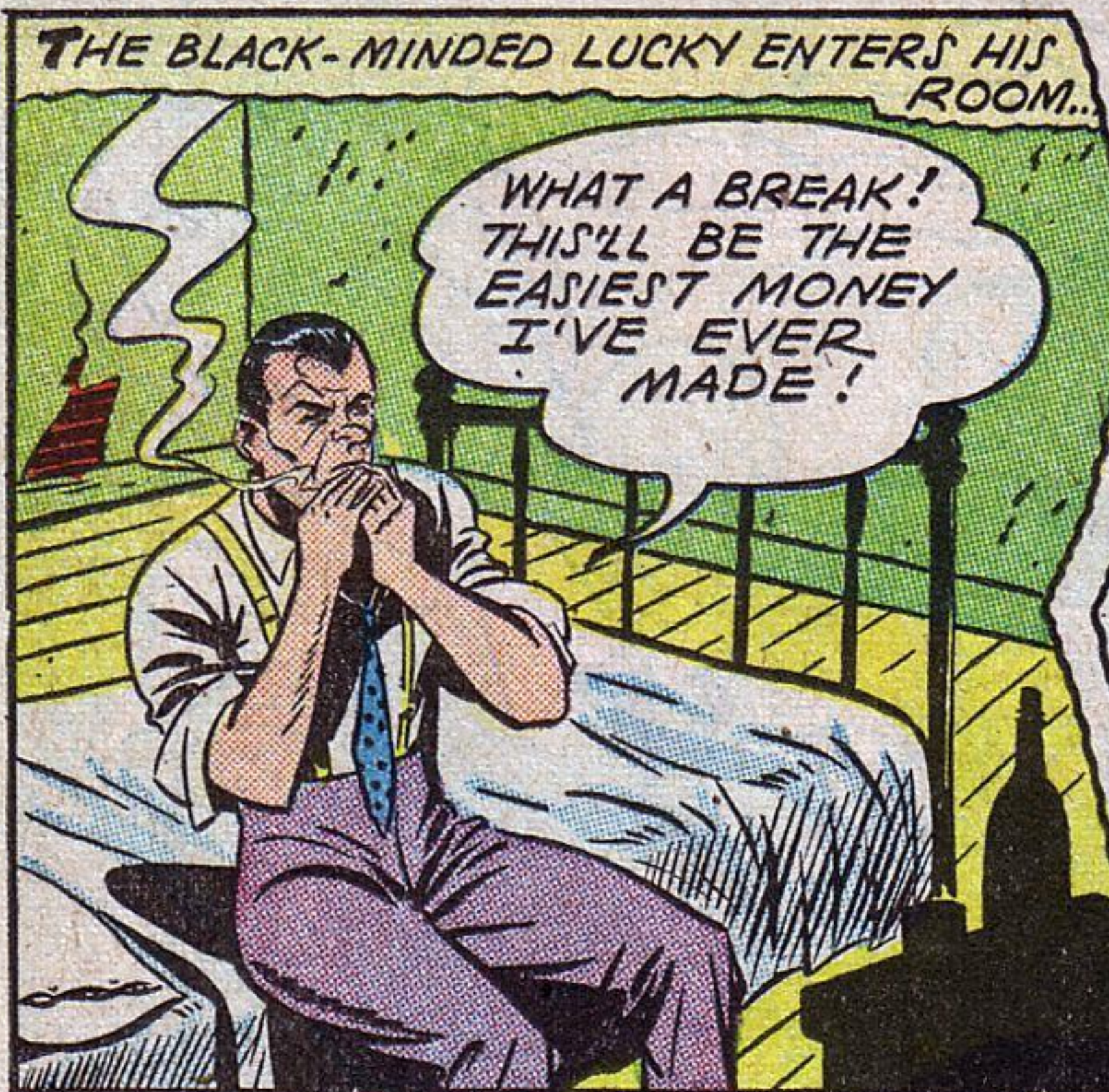


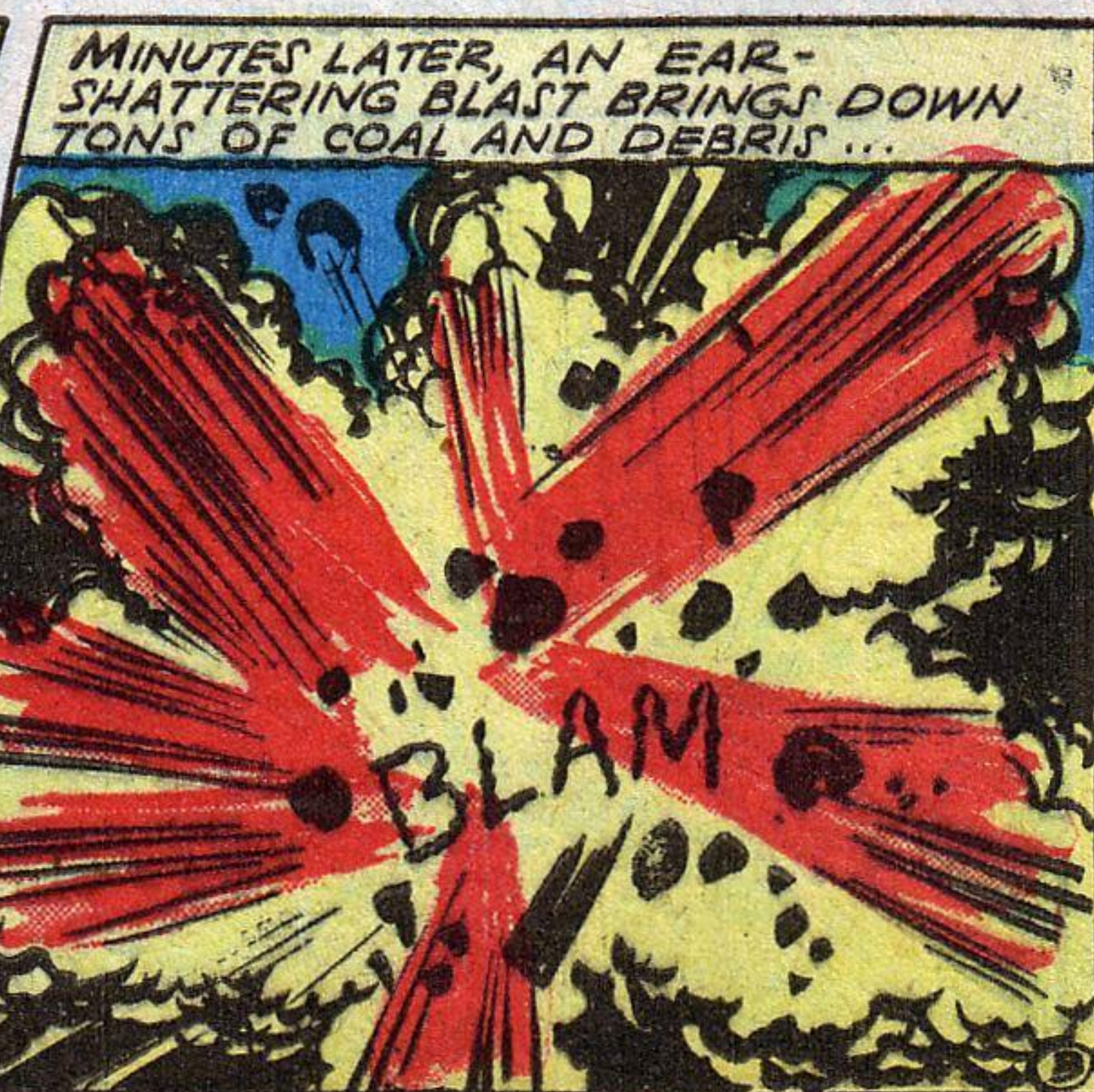
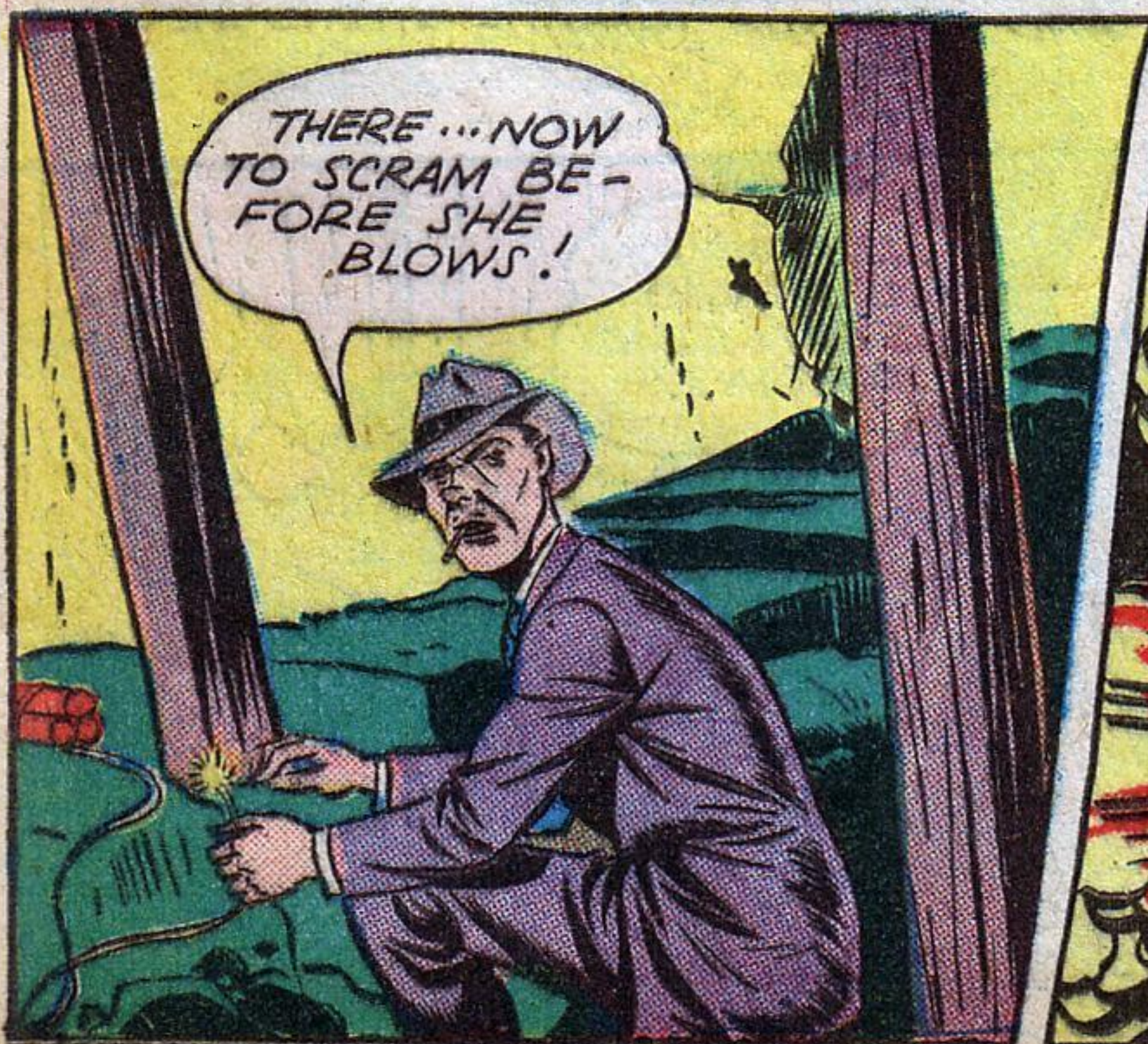
IN A ROOMING-HOUSE SITUATED IN THE COAL MINING TOWN OF RANKIN...

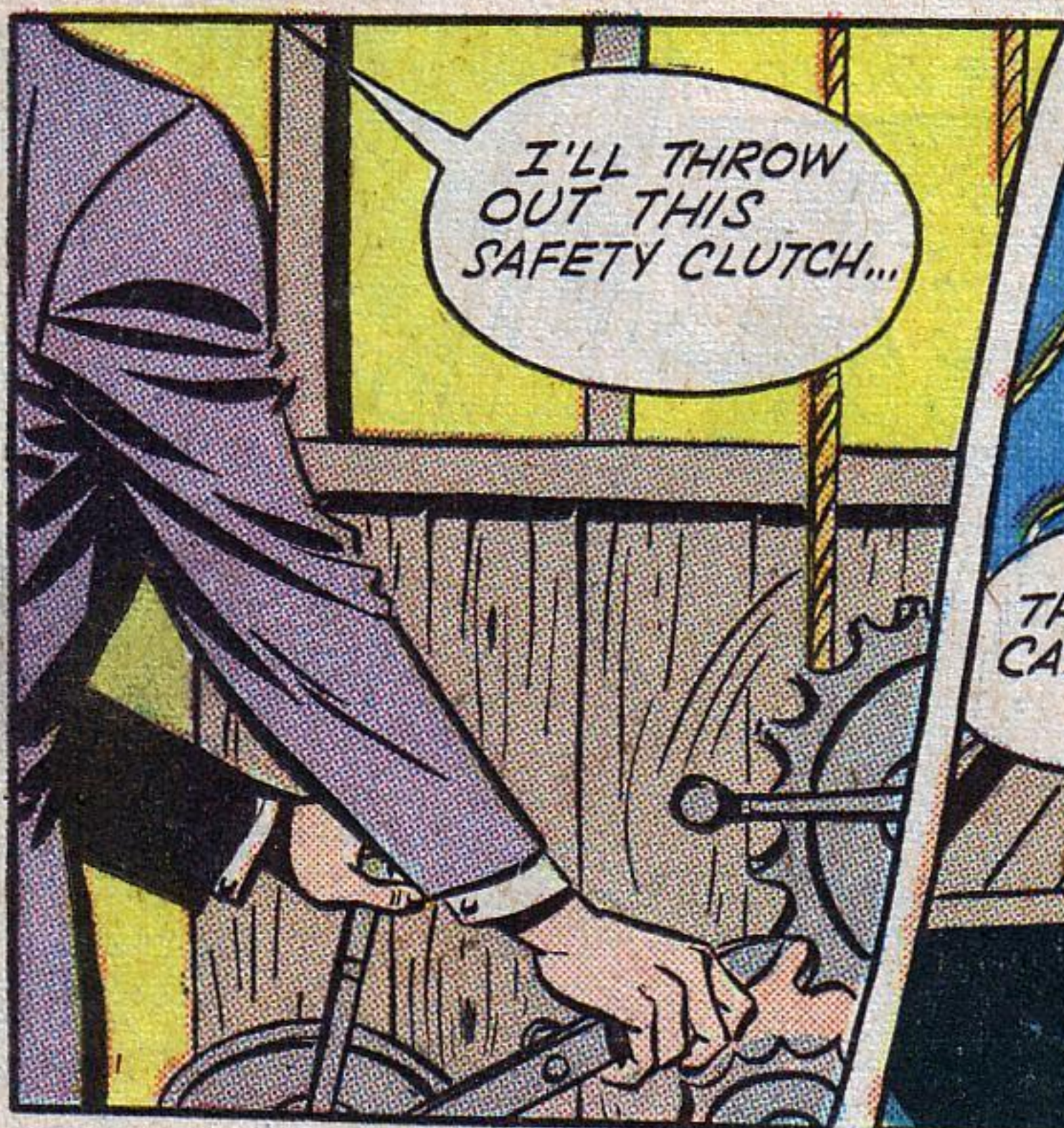
HERE'S YOUR ONE GRAND IN ADVANCE, LUCKY!

AND OUR AGREEMENT IS THAT I GET THE REST OF THE FIVE THOUSAND AFTER I STOP THE PRODUCTION OF COAL IN THE SUNSET MINE!

RIGHT.





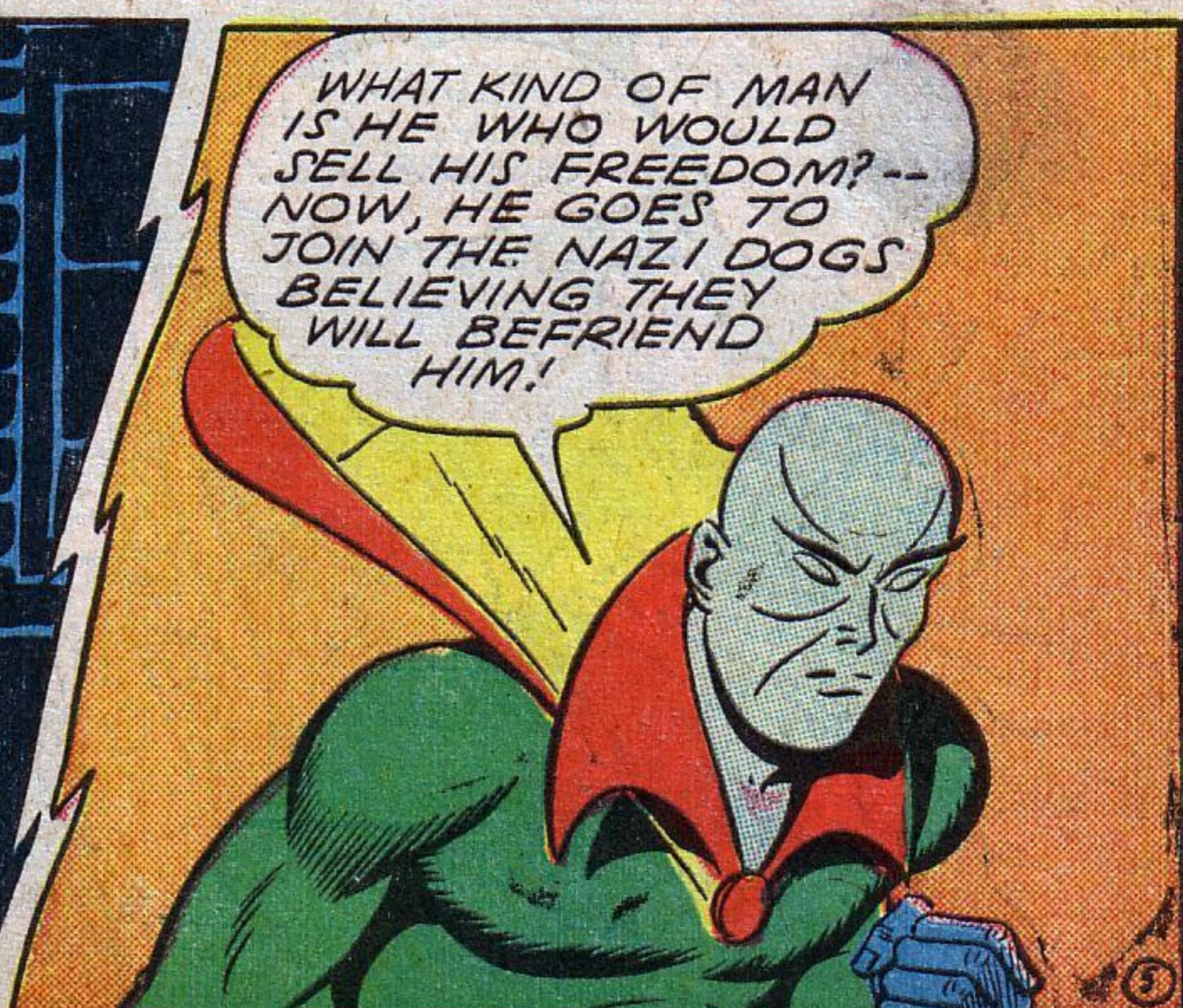
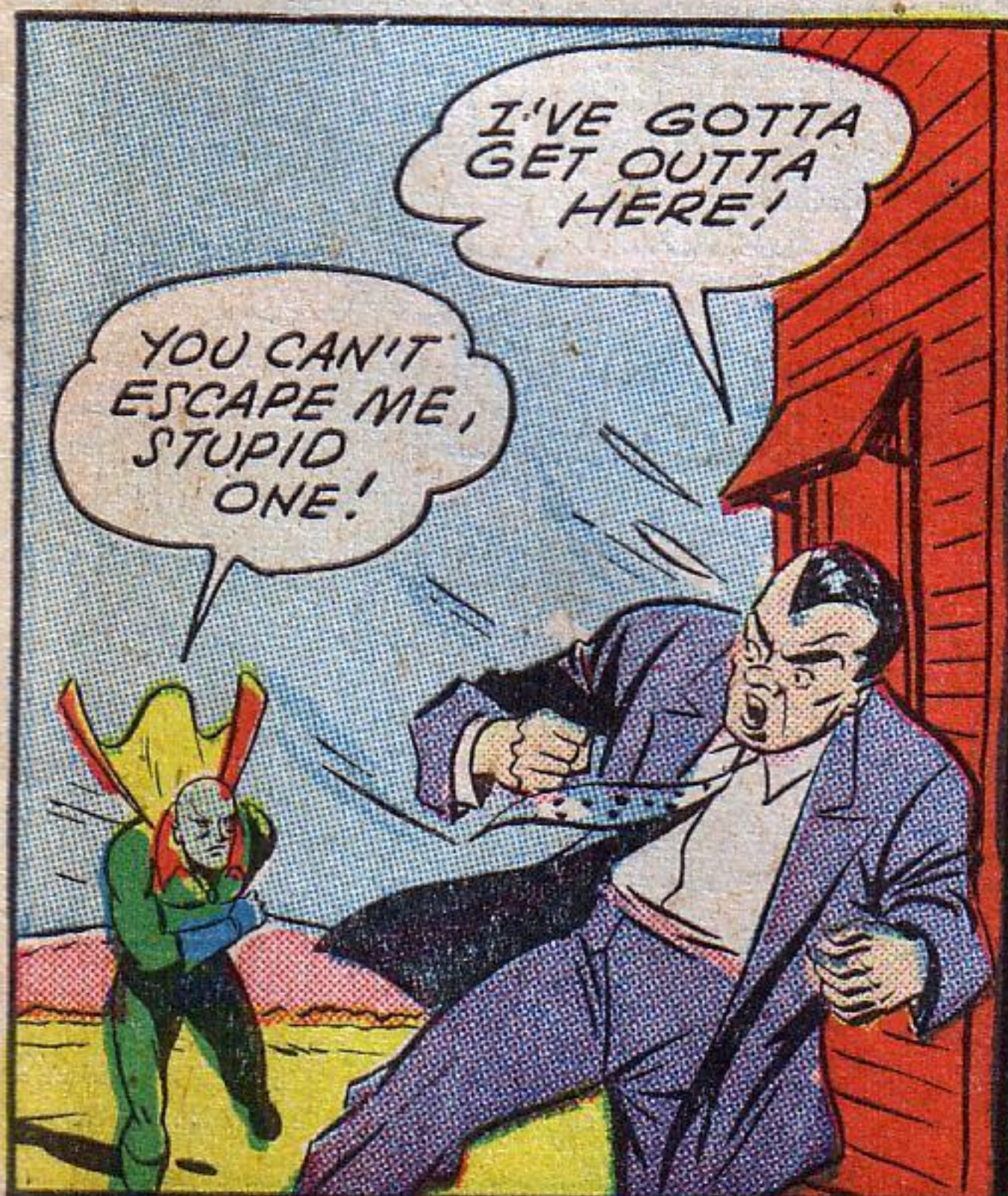
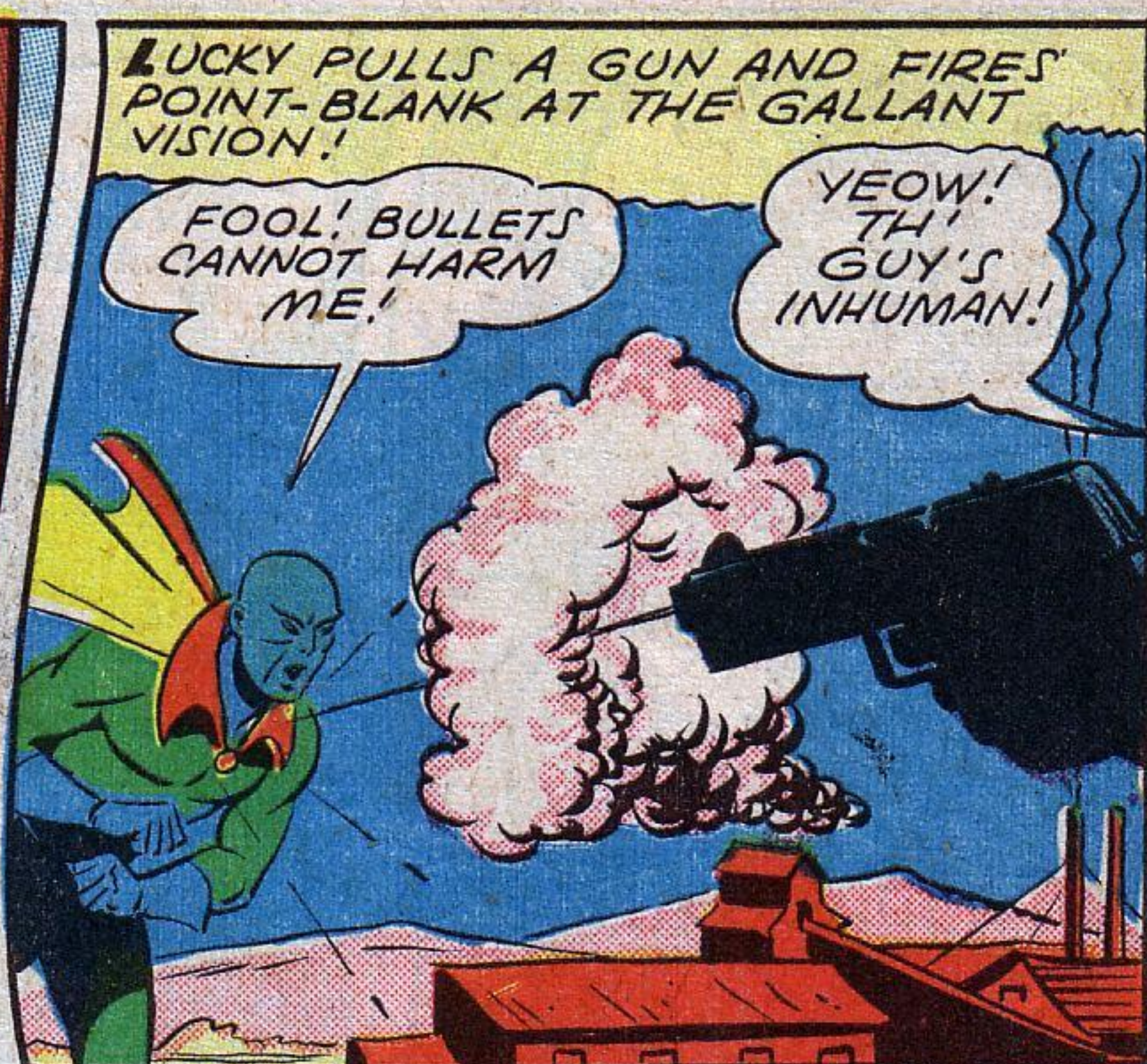
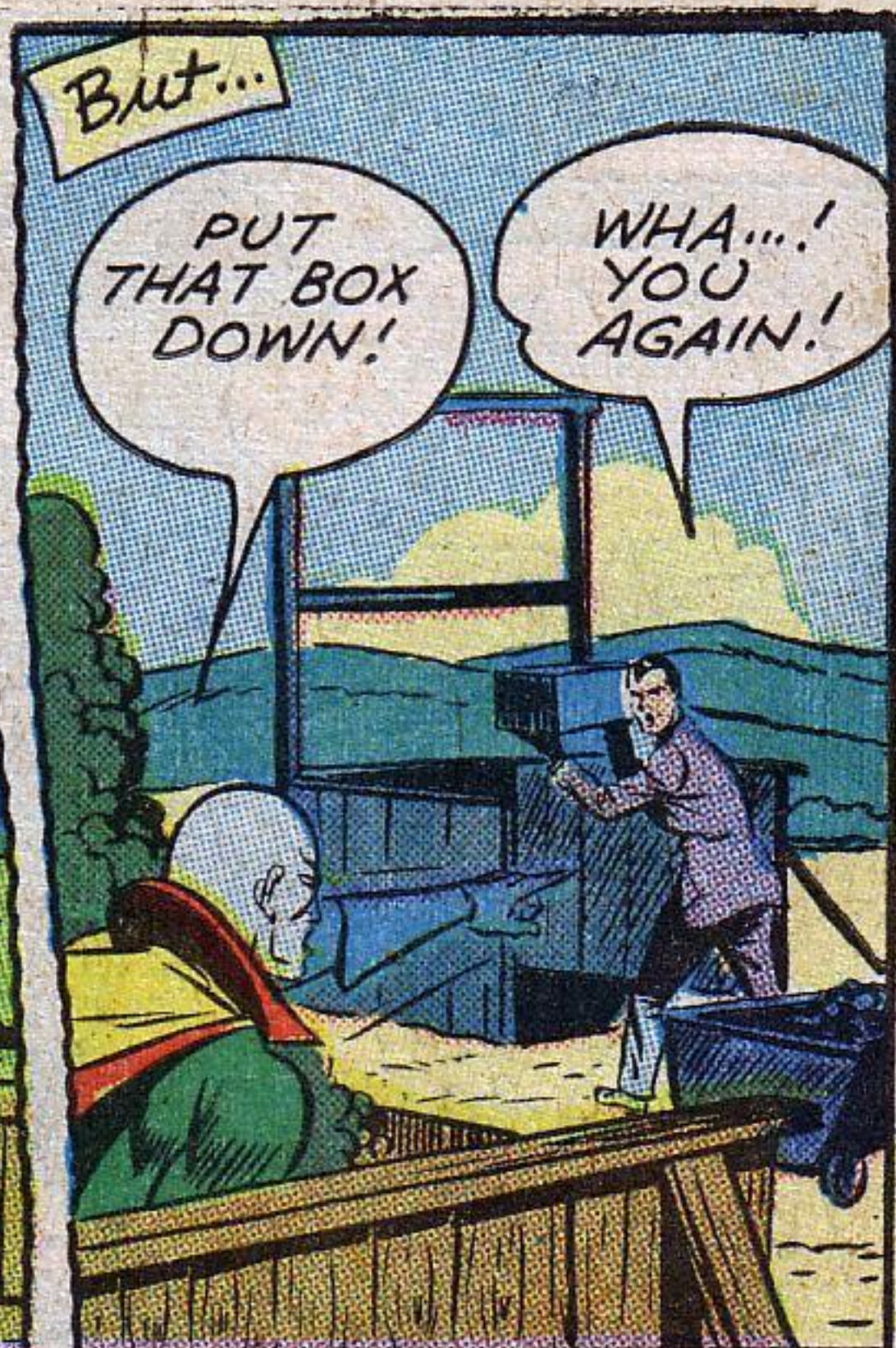
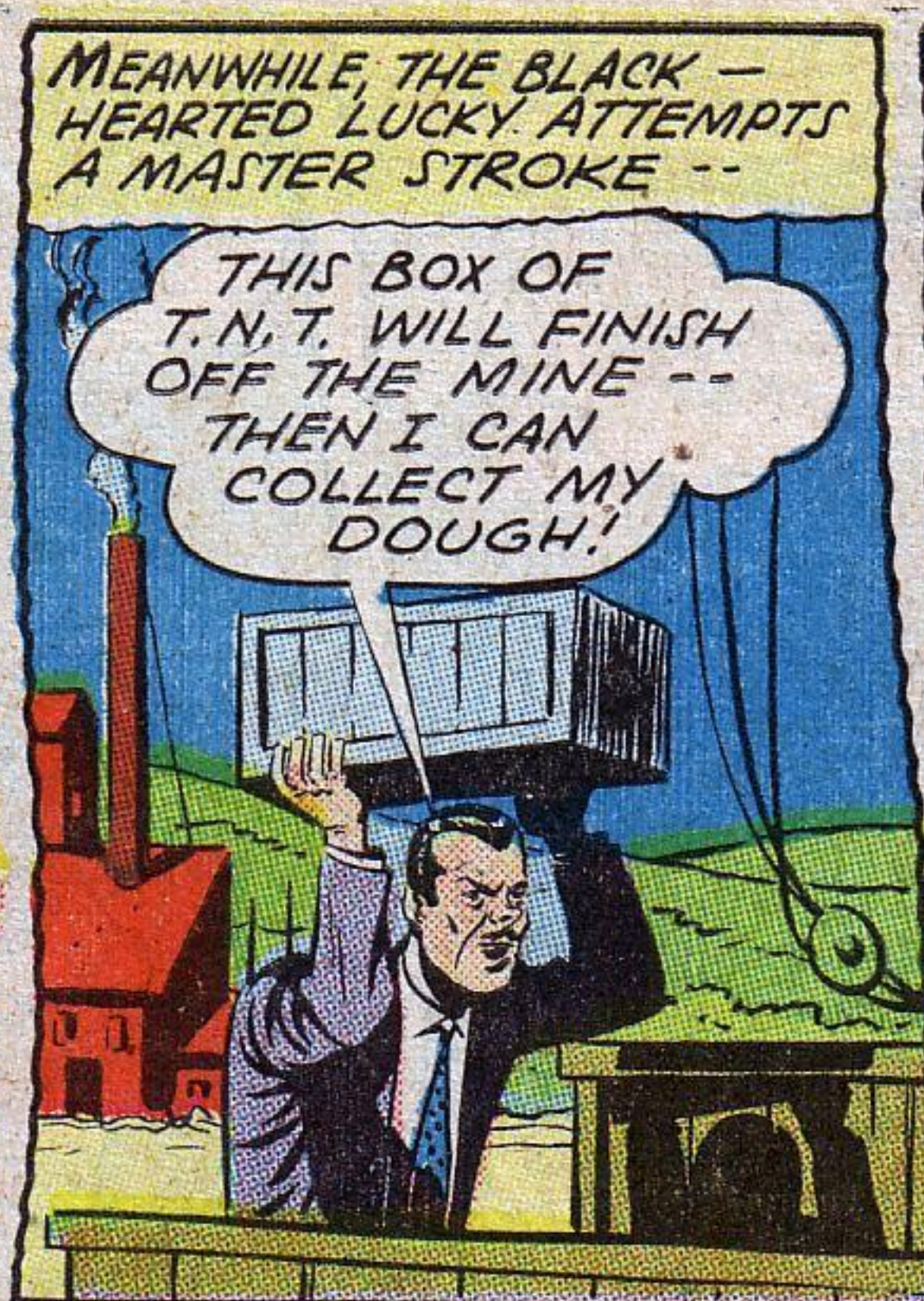


THE ELEVATOR CRASHES TO THE
BOTTOM!

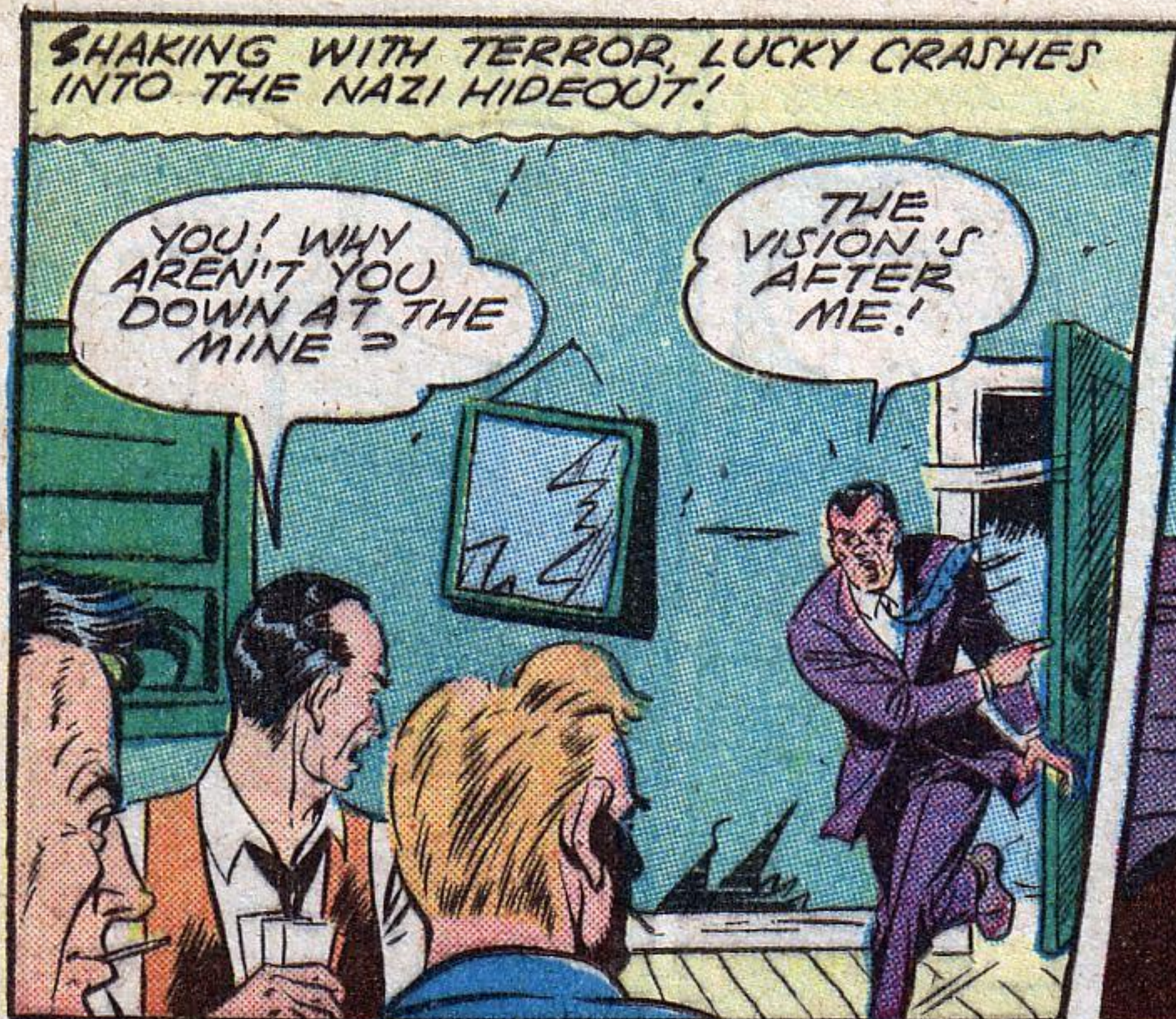


AND FROM THE SWIRLING SMOKE OF THIS
GRIM SCENE OF DEATH APPEARS A
POWERFUL FIGURE -





SHAKING WITH TERROR, LUCKY CRASHES INTO THE NAZI HIDEOUT!

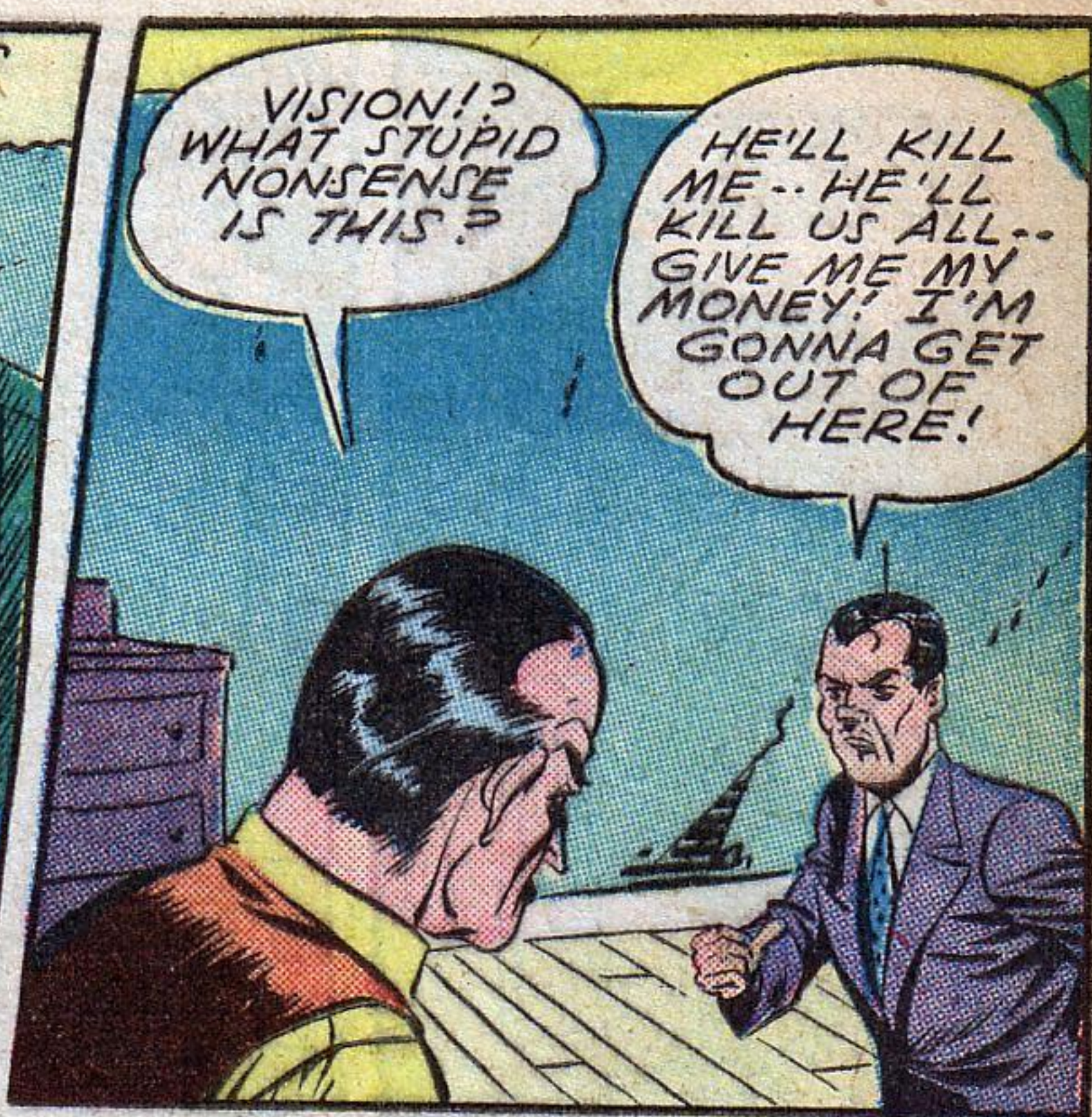


YOU! WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN AT THE MINE?

THE VISION IS AFTER ME!

VISION!? WHAT STUPID NONSENSE IS THIS?

HE'LL KILL ME-- HE'LL KILL US ALL-- GIVE ME MY MONEY! I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!



DUMBKOPF! YOU RECEIVE NO MONEY UNTIL YOU'VE WRECKED THAT MINE-- STOP BABBLING ABOUT VISIONS! VERSTEHENSIE?

OW!



THEN...

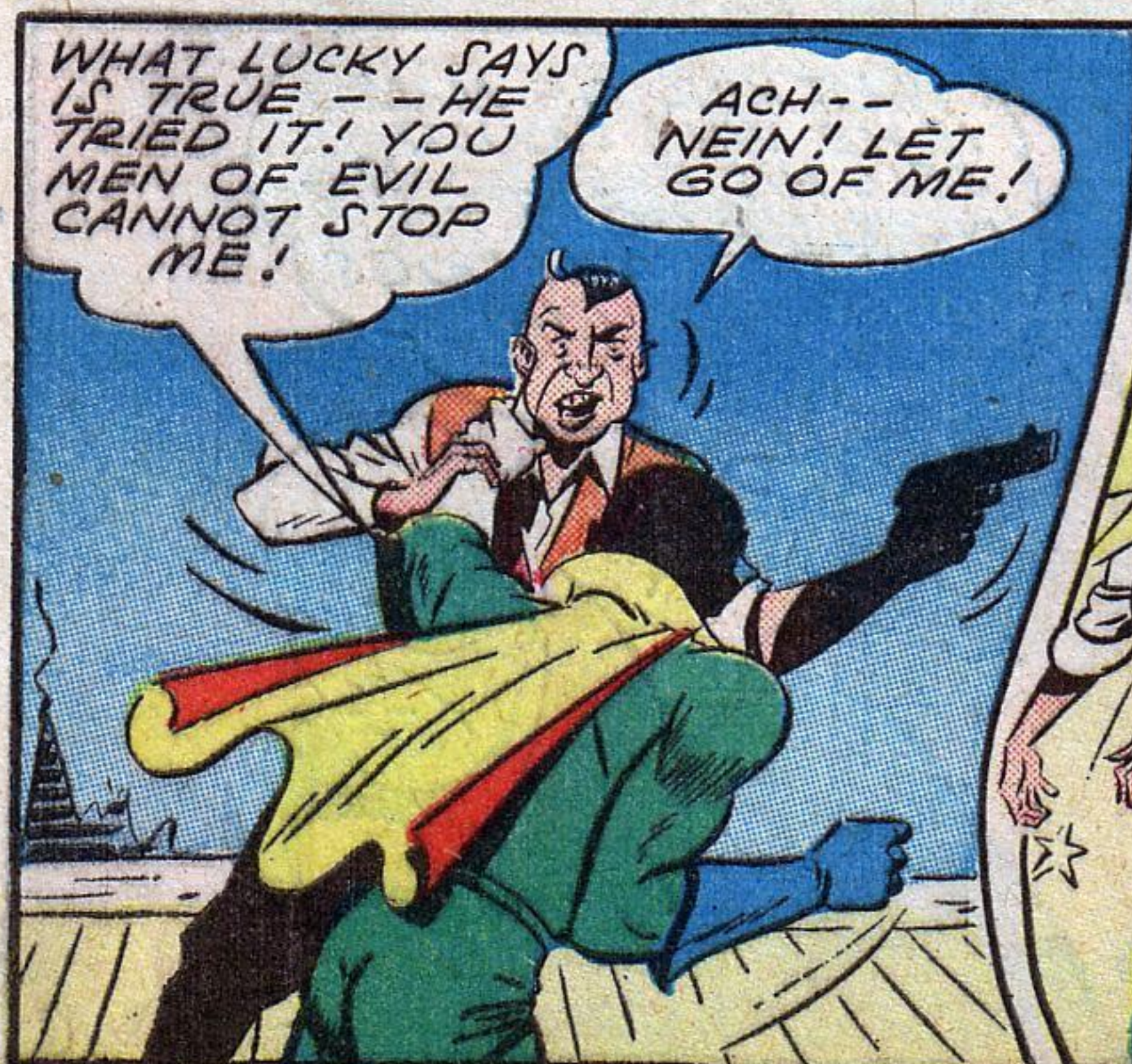
DID SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

IT'S HIM! THAT'S THE VISION!



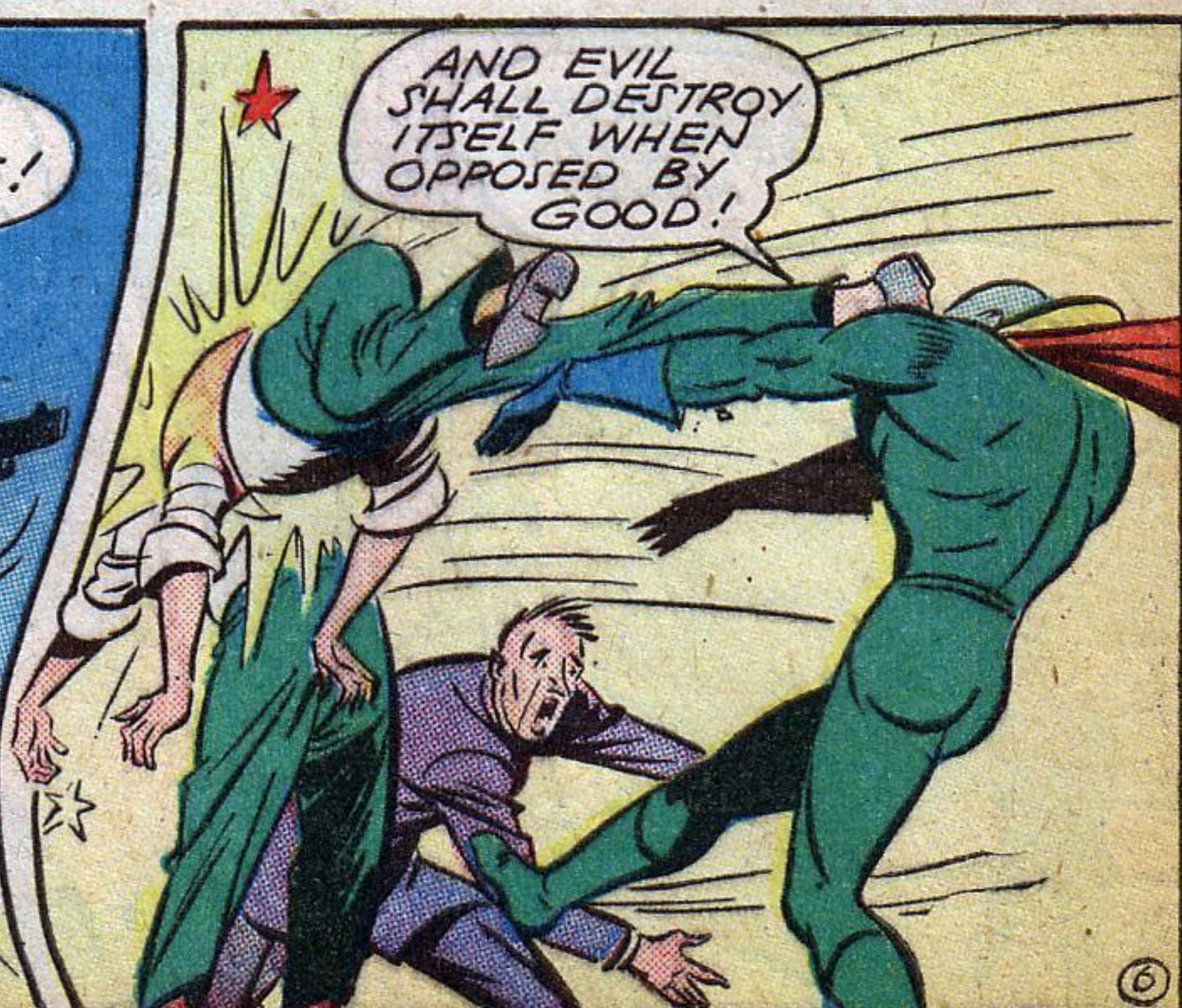
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THIS VISION -- BAH!

NO! HE'S NOT HUMAN! BULLETS DON'T TOUCH HIM!

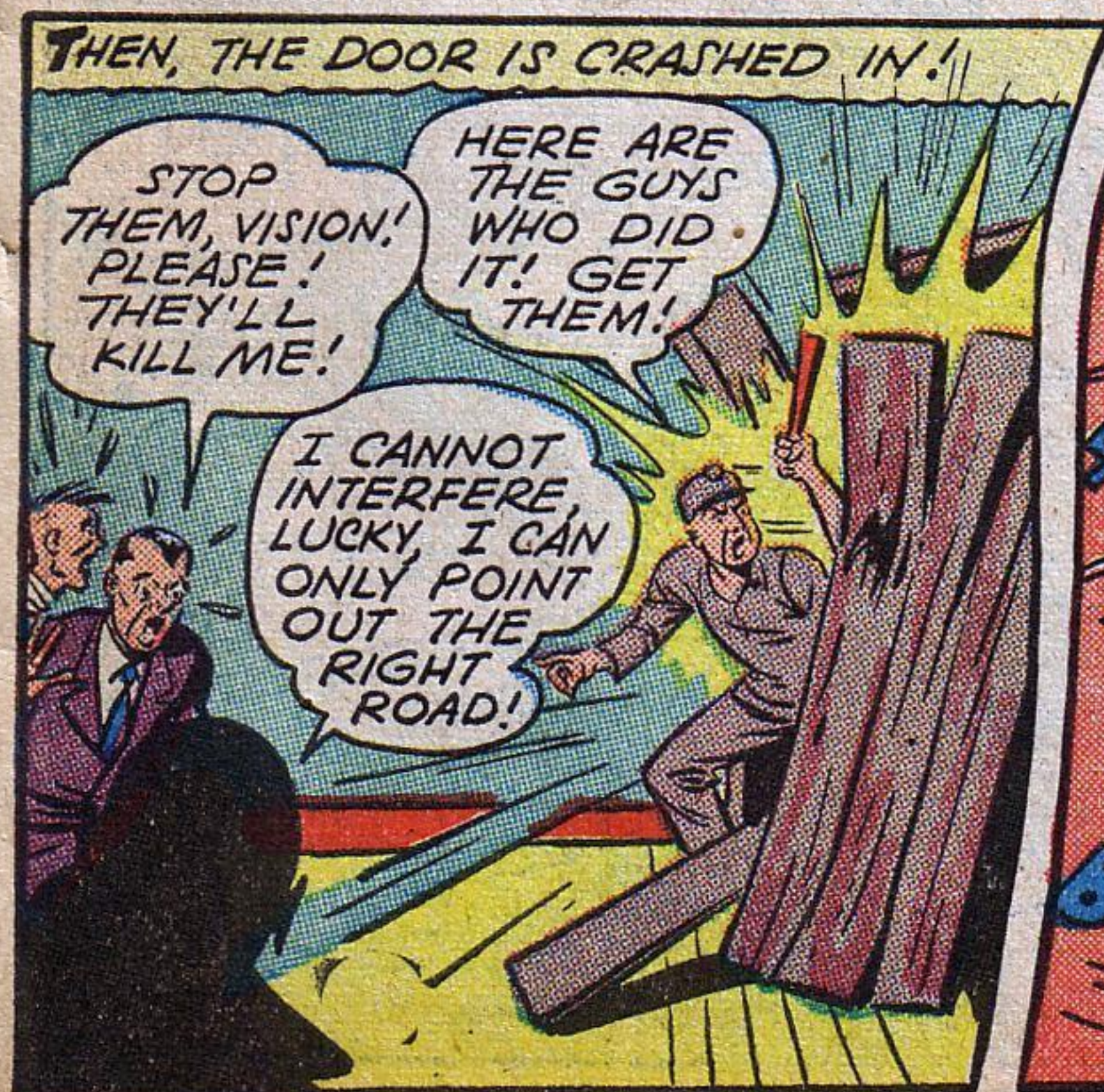
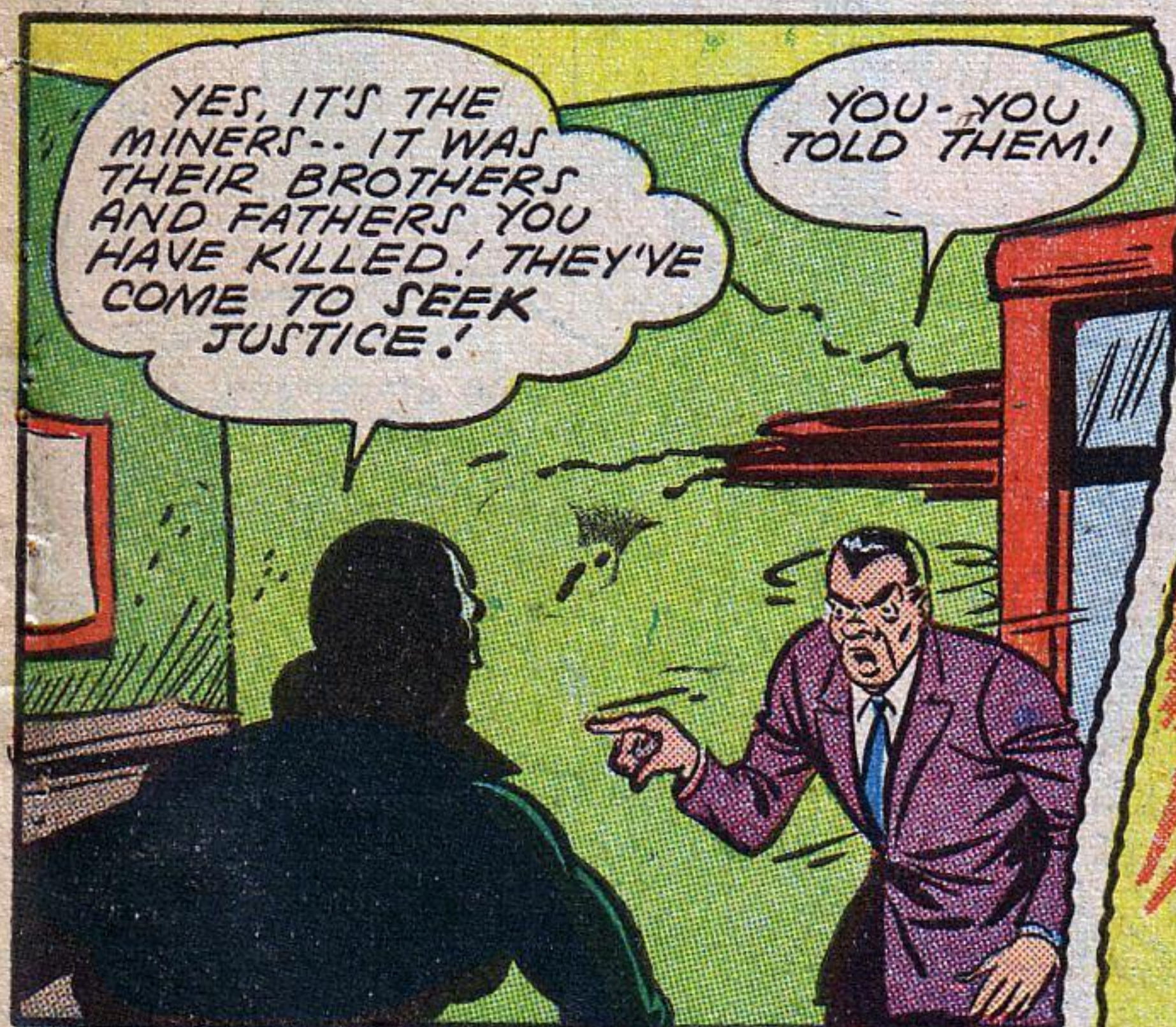
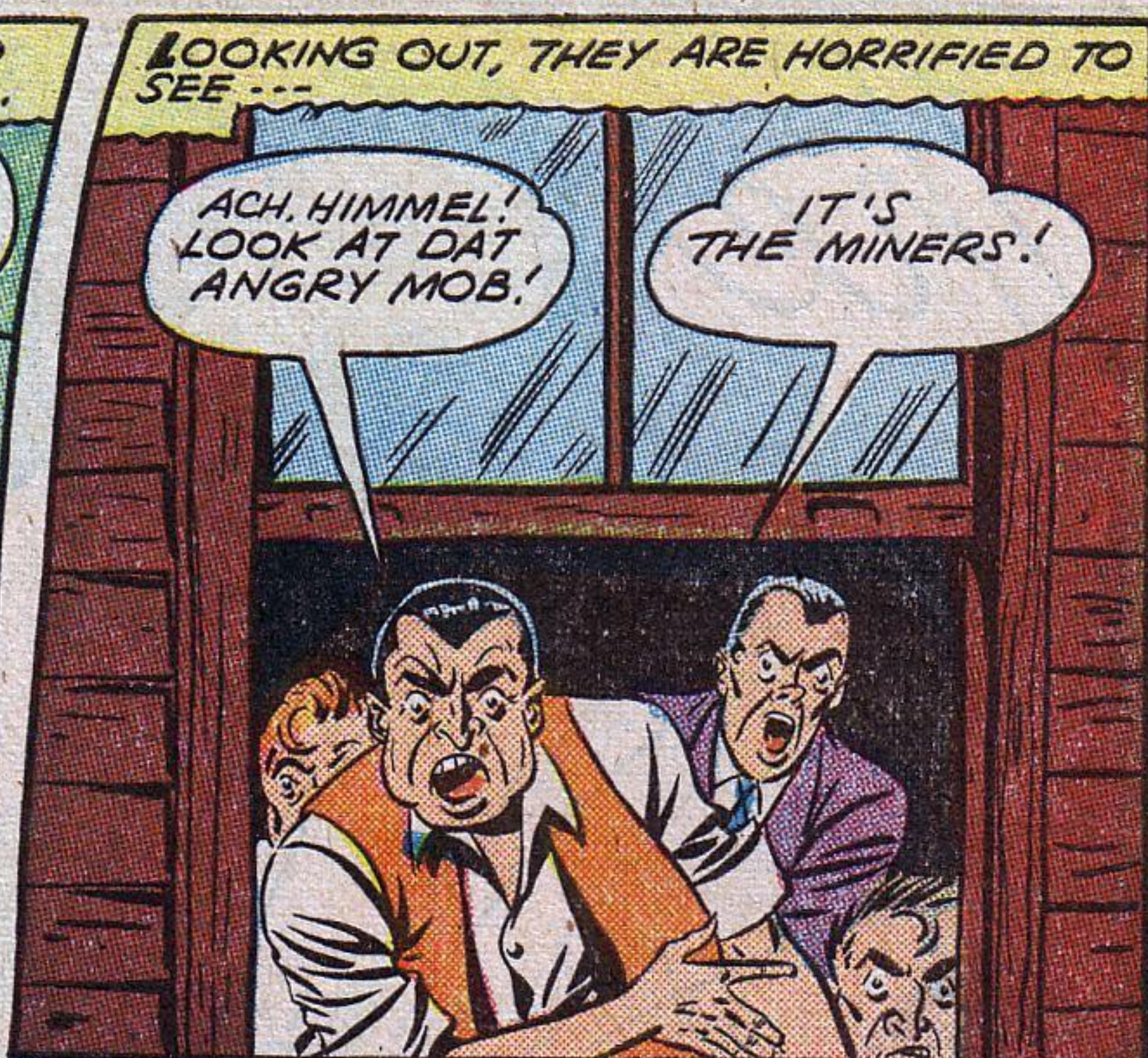


WHAT LUCKY SAYS IS TRUE -- HE TRIED IT! YOU MEN OF EVIL CANNOT STOP ME!

ACH-- NEIN! LET GO OF ME!



AND EVIL SHALL DESTROY ITSELF WHEN OPPOSED BY GOOD!



The ANGEL



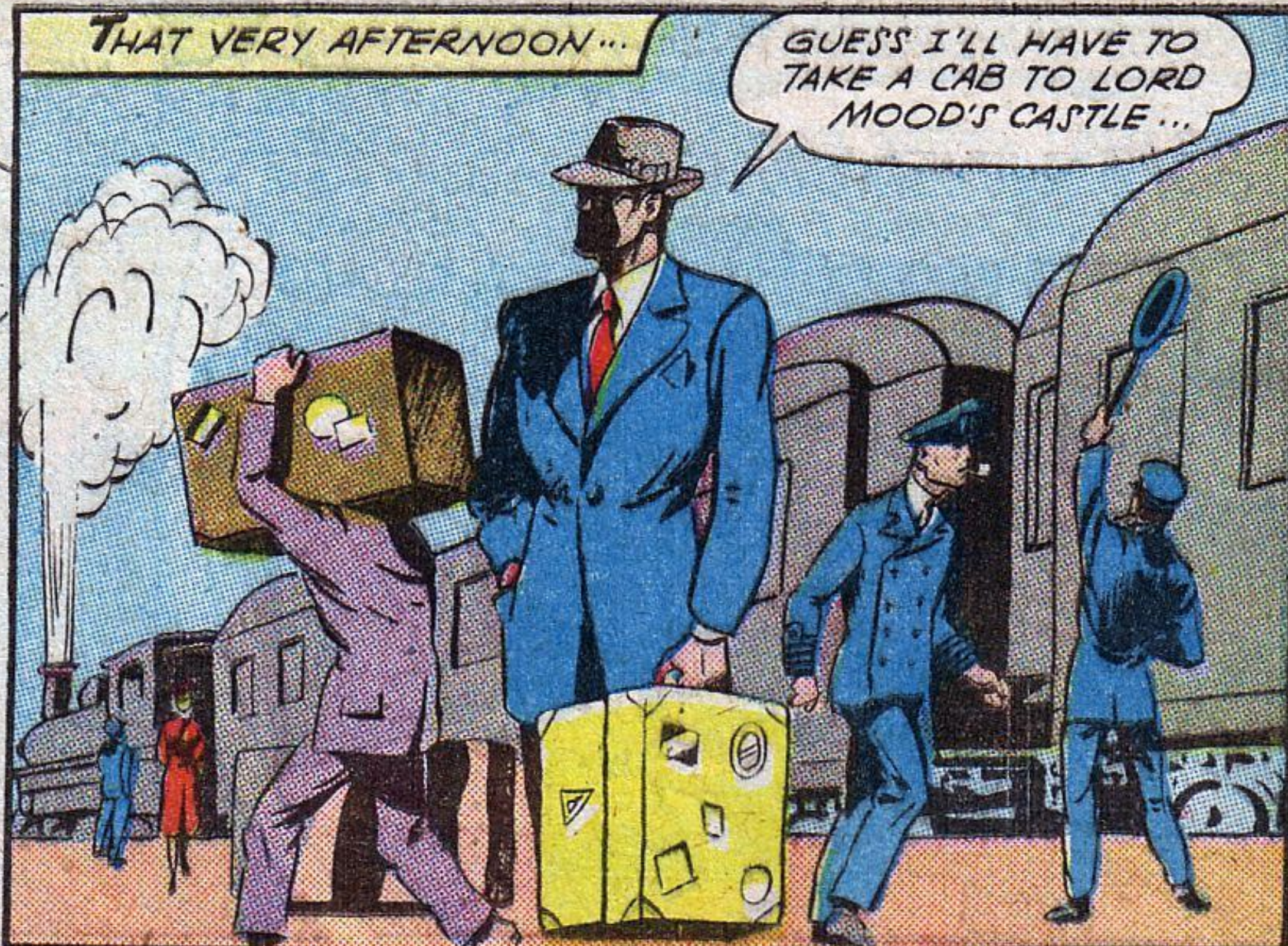
INSIDE CASTLE MOOD, SITS A MORBID, SATANIC-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL... **LORD MOOD!**

THE ANGEL HAS ACCEPTED MY WEEK-END INVITATION... HAH! THE PLEASURE WILL BE ALL MINE!



THAT VERY AFTERNOON...

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CAB TO LORD MOOD'S CASTLE...



HMM! LOOKS LIKE ALL THE PORTERS ARE BUSY.



SUDDENLY, A VEILED WOMAN WHISPERS TO THE ANGEL...

DON'T GO TO CASTLE MOOD... DANGER...

SHE'S GONE!... ODD! OH, WELL I'D BETTER BE GETTING ALONG!

WHAT? SAY... WAIT A MOMENT!



BUT BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN QUESTION HER, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER VANISHES IN THE CROWD.



LATER, AT THE CASTLE --

I TRUST YOUR TRIP WAS A PLEASANT ONE?

VERY, LORD MOOD! WHY HAVE YOU ASKED ME TO COME?

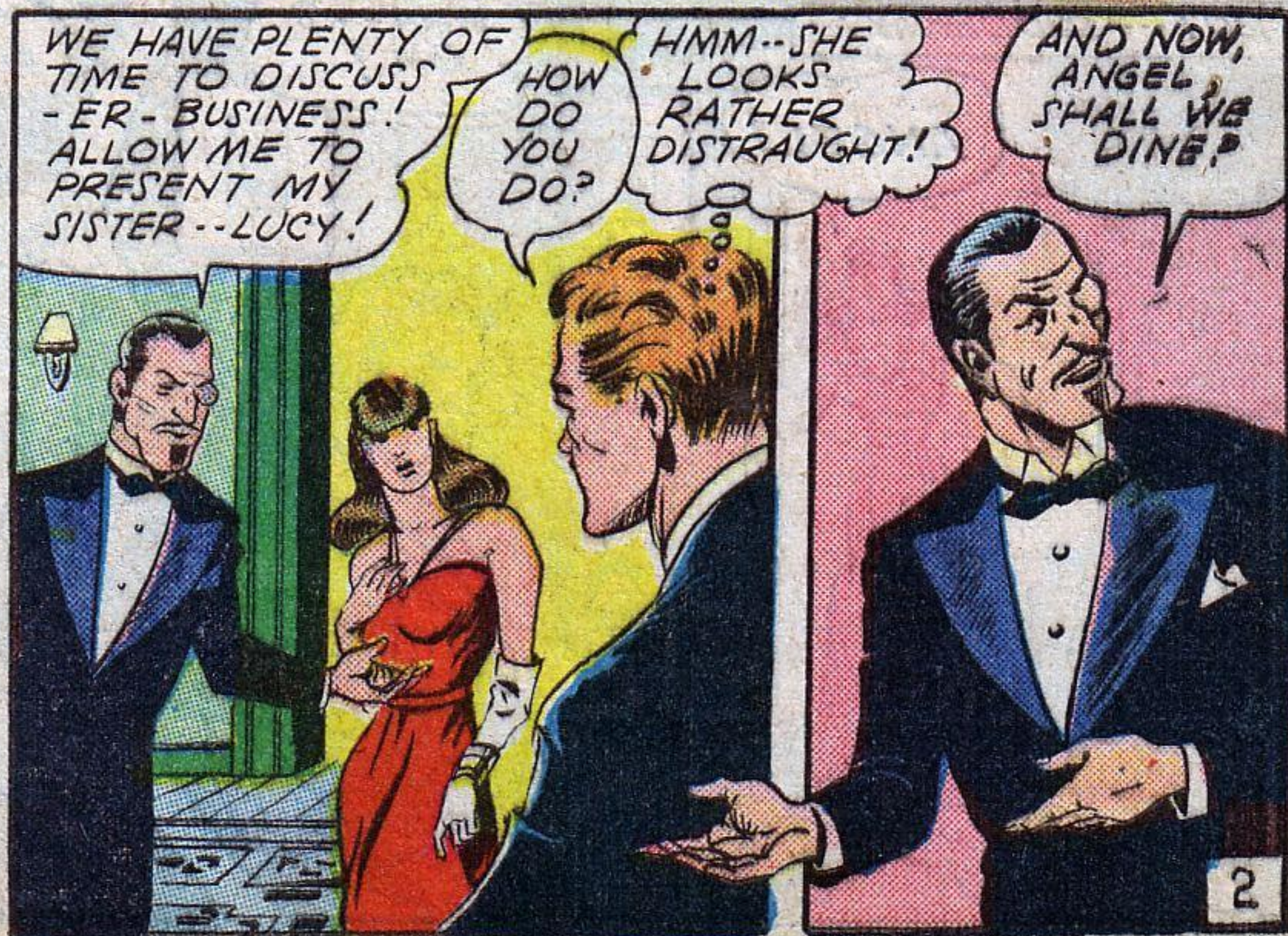


WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DISCUSS -ER- BUSINESS! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY SISTER--LUCY!

HOW DO YOU DO?

HMM--SHE LOOKS RATHER DISTRAUGHT!

AND NOW, ANGEL, SHALL WE DINE?



AS THE DINNER DRAWS TO A CLOSE ---

WE SHALL RETIRE EARLY, ANGEL, OUR DISCUSSION CAN WAIT UNTIL MORNING!

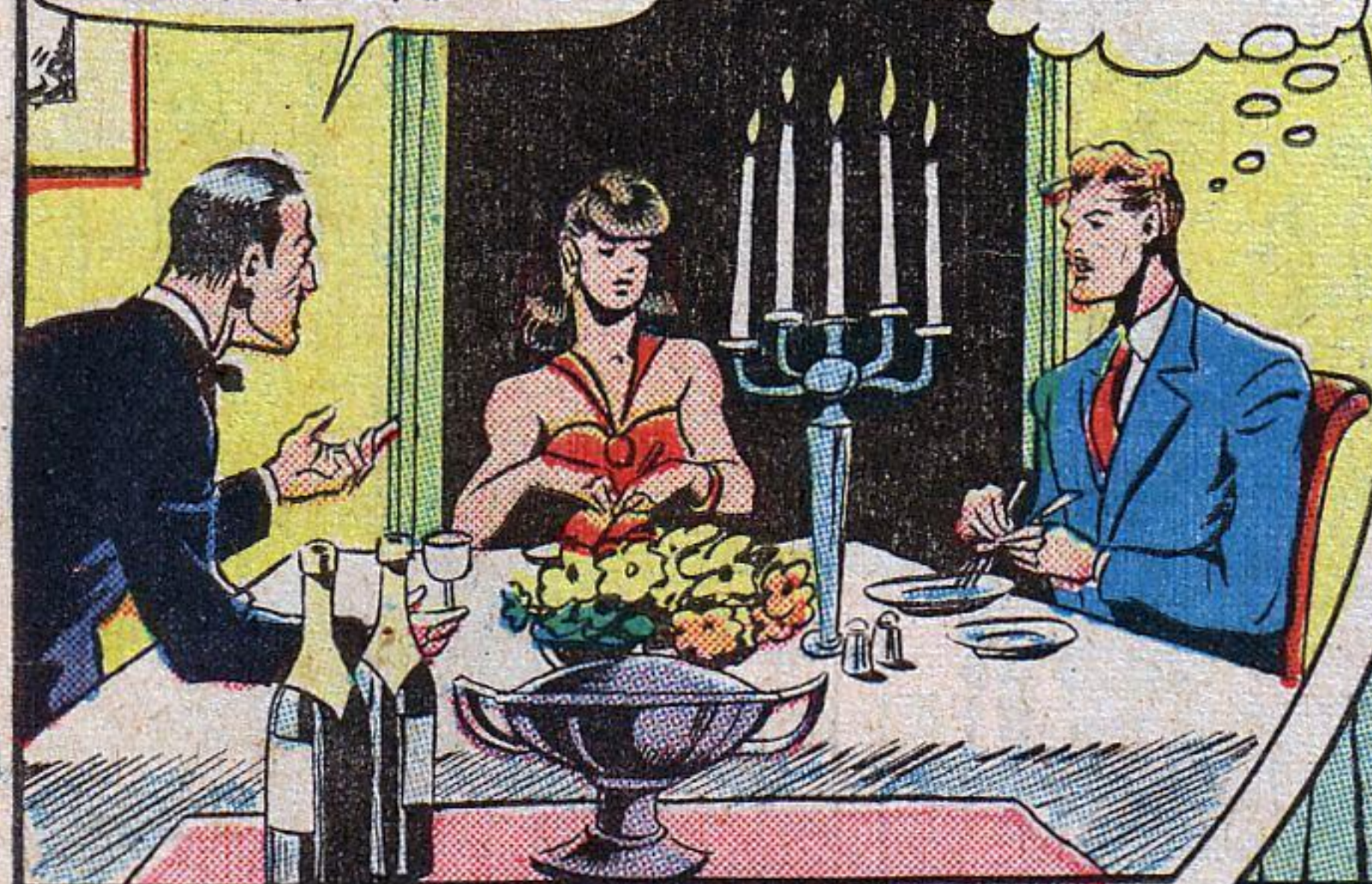
THAT GIRL -- I'M SURE I'VE MET HER BEFORE!

GOOD NIGHT, ANGEL, SLEEP WELL!

THANK YOU, I SHALL..

MOMENTS LATER.. INSIDE HIS ROOM..

SOMETHING TELLS ME **THE ANGEL** IS GOING TO BE NEEDED TONIGHT!



AS THE ANGEL NODS IN LIGHT SLUMBER, A PANEL IN THE WALL SILENTLY OPENS AND...

... FROM THE RECESS STEPS A HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED BEING, **DEATH** GLITTERING IN HIS EYES --



I'LL TAKE A SHORT NAP -- THINGS SEEM TO BE PRETTY QUIET RIGHT NOW!



SLEEP PEACEFULLY, ANGEL... TONIGHT YOU DIE!



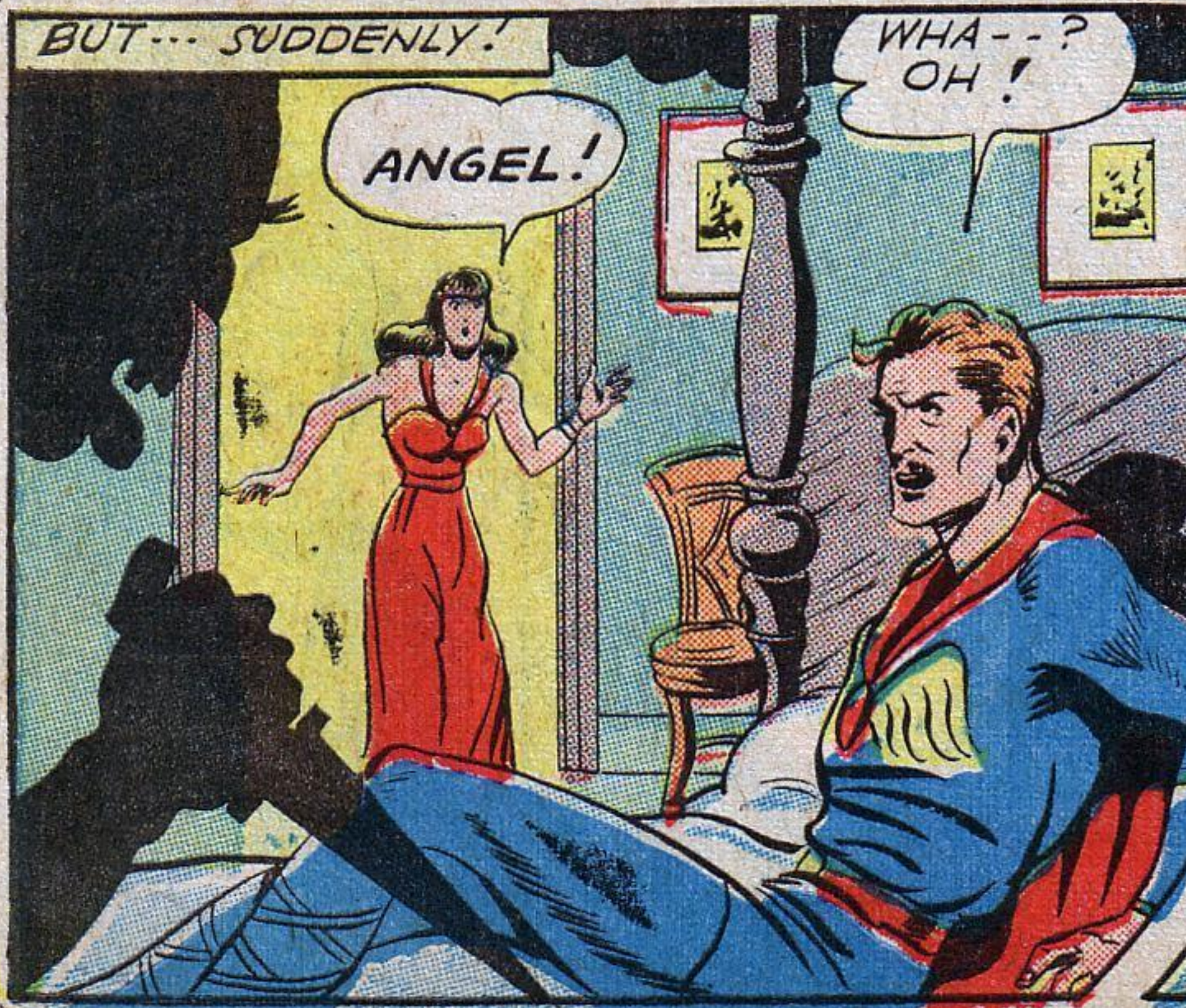
BUT... SUDDENLY!

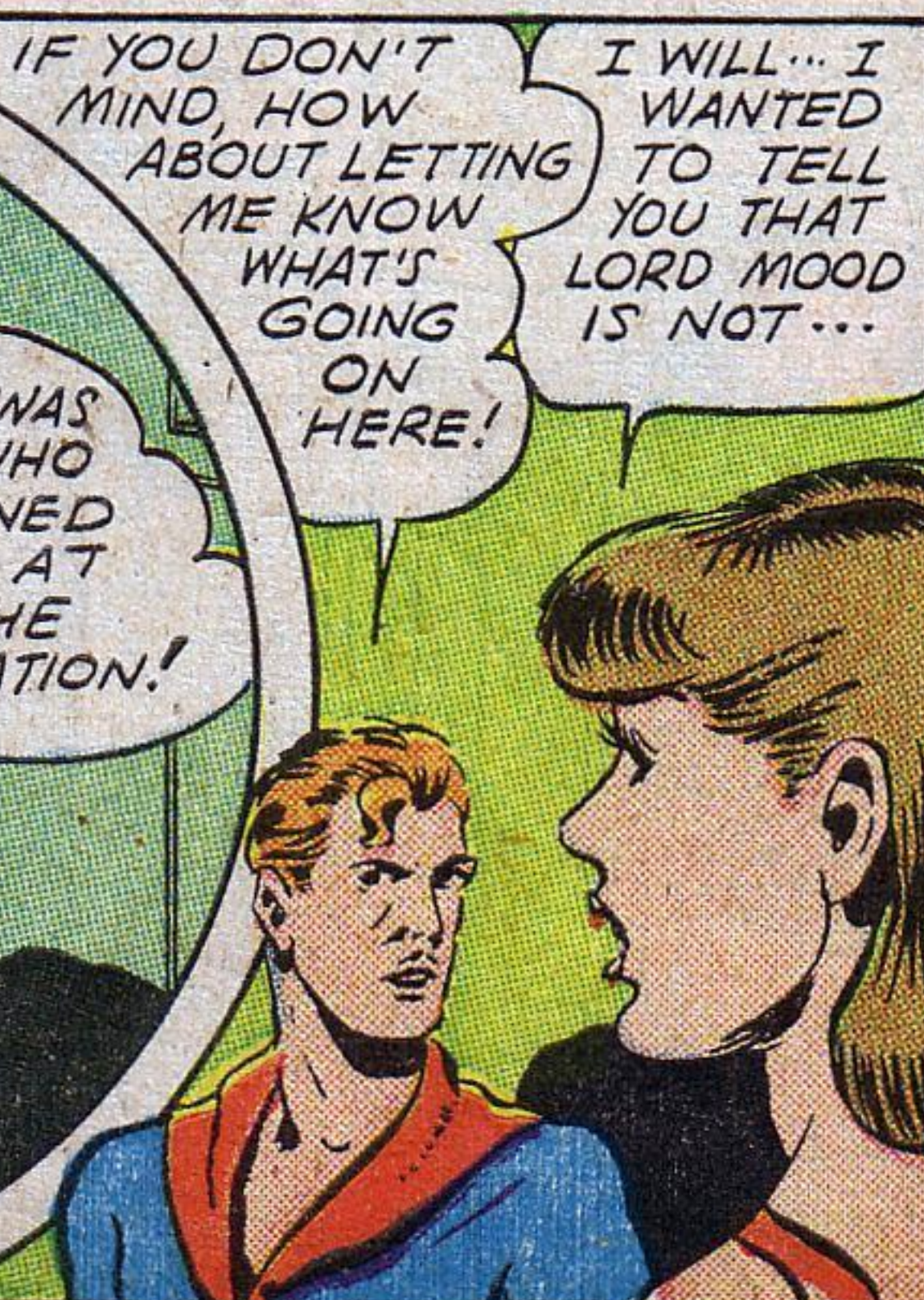
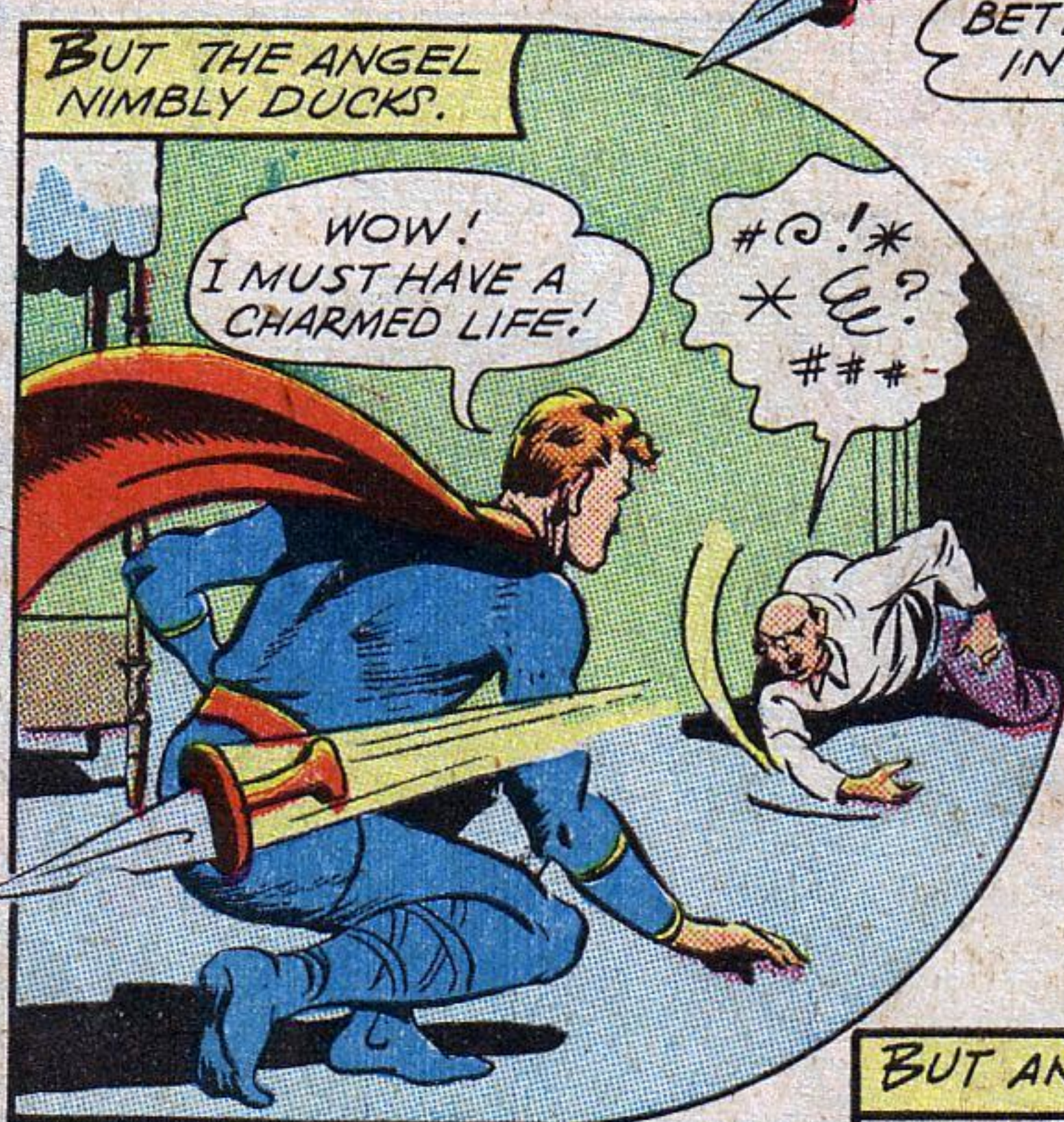
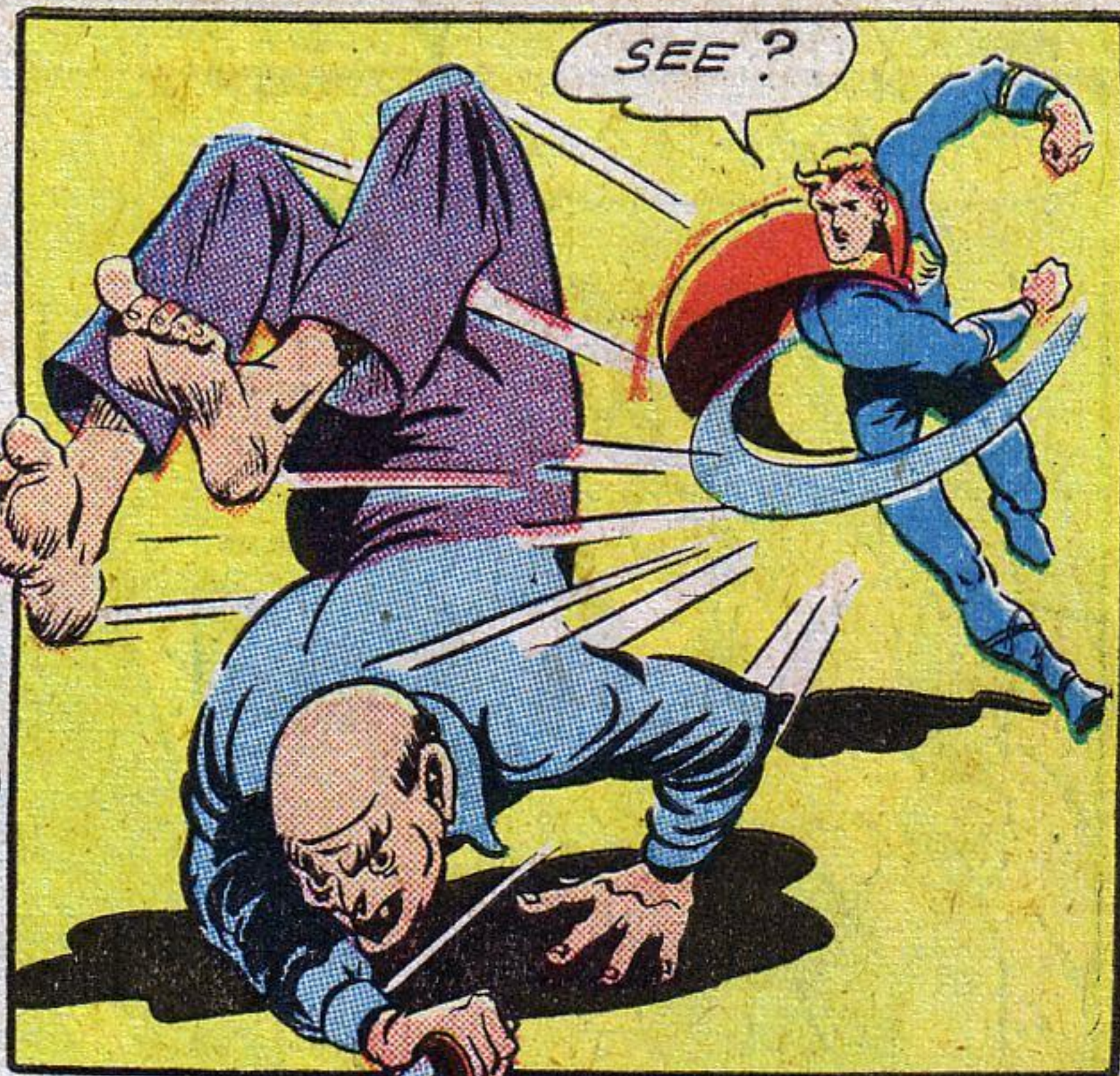
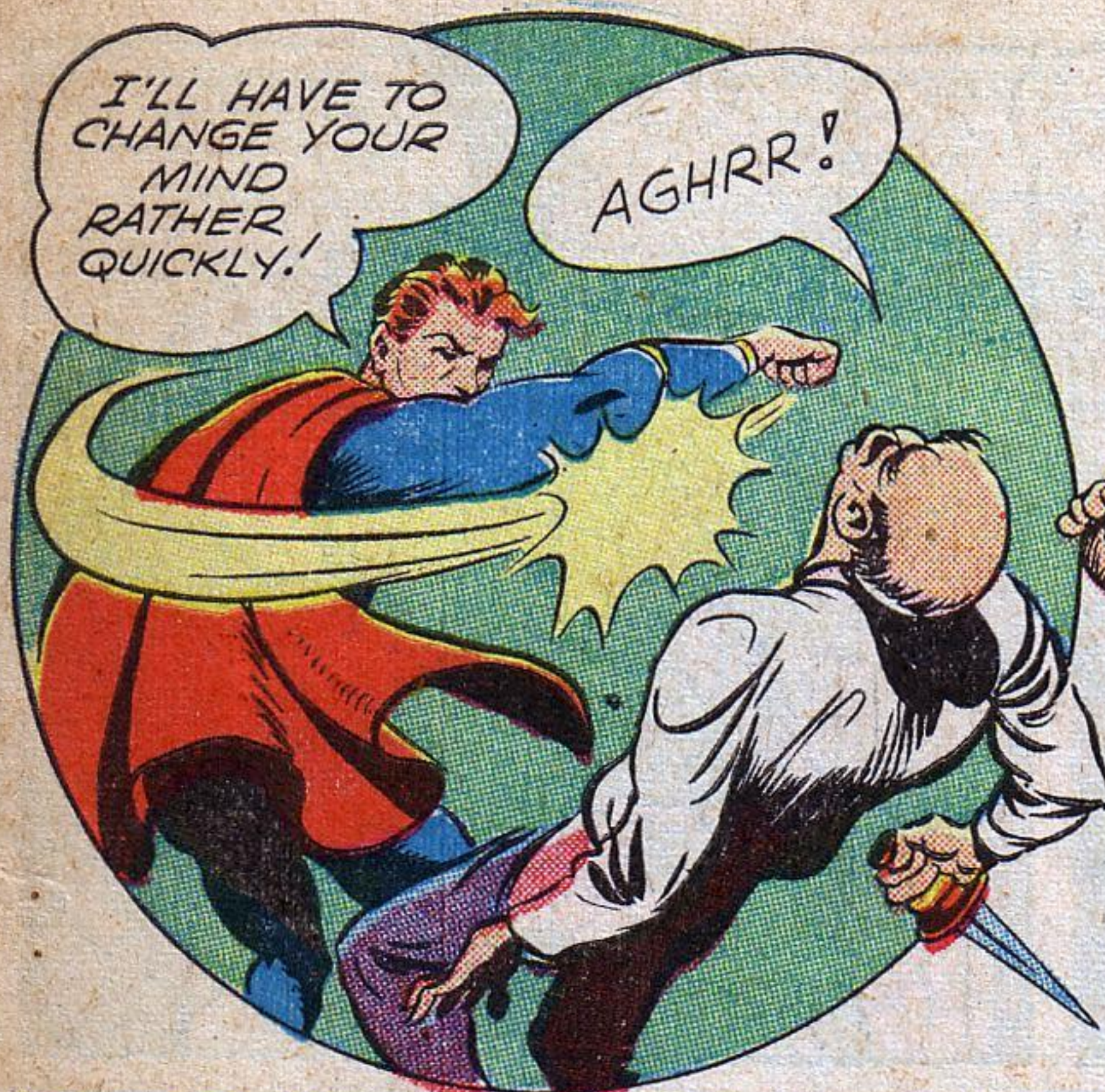
ANGEL!

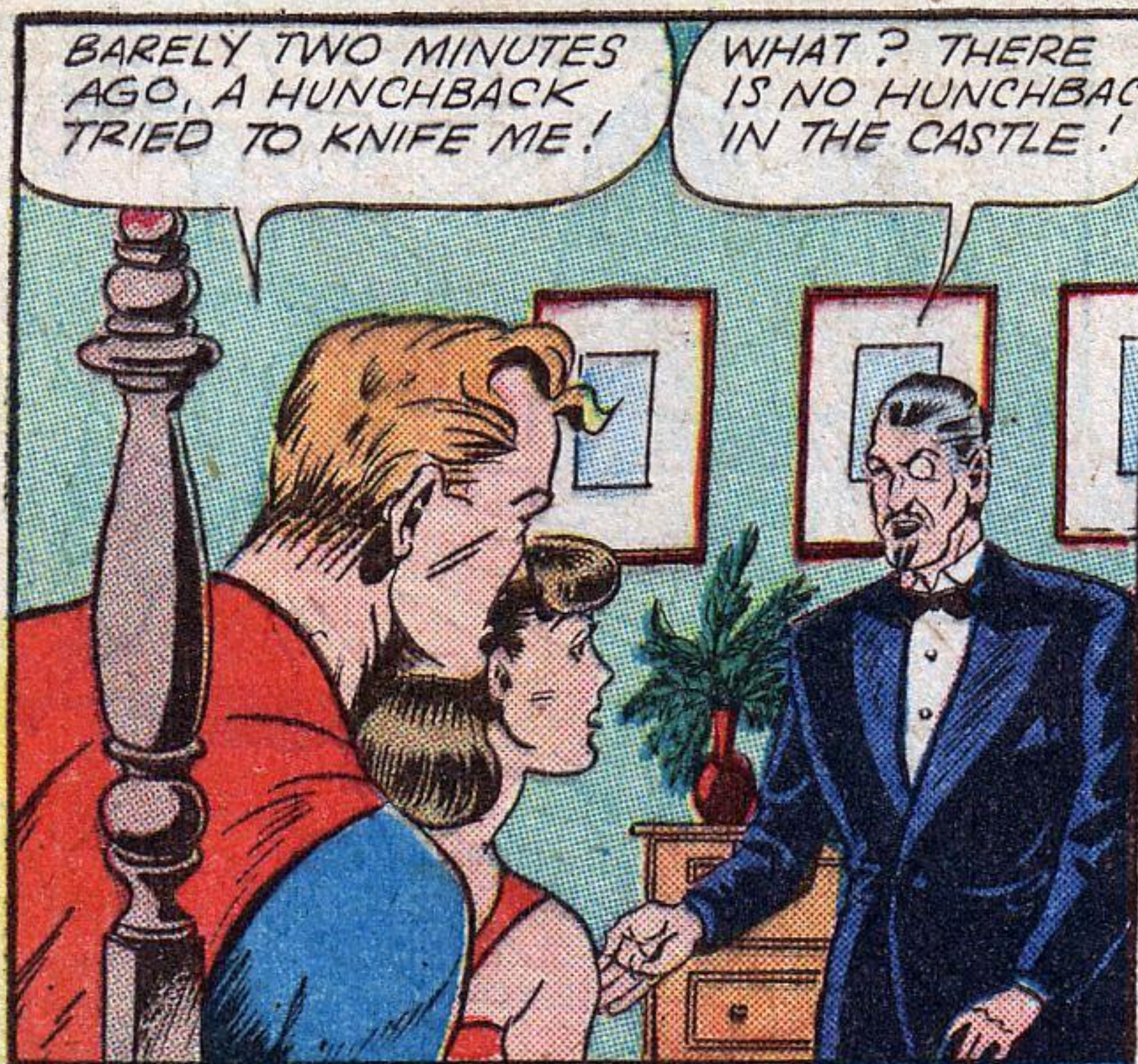
WHA -- ? OH!

YOUR CAREER ENDS HERE!

IS THAT SO?

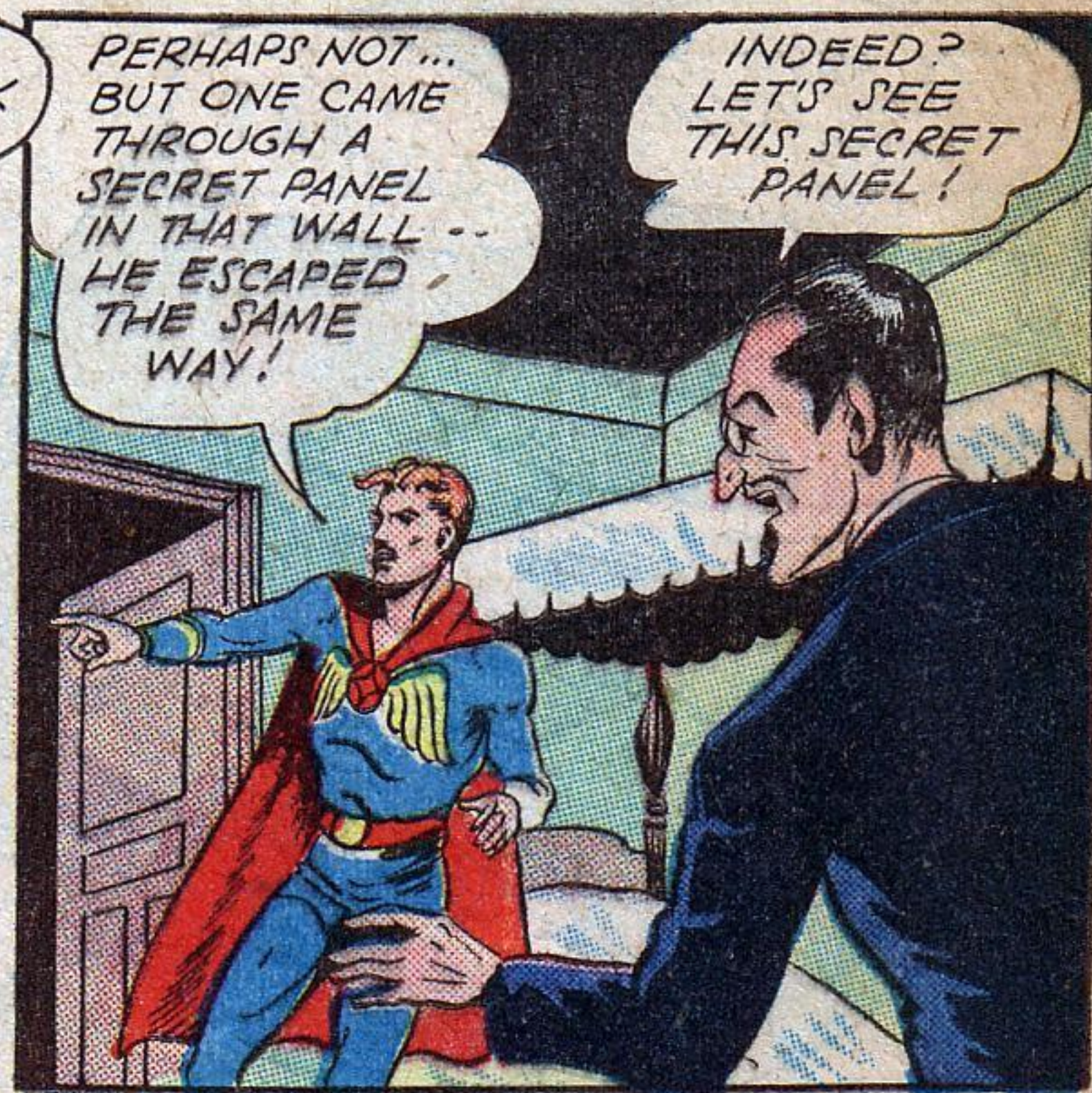






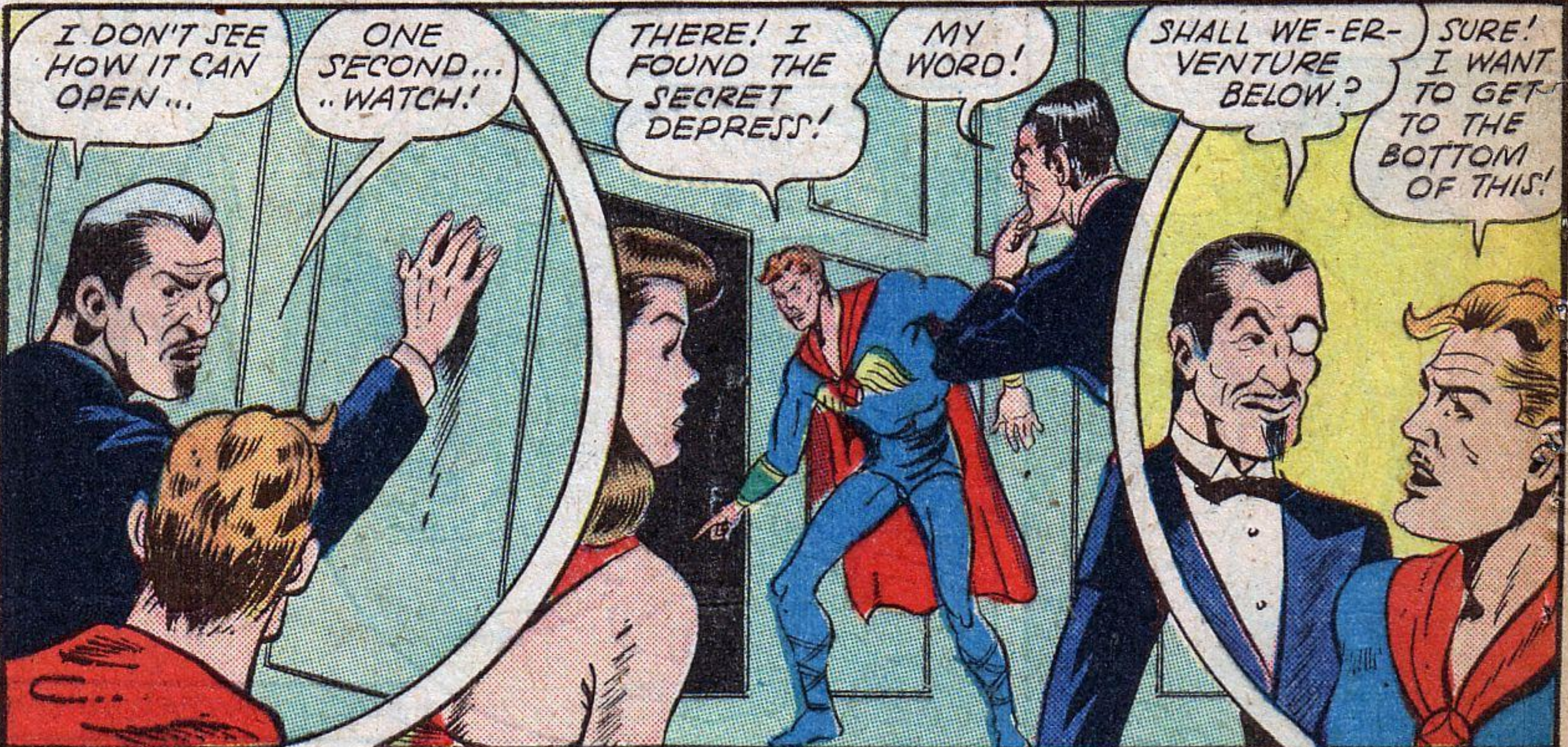
BARELY TWO MINUTES AGO, A HUNCHBACK TRIED TO KNIFE ME!

WHAT? THERE IS NO HUNCHBACK IN THE CASTLE!



PERHAPS NOT... BUT ONE CAME THROUGH A SECRET PANEL IN THAT WALL... HE ESCAPED THE SAME WAY!

INDEED? LET'S SEE THIS SECRET PANEL!



I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN OPEN...

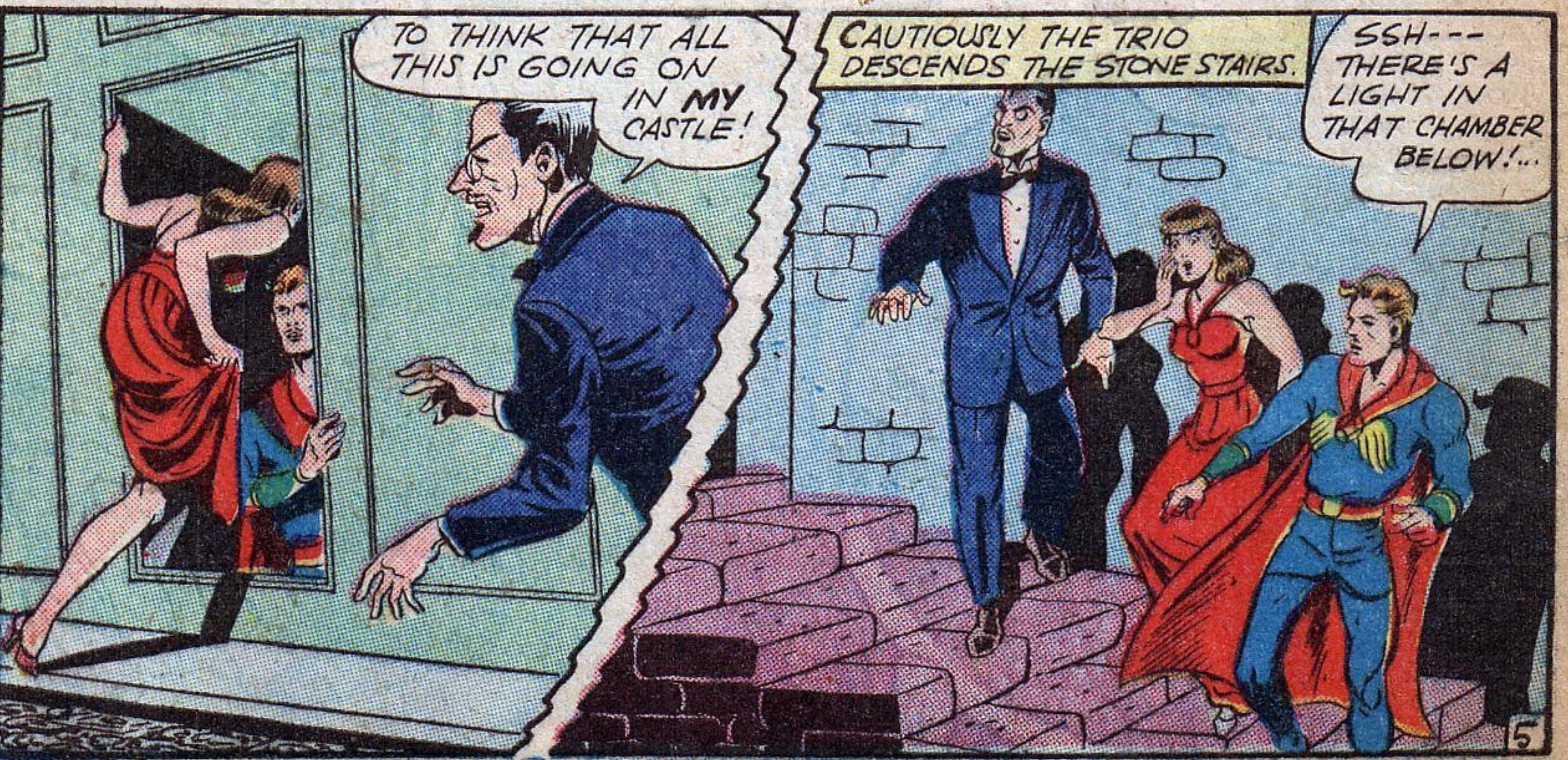
ONE SECOND... WATCH!

THERE! I FOUND THE SECRET DEPRESS!

MY WORD!

SHALL WE-ER-VENTURE BELOW?

SURE! I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



TO THINK THAT ALL THIS IS GOING ON IN MY CASTLE!

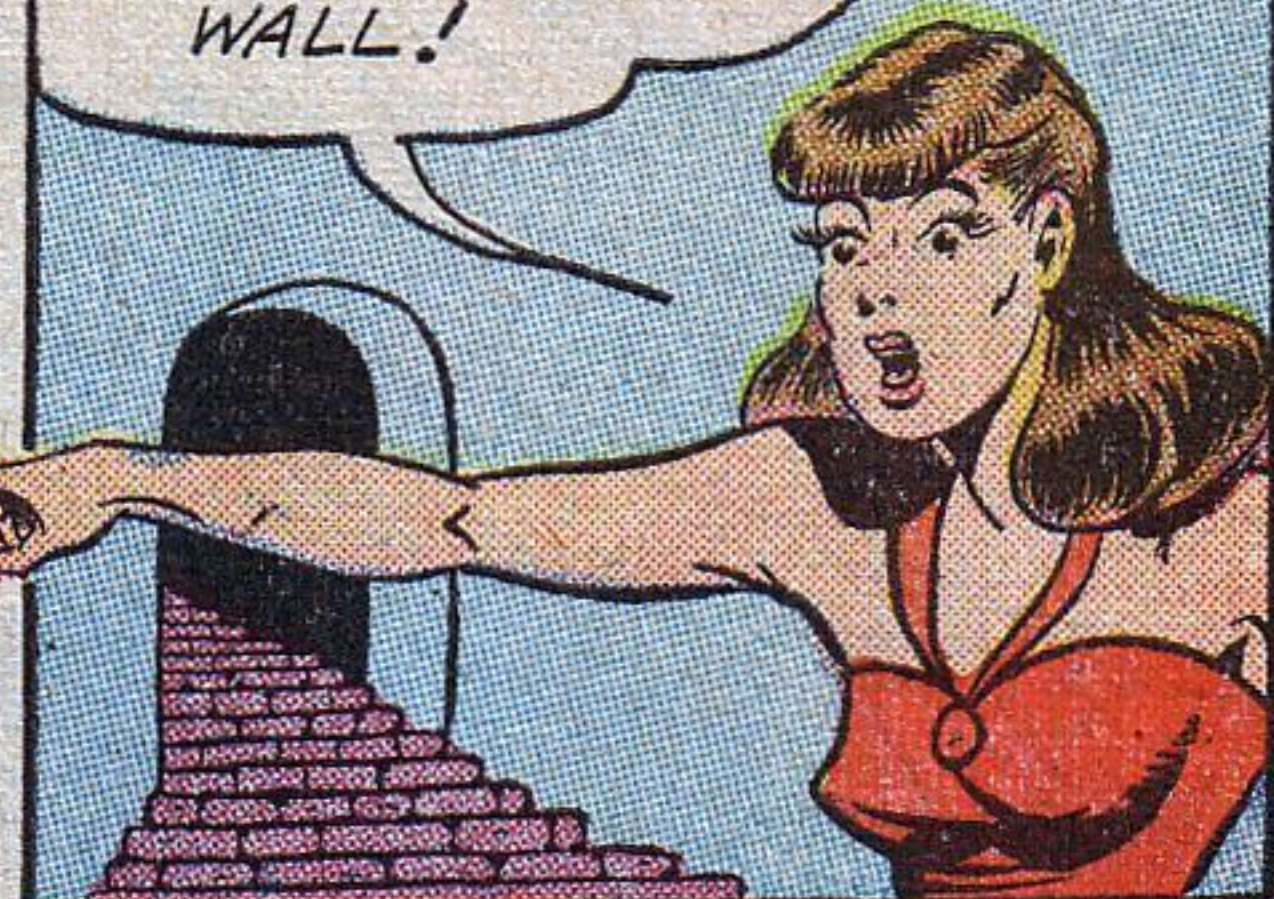
CAUTIOUSLY THE TRIO DESCENDS THE STONE STAIRS.

SSH--- THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT CHAMBER BELOW!...

ENTERING THE LIGHTED CHAMBER, THEY COME UPON A SCENE OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR...



ANGEL! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU-- THIS MAN IS AN IMPOSTER--- MY BROTHER, THE REAL LORD MOOD, IS THERE-- CHAINED TO THE WALL!



THE ANGEL WHEELS, AND---

THEN WHO ARE YOU?

HAH! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF: KAPITAN KRAUST OF THE GERMAN GESTAPO!



AND MY COLLEAGUES! COME IN, HUGO-- KARL!



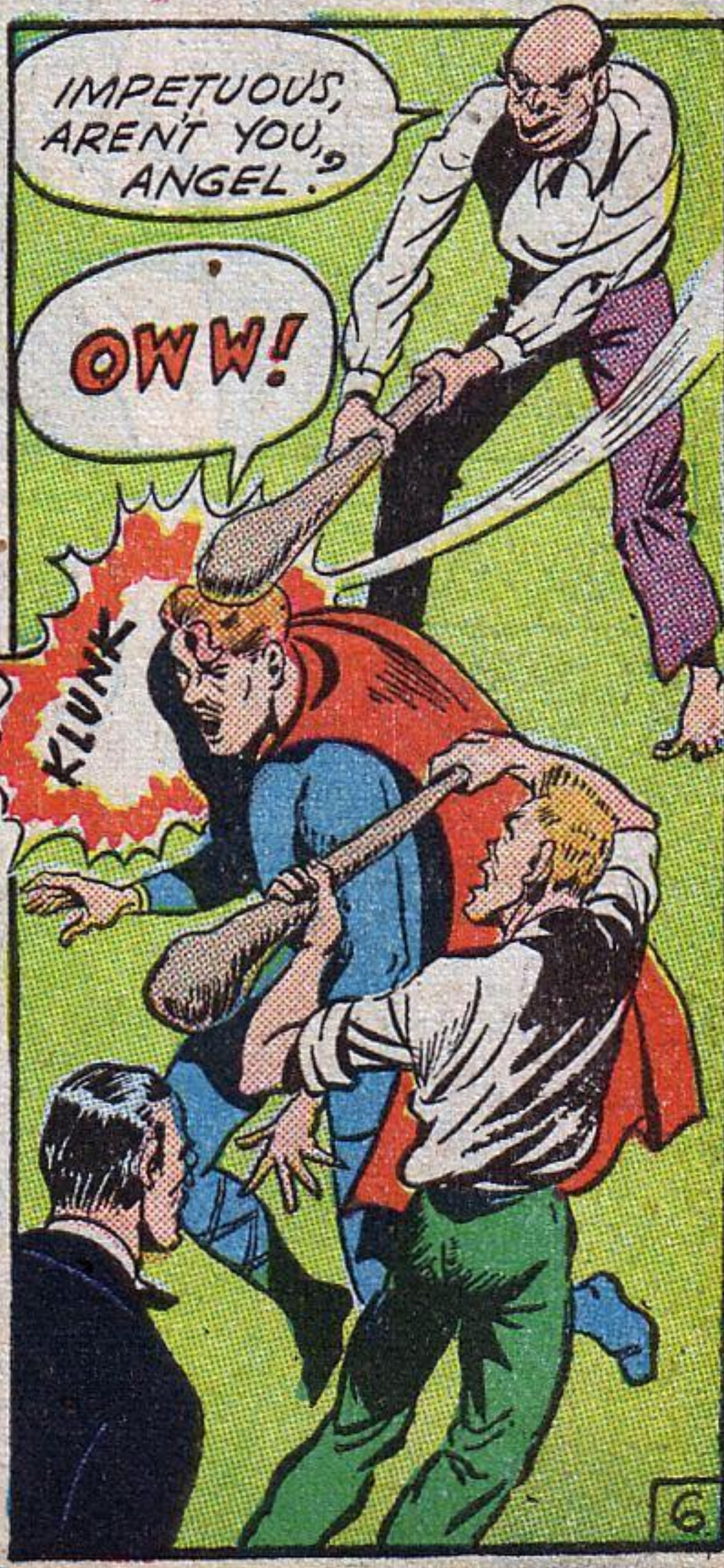
INFURIATED, THE ANGEL LEAPS FOR CAPTAIN KRAUST...

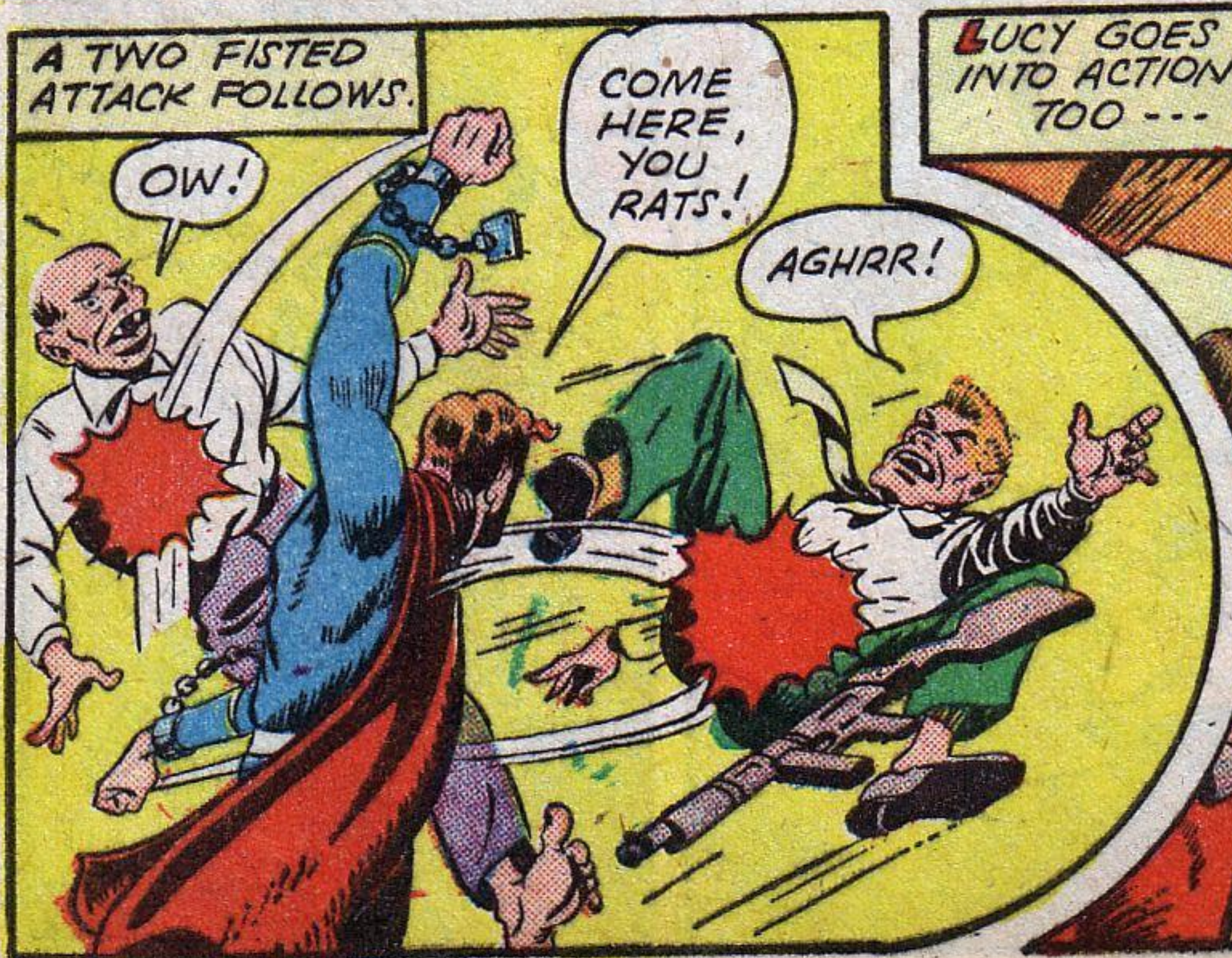
I'LL SKIN YOUR MURDERING HIDE!

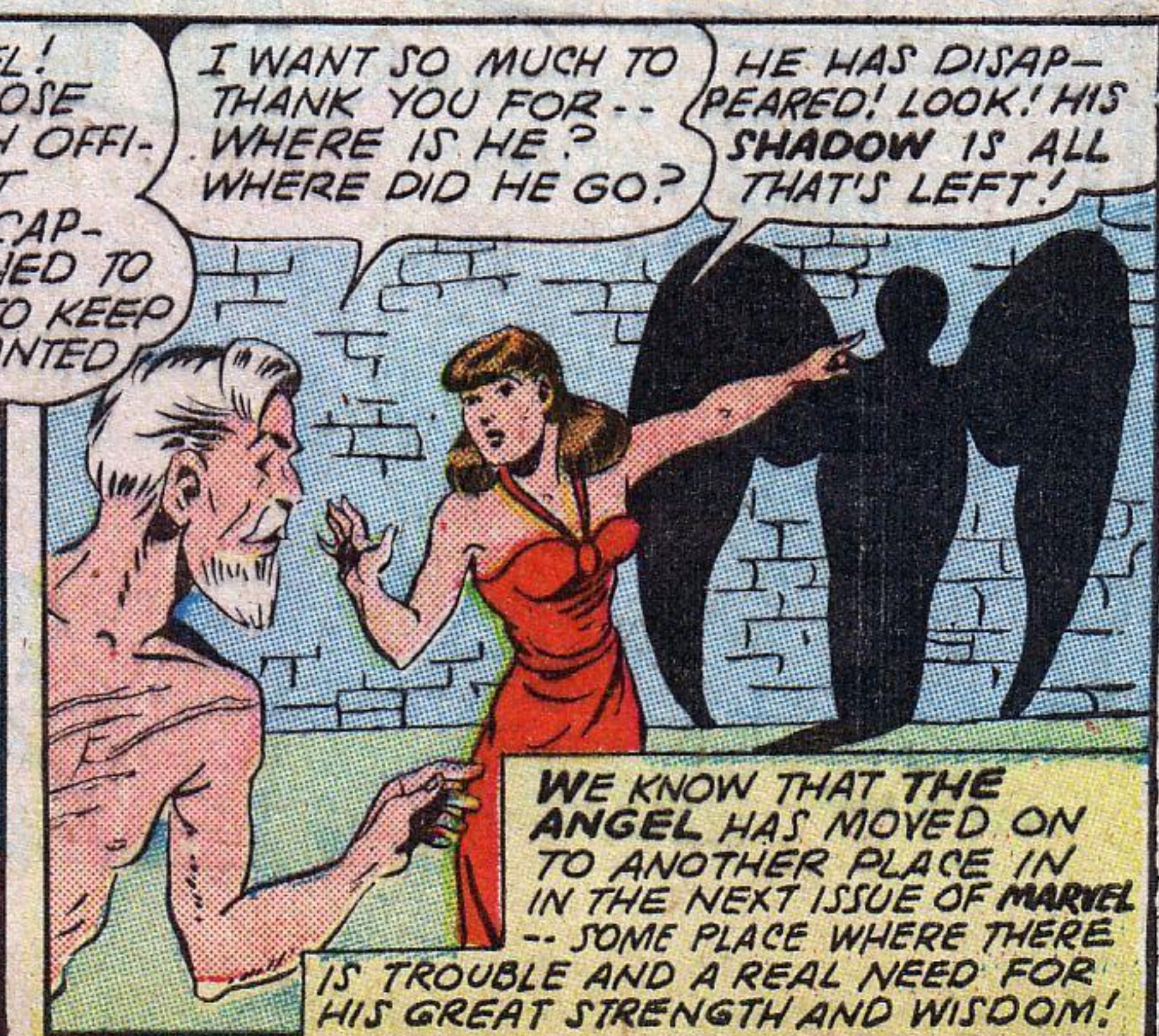
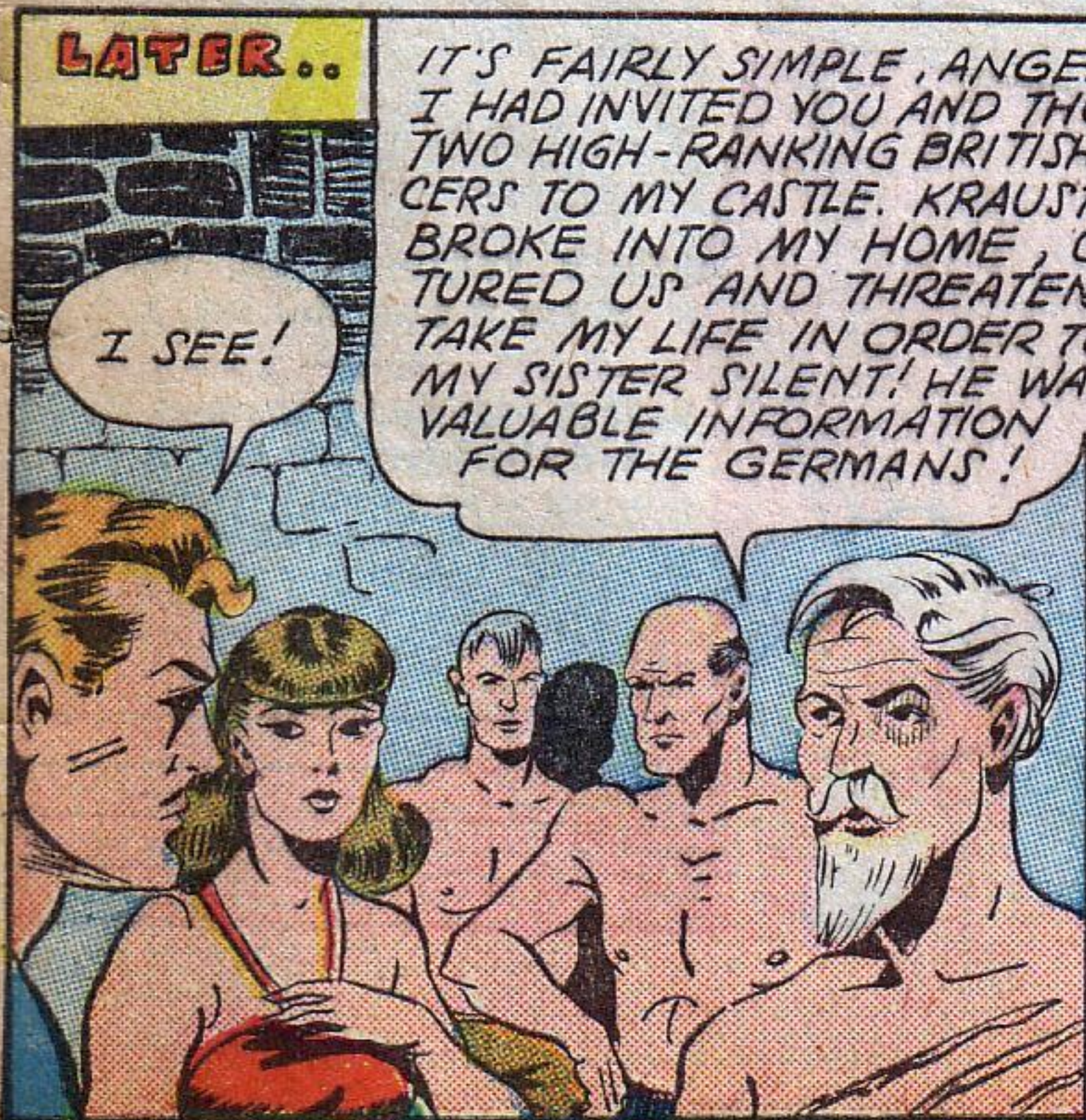


IMPETUOUS, AREN'T YOU, ANGEL?

OWW!







**ARE YOU STUMPED FOR INTERESTING THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT?
DO YOUR LETTERS ALL SOUND ALIKE?**



*Here, at last, is a book that
makes it **EASY** for you to...*

WRITE *Interesting, Heart-Warming* LETTERS to MEN in the SERVICE

Have you got a relative or a loved friend in the fighting forces? Someone to whom you'd like to write thrilling letters... messages that carry with them a real touch of home and the things he knows and loves? Would you like to make that fighting man feel your warm interest in him—transfer to him the living faith you have in him—give him a deep sense of your loyalty and the hopes you have for him? What could make your soldier or sailor happier than such letters?

Letters can be dull and flat—lifeless... or they can be alive with the real you, they can almost seem to carry you with them! And what a difference it makes to tired, lonely, homesick fighters! How they rejoice when receiving lively, "meaty", inspiring letters! And how "let down" they feel when they get letters that are empty and spiritless! But now you don't have to worry any more about the letters you write! No matter how poor a letter writer you think you are, you can make your letters sparkle with personal-

ity, overflow with interesting ideas and information—if you follow the simple suggestions in a remarkable new book written and published especially for people who want to be helped in writing buoyant, heart-warming letters to soldiers and sailors!

"How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" does for you exactly what its title promises! It is a specific guide, newly written for the express purpose of helping people who are now writing letters to men they may never have written to before. It's a down-to-earth and up-to-the-minute aid made for this one purpose—to show you how to write the kind of letters that make service men happy! It is based on the special problems of wartime, the difficulties many people have because they are not used to writing many letters, the particular needs of men far away from home. It tells in detail the things the men want to know, it explains the effect that different types of letters have on them; it reveals step by step the secrets and "tricks" of letter-writing that you can now use to add new thrills to your letters.



YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THE MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF LETTER-WRITING PROBLEMS THAT THIS BOOK SOLVES!

Perhaps you feel that your particular letter-writing problem is "different." Of course, it is! Everyone's problem is different. But that's exactly why this book can help you—it covers an astounding variety of problems! Do you find it difficult to express yourself fluently and warmly? The author shows you how easy it is to make your style flow rapidly as if you were actually carrying on a conversation. Are you at a loss for things to write about? This book explains a simple enjoyable method for finding real "meaty" news!

Do all your letters sound alike? There are "tricks" of writing that can even make the same thing sound different no matter how many times you write about it! Have you got some bad news to tell? Naturally you want to soften the blow. The author tells you how to do it! Would you like to "dress up" your letters? There are dozens of little things you can do to make your letters look a hundred times better—and you will find all these secrets in this book!

THINGS TO DO - THINGS NOT TO DO -

One remarkable section in this book gives you in compact form a list of "do's" and "don'ts"... brief cautions about details in writing to service men that otherwise you might easily overlook. These special cautions alone are well worth the price of the book... they can surely help you improve your very first letter after reading them! You learn in just a few minutes the most important "secrets" of wartime letter-writing... magic advice that may mean added happiness for your soldier or sailor!

SEND NO MONEY

This book is yours on free trial. All you have to do now is mail the coupon. Then when the book arrives, deposit \$1 plus postage charges with the postman. If your letters don't show an immediate improvement that is worth many times the price, return the book to us and your money will be refunded in full. "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" is absolutely guaranteed to bring you the help you need, or else you are not obligated to keep it. Send the coupon today—and let this special wartime letter-writing guide help you bring new cheer and happiness to your service men.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. L340
22 East 17 Street, New York, N. Y.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. L340
22 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me for free trial a copy of "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," including the Chapter on Handwriting Analysis by Dorothy Sara. I will pay postman \$1, plus postage charges, with the understanding that if this book doesn't help me write remarkably better letters in five days, I may return it and you will refund my payment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ If you enclose payment, we will pay postage charges. Same return and refund privileges. Mark Box.

EXTRA SPECIAL added FEATURE—

The inside story of HANDWRITING ANALYSIS



DOROTHY SARA

One of the most famous handwriting experts in America—Dorothy Sara—reveals the "inside facts" about her amazing ability in a special chapter! Miss Sara's feats of character and emotion analysis have astounded many thousands of people. With truly astonishing accuracy, her method discloses character types, hidden talents, innermost trends of thought or feeling—almost turns the workings of the mind and heart inside out! In this great book, "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," Miss Sara herself discloses exactly how she analyzes handwriting—shows how you, too, can use her method to analyze the writing of people you know, and would like to know better!

\$1

HOW TO WRITE Interesting LETTERS to your Men in Service

A Practical Guide
every Man and Woman



REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor ... and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4010
516 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"**

5x7 PHOTO ENLARGEMENT-FREE

Send Any Subject Or Group

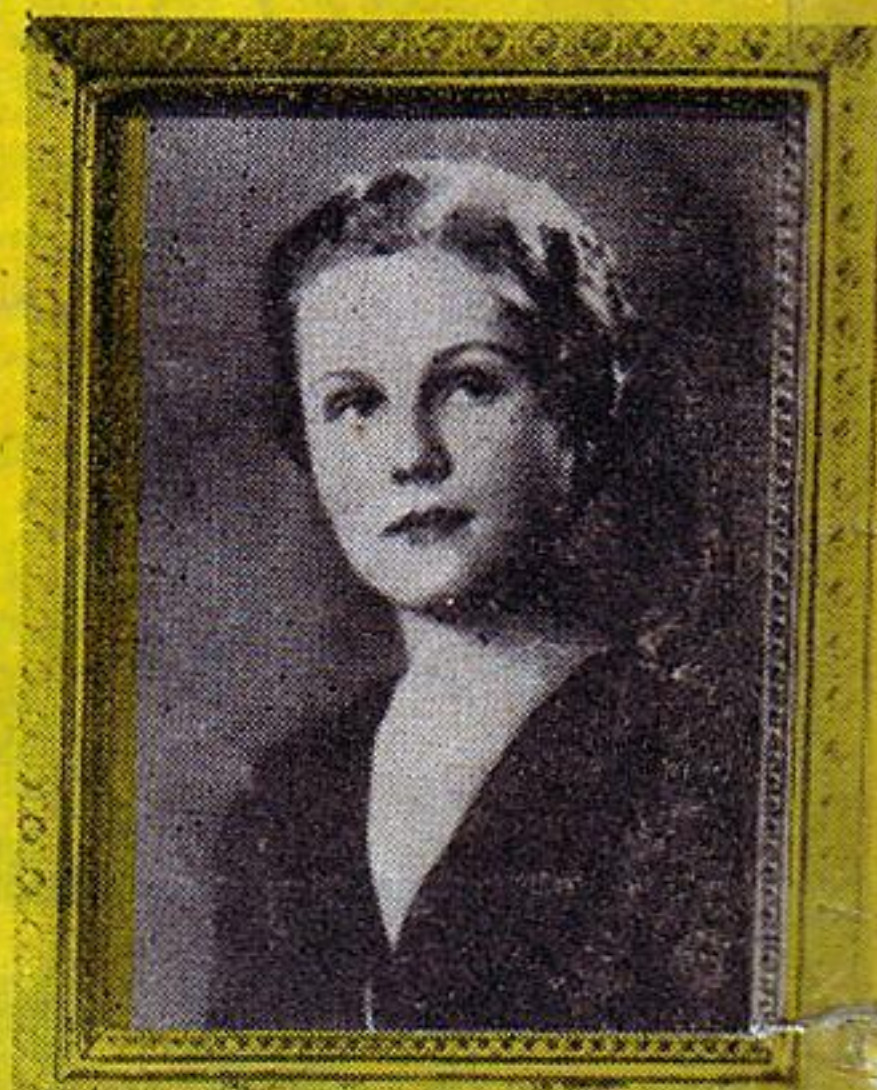
Here's a special photographic enlargement offer that will delight every photograph lover . . . this free offer is made to attract new friends and customers . . . it is our way of getting acquainted. Send any clear snapshot, negative, photo, bust, full length, group, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, soldier, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper FREE. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and

FREE FRAME OFFER

Your original will be returned with your FREE 5x7 enlargement. Be sure to send clear snaps or negatives. We are anxious to give you our best work. Please do not send cracked, faded pictures because we want to please you and make you a satisfied customer . . . but act at once because we reserve the right to withdraw this limited offer at any time. . . . Rush the coupon today . . . NOW.

Only 2 To A Customer With This FREE OFFER

Sign your name and address to the coupon below and rush it to us. Enclose the snapshot or negative you want enlarged to 5x7. We will promptly send you information about hand coloring and our free frame offer (10c for each snap or negative will be appreciated for handling, return mail, etc.) Remember, only two to a customer. Act quickly and learn for yourself what beautiful work we do and why hundreds of customers everywhere send us their photo enlarging work exclusively. Rush the coupon now.



Read What Customers Write About Our Work

ORDERS SIX MORE

I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

TM, Fort Devens, Massachusetts

WANTS THREE MORE

I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

BB, Sandusky, Ohio

PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY

I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I am enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

LP, Fort Benning, Georgia

SURE WAS GOOD

I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

SV, Baldwin, Georgia

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE

I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

LP, Clinton, Wisconsin

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART

As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

JZ, Baltimore, Maryland

PLEASED WITH SERVICE

As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service; so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

LD, Camp Shelby, Mississippi

IDEAL PORTRAIT CO., INC.
DEPT. AG-10, Box 748, Church St. Annex,
New York, 8, N.Y.

I accept your special offer. Enclosed find negatives or snapshots which I want enlarged to 5x7. Send to me at once your information about hand coloring and your free frame offer (I enclose 10c for each 5x7 enlargement to help cover postage, handling, etc.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

